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CHAMBERS'S



MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

VOLUME IX.



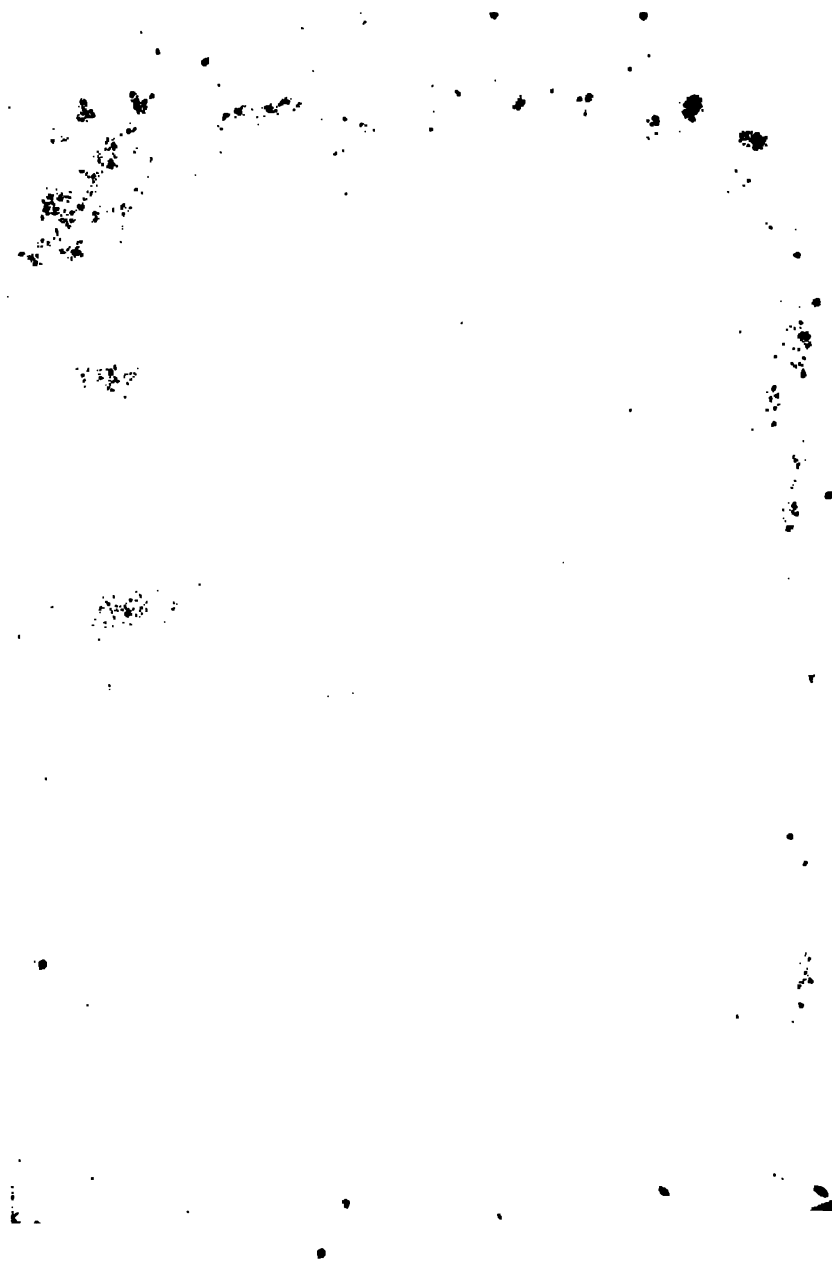
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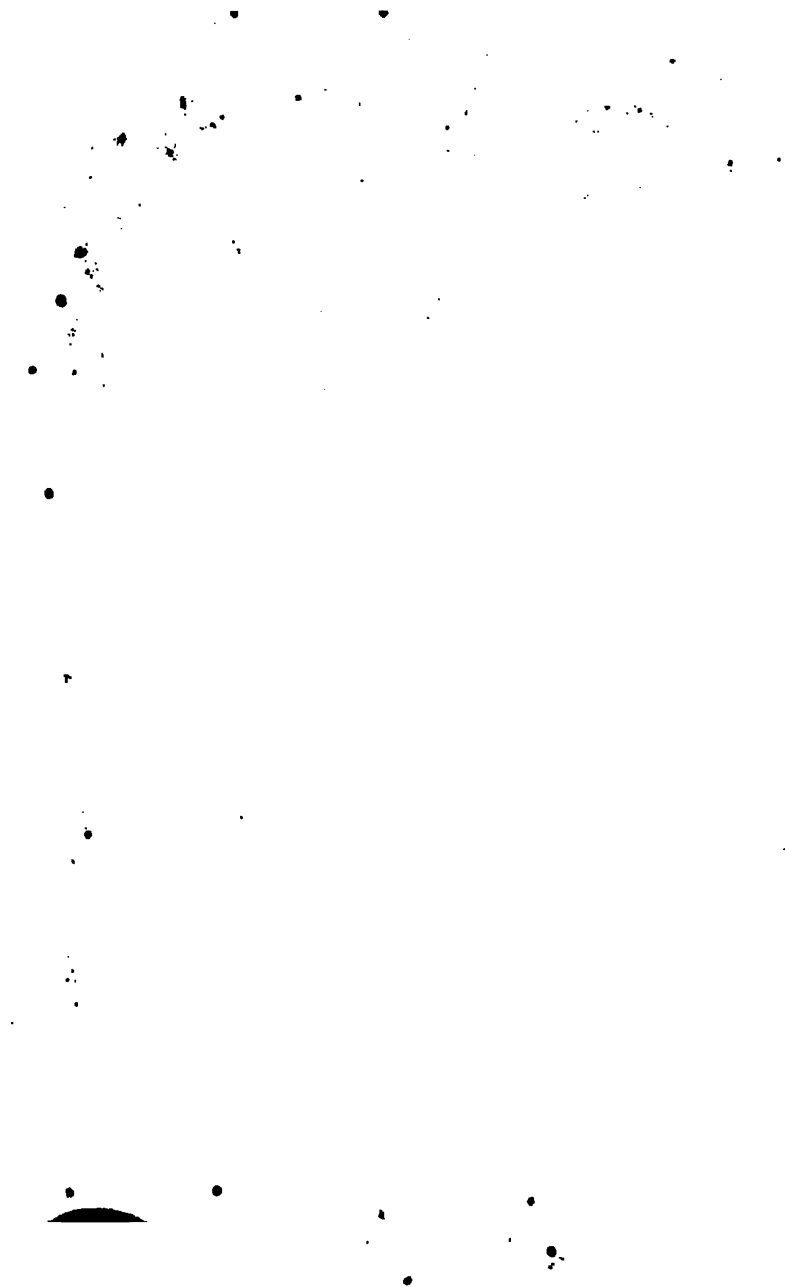
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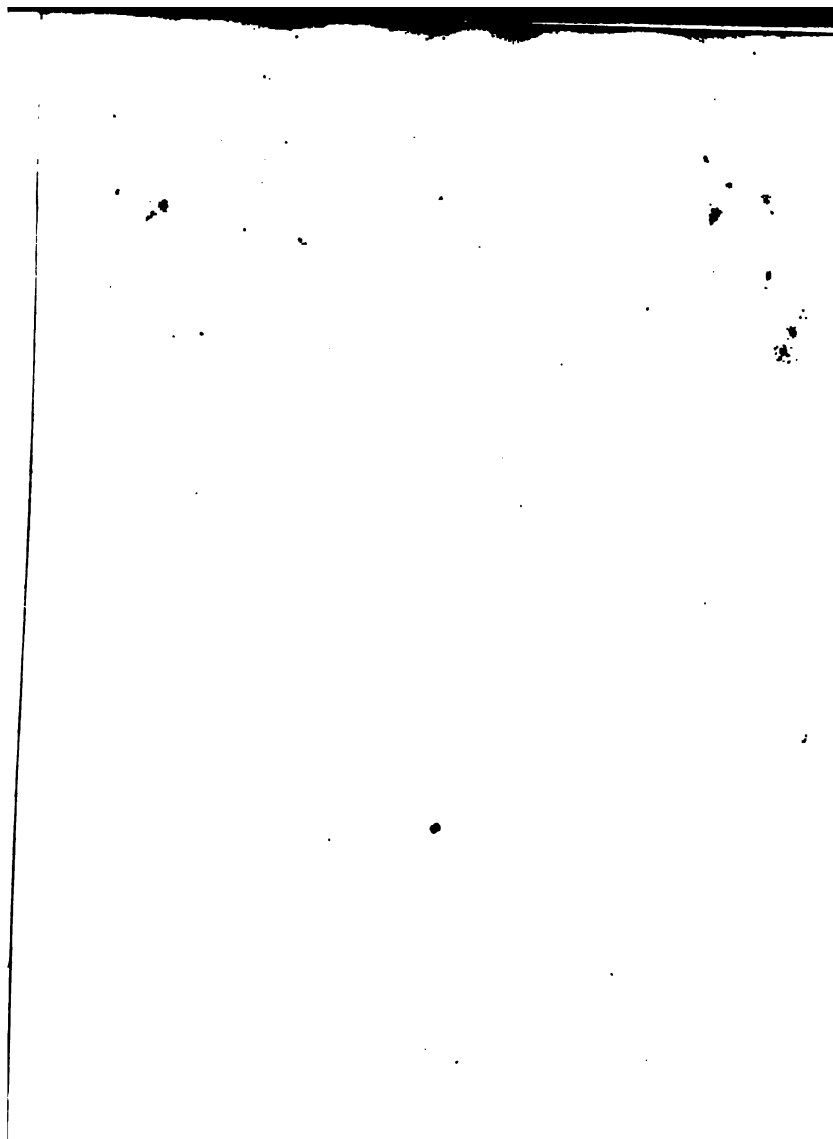


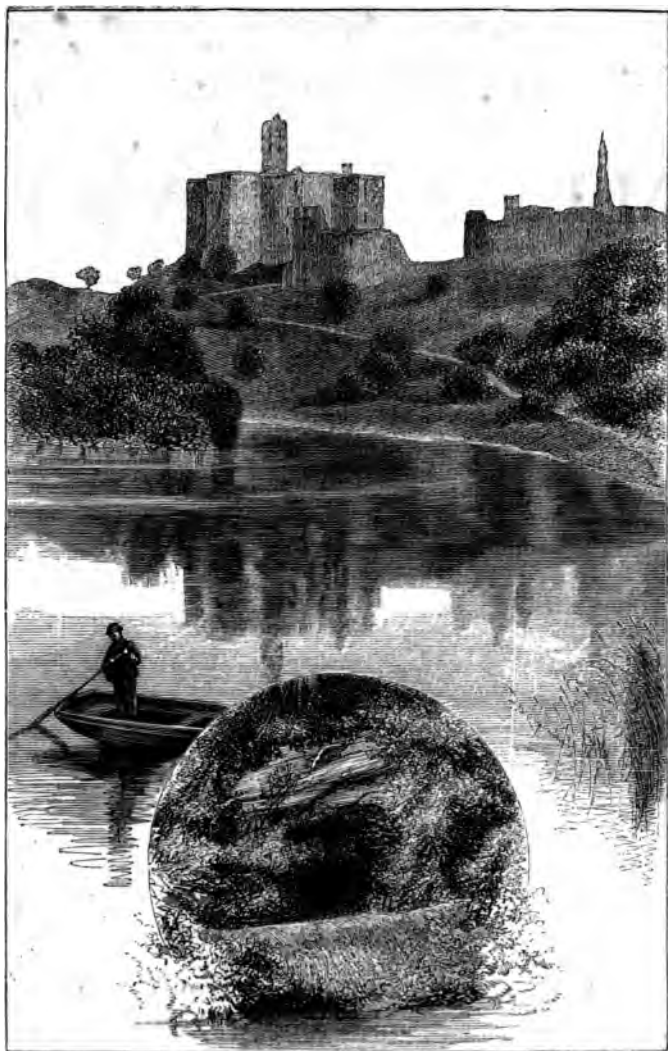
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WARKWORTH CASTLE AND HERMITAGE.

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. IX.



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CONTENTS OF VOLUME IX.

	No.	Page.
WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE	65	I
ANECDOTES OF THE CAT AND THE RAT.....	66	I
THE SUN.....	67	I
STORY OF COLBERT.....	68	I
HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS.....	68	14
THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.....	68	17
THE MOORS IN SPAIN.....	69	I
THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.....	70	I
VISIT TO VESUVIUS AND POMPEII.....	71	I
THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH, ETC.....	72	I



WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

IN an easterly direction from England, and separated from it by the German Ocean, lies that part of the continent called by the general name of the Netherlands—a country of comparatively small extent, but exceedingly populous, and possessing a large number of towns and cities. It derives the name of Netherlands from its consisting of a low tract of level ground on the shore of the German Ocean, and, from general appearances, is believed to have been formed of an alluvial deposit from the waters of the Rhine, the Meuse, the Scheldt, and other rivers. In the first stage of its formation, the land was for the greater part a species of swamp, but by dint of great perseverance, it has in the course of ages been drained and embanked, so as to exclude the ocean, and prevent the rivers and canals from overflowing their boundaries.

The industriously disposed people, a branch of the great German or Teutonic family, who have thus rendered their country habitable and productive, did not get leave to enjoy their conquests in peace. They had from an early period to defend themselves against warlike neighbours, who wished to appropriate their country; and in later times—the sixteenth century—after attaining great opulence by their skill in the arts and the general integrity of their character, they were exposed to a new calamity in the bigotry of their rulers. There now ensued a struggle for civil and religious liberty of great

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

importance and interest; and to an account of its leading particulars we propose to devote the present paper.

Divided into a number of provinces, each governed by its own duke, count, or bishop, a succession of circumstances in the fifteenth century brought the whole of the Netherlands into the possession of the family of Burgundy. But in the year 1477, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, being killed in the battle of Nancy, the Netherlands were inherited by his daughter Mary, who, marrying Maximilian, son of Frederick III., emperor of Austria, died soon after, leaving an infant son, Philip. In 1494, this Philip, known by the name of Philip the Fair, assumed the government of the Netherlands. Shortly afterwards he married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the joint sovereigns of Spain; and in 1506 he died, leaving a young son, Charles. In this manner, handed by family inheritance from one to another, the Netherlands became a possession of the crown of Spain, although hundreds of miles distant from the Spanish territory. Charles, in whom this possession centered, was, on the death of Maximilian in 1519, elected emperor of Germany, and, under the title of Charles V., became one of the most powerful monarchs in Europe. His sway extended over Spain, Germany, Naples, the Netherlands, and several other minor states in Europe, besides all the colonies and conquests of Spain in Asia, Africa, and America. One might expect that the Netherlands, forming as they did but a very insignificant portion of this immense empire, would suffer from being under the same government with so many other states: but Charles V. had been born in the Netherlands; he liked its people, and was acquainted with their character; and therefore, while he governed the rest of his dominions with a strict and sometimes a despotic hand, he respected almost lovingly the ancient laws and the strong liberty-feeling of his people of the Netherlands. The only exception of any consequence was his persecution of those who had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. As emperor of Germany, he had conceived himself bound to adopt vigorous measures to suppress the opinions promulgated by Luther; and when, in spite of his efforts, the heresy spread all round, and infected the Netherlands, he did his best for some time to root it out there also. The number of those who, in the Netherlands, suffered death for their religion during the reign of Charles V., is stated by the old historians at 50,000. Towards the end of his reign, however, he relaxed these severities.

In 1555, Charles V., worn out by the cares of his long reign, resigned his sovereignty, and retired to a monastery. His large empire was now divided into two. His brother Ferdinand was created emperor of Germany; and the rest of his dominions, including Spain and the Netherlands, were inherited by his son, Philip II.

Philip was born at Valladolid, in Spain, in the year 1521.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

Educated by the ablest ecclesiastics, he manifested from his early years a profound, cautious, dissimulating genius; a cold, proud, mirthless disposition; and an intense bigotry on religious subjects. At the age of sixteen he married a princess of Portugal, who died soon after, leaving him a son, Don Carlos. In 1548, Charles V., desirous that his son should cultivate the good-will of his future subjects of the Netherlands, called him from Spain to Brussels; but during his residence there, and in other cities of the Netherlands, his conduct was so haughty, austere, and unbending, that the burghers began to dread the time when, instead of their own countryman Charles, they should have this foreigner for their king. In 1554, Philip, pursuing his father's scheme for adding England to the territories of the Spanish crown, went to London and married Mary, queen of England; but after a residence of fourteen months, he returned to the Netherlands, where his father formally resigned the government into his hands.

Philip spent the first five years of his reign in the Netherlands, waiting the issue of a war in which he was engaged with France. During this period his Flemish and Dutch subjects began to have some experience of his government. They observed with alarm that the king hated the country, and distrusted its people. He would speak no other language than Spanish; his counsellors were Spaniards; he kept Spaniards alone about his person; and it was to Spaniards that all vacant posts were assigned. Besides, certain of his measures gave great dissatisfaction. He re-enacted the persecuting edicts against the Protestants, which his father in the end of his reign had suffered to fall into disuse; and the severities which ensued began to drive hundreds of the most useful citizens out of the country, as well as to injure trade, by deterring Protestant merchants from the Dutch and Flemish ports. Dark hints, too, were thrown out that he intended to establish an ecclesiastical court in the Netherlands similar to the Spanish Inquisition, and the spirit of Catholics as well as of Protestants revolted from the thought that this chamber of horrors should ever become one of the institutions of their free land. He had also increased the number of the bishops in the Netherlands from five to seventeen; and this was regarded as the mere appointment of twelve persons devoted to the Spanish interest, who would help, if necessary, to overawe the people. Lastly, he kept the provinces full of Spanish troops; and this was a direct violation of a fundamental law of the country. Against these measures the nobles and citizens complained bitterly, and from them drew sad anticipations of the future. Nor were they more satisfied with the address in which, through the bishop of Arras as his spokesman, he took farewell of them at a convention of the states held at Ghent previous to his departure for Spain. The oration recommended severity against heresy, and only promised the withdrawal of the foreign troops. The reply of the states was firm and bold, and the

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

recollection of it must have rankled afterwards in the revengeful mind of Philip. 'I would rather be no king at all,' he said to one of his ministers at the time, 'than have heretics for my subjects.' But suppressing his resentment in the meantime, he set sail for Spain in August 1559, leaving his half-sister, the Duchess of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles V., to act as his viceroy in the Netherlands.

The duchess was to be assisted in the government by a Council of State, consisting of the six following persons: Antony de Granvelle, bishop of Arras, and afterwards a cardinal; the Count de Barlaimont, Viglius de Quichem, the Count Horn, the Count Egmont, and the Prince of Orange. Three of these, Granvelle, Barlaimont, and Viglius, were devoted to the Spanish interest, and were therefore very unpopular in the Netherlands; the others were men of tried patriotism, from whose presence in the council much good might be expected. Granvelle was a man of extraordinary political abilities, and the fit minister of such a king as the moody and scheming Philip; Barlaimont had also distinguished himself; and in all the country there was not so eminent a lawyer as Viglius. Counts Egmont and Horn were two of the most promising men in the Netherlands, and both of them had rendered services of no ordinary kind to Philip by their conduct in the war with France. Of the Prince of Orange, the principal personage in this struggle, and the true hero of the Netherlands, we must speak more particularly.

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, sometimes called William I., was born at the castle of Dillenburg, in Germany, in 1533. He was the son of William, Count of Nassau, and the heir therefore of the large possessions of the House of Nassau in France and Germany, and in the Netherlands. At the age of eleven years he had succeeded, besides, to the French principedom of Orange, by the will of his cousin René of Nassau; so that before he arrived at manhood, he was one of the richest and most powerful noblemen in Europe. William was educated in the principles of the Reformation; but having entered, when quite a boy, into the employment of the Emperor Charles V., he changed the habits of a Protestant for those of a Roman Catholic; and accordingly, at the time at which we introduce him to our readers, he was conscientiously a Catholic, although by no means a bigoted, nor even perhaps what the Spaniards would have called a sound one. The Emperor Charles, who, like all such men, possessed a shrewd insight into character, and could pick out by a glance the men of mind and talent from among those who came within his notice, had from the first singled out the young Prince of Orange as a person from whom great things were to be expected. Accordingly, in the employment of Charles, Prince William had had ample opportunities of displaying the two kinds of ability then most in request, and which every public man of that age, except he were an ecclesiastic, was required to combine—diplomatic and military talent. While yet scarcely more than

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

twenty years of age, he had risen to be the first man in the emperor's regard. And this liking of Charles for him was not merely of that kind which an elderly and experienced man sometimes contracts for a fresh-hearted and enthusiastic youth; it was a real friendship on equal terms; for so highly did he value the prudence and wisdom of the young warrior and politician, that he confided to him the greatest state secrets; and was often heard to say that from the Prince of Orange he had received many very important political hints. It was on the arm of William of Orange that Charles had leant for support on the memorable day when, in the Assembly of the States at Brussels, he rose feebly from his seat, and declared his abdication of the sovereign power. And it is said that one of Charles's last advices to his son Philip was to cultivate the good-will of the people of the Netherlands, and especially to defer to the counsels of the Prince of Orange. When, therefore, in the year 1555, Philip began his rule in the Netherlands, there were few persons who were either better entitled or more truly disposed to act the part of faithful and loyal advisers than William of Nassau, then twenty-two years of age. But close as had been William's relation to the late emperor, there were stronger principles and feelings in his mind than gratitude to the son of the man he had loved. He had thought deeply on the question, how a nation should be governed, and had come to entertain opinions very hostile to arbitrary power; he had observed what appeared to him, even as a Catholic, gross blunders in the mode of treating religious differences; he had imbibed deeply the Dutch spirit of independence; and it was the most earnest wish of his heart to see the Netherlands prosperous and happy. Nor was he at all a visionary, or a man whose activity would be officious and troublesome; he was eminently a practical man, one who had a strong sense of what is expedient in existing circumstances; and his manner was so grave and quiet, that he obtained the name of William the Silent. Still, many things occurred during Philip's five years' residence in the Netherlands to make him speak out and remonstrate. He was one of those who had tried to persuade the king to use gentler and more popular measures, and the consequence was, that a decided aversion grew up in the dark and haughty mind of Philip to the Prince of Orange.

PERSECUTIONS COMMENCE.

Having thus introduced the Prince of Orange to the reader, we return to the history of the Netherlands, which were now under the local management of the Duchess of Parma. The administration of this female viceroy produced violent discontent. The persecutions of the Protestants were becoming so fierce that, over and above the suffering inflicted on individuals, the commerce of the country was sensibly falling off. The establishment of a court like the Inquisition

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

was still in contemplation ; Spaniards were still appointed to places of trust in preference to Flemings ; and finally, the Spanish soldiers, who ought to have been removed long ago, were still burdening the country with their presence. The woes of the people were becoming intolerable ; occasionally there were slight outbreaks of violence ; and a low murmur of vehement feeling ran through the whole population, foreboding a general eruption. 'Our poor fatherland,' they said to each other ; 'God has afflicted it with two enemies, water and Spaniards : we have built dykes, and overcome the one, but how shall we get rid of the other ? Why, if nothing better occur, we know one way at least, and we shall keep it in reserve—we can set the two enemies against each other. We can break down the dykes, inundate the country, and let the water and the Spaniards fight it out between them.' Granvelle was the object of their special hatred : to him they attributed every unpopular measure. At length a confederacy of influential persons was formed to procure his recall ; the Prince of Orange placed himself at the head of it ; and, by persevering effort, it succeeded in its end, and Granvelle left the Netherlands early in 1564.

The recall of Granvelle did not restore tranquillity. Viglius and Barlaumont continued to act in the same spirit. Private communications from Spain directed the regent to follow their advice, and to disregard the counsels of the Orange party ; and the obnoxious edicts against the Protestants were still put in force. About this time, too, the decrees of the famous Council of Trent, which had been convened in 1545 to take into consideration the state of the church and the means of suppressing the Reformation, and which had closed its sittings in the end of 1563, were made public ; and Philip, the most zealous Catholic of his time, issued immediate orders for their being enforced both in Spain and the Netherlands. In Spain the decrees were received as a matter of course ; but at the announcement that they were to be executed in the Netherlands, the whole country burst out in a storm of indignation. In many places the decrees were not executed at all ; and wherever the authorities did attempt to execute them, the people rose and compelled them to desist.

In this dilemma the regent resolved to send an ambassador to Spain, to represent the state of affairs to Philip better than could be done in writing, and to receive his instructions how she should proceed. Count Egmont was the person chosen ; because, in addition to his great merits as a subject of Philip, he was one of the most popular noblemen in the Netherlands. Setting out for Spain early in 1565, he was received by Philip in the most courteous manner, loaded with marks of kindness, and dismissed with a thorough conviction that the king intended to pursue a milder policy in the future government of the Low Countries. Philip, however, had but deceived him ; and at the time when he was flattering him with hopes of concessions, he was despatching orders to the regent strictly

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

to put in force the decrees of the Council of Trent, and in all things to carry out the king's resolute purpose of extinguishing heresy in the Netherlands. In vain did the Prince of Orange and the Counts Horn and Egmont protest that a civil war would be the consequence; in vain did the people lament, threaten, and murmur: the decrees were republished, and the inquisitors began to select their victims. All that the three patriotic noblemen could do was to retire from the council, and wash their hands of the guilt which the government was incurring. There were others, however, who, impatient of the inflictions with which Philip's obstinacy was visiting the country, resolved on a bolder, and, as it appeared, less considerate mode of action. A political club or confederacy was organised among the nobility, for the express purpose of resisting the establishment of the Inquisition. They bound themselves by a solemn oath 'to oppose the introduction of the Inquisition, whether it were attempted openly or secretly, or by whatever name it should be called,' and also to protect and defend each other from all the consequences which might result from their having formed this league.

Perplexed and alarmed, the regent implored the Prince of Orange and his two associates, Counts Egmont and Horn, to return to the council and give her their advice. They did so; and a speech of the Prince of Orange, in which he asserted strongly the utter folly of attempting to suppress opinion by force, and argued that 'such is the nature of heresy, that if it rests it rusts, but whoever rubs it whets it,' had the effect of inclining the regent to mitigate the ferocity of her former edicts. Meanwhile the confederates were becoming bolder and more numerous. Assembling in great numbers at Brussels, they walked in procession through the streets to the palace of the regent, where they were admitted to an interview. In reply to their petition, she said that she was very willing to send one or more persons to Spain to lay the complaints before the king. Obligated to be content with this answer, the confederates withdrew. Next day, three hundred of them met at a grand entertainment given to them by one of their number. Among other things, it was debated what name they should assume. 'Oh,' said one of them, 'did you not hear the Count de Barlaimont yesterday whisper to the regent, when he was standing by her side, that she need not be afraid "of such a set of beggars?" Let us call ourselves *The Beggars*; we could not find a better name.' The proposal was enthusiastically agreed to; and, amid deafening uproar, the whole company filled and shattered their glasses to the toast, 'Long live the Beggars!' (*Gueux*). In the full spirit of the freak, the host sent out for a beggar's wallet and a wooden bowl; and slinging the wallet across his back amidst clamours of applause, he drank from the bowl, and declared he would lose life and fortune for the great cause of the Beggars. The bowl went round, and all made the same enthusiastic declaration. From that day the *Gueux*, or Beggars, became the

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

name of the faction ; and every one wore the wallet, or some other symbol of mendicancy.

While the nobles and influential persons were thus preparing to co-operate, in case of a collision with the Spanish government, a sudden and disastrous movement occurred among the lower classes. In times of general excitement, it frequently happens that malice or accident casts abroad among the people some wild and incredible rumour ; such was the case on the present occasion. Intelligence spread with rapidity through the towns and cities of Flanders that the regent had given her permission for the public exercise of the Protestant form of worship ; multitudes poured out into the fields after their preachers ; congregations of many thousands assembled ; and the local authorities found themselves powerless. A great proportion of these congregations were doubtless pious and peacefully-disposed Protestants ; but taking advantage of the ferment, many idle and disorderly persons joined them, and by their efforts the general cause was disgraced. In Tournay, Ypres, Valenciennes, and other towns, the mob of real or assumed Protestants broke into the churches, and destroyed the altars and all the symbols of worship in the Roman Catholic ritual. Antwerp was for some time protected from similar outrages by the presence of the Prince of Orange ; but when he was summoned by the regent to Brussels, the fury of the people broke out unrestrained. The great cathedral was the principal object of their dislike. Rushing to it in thousands, they shattered the painted windows with stones, tore down the images, and dashed them against the pavement ; slit up the splendid pictures, and broke in pieces the large organ, then believed to be the finest in Europe. For many days the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, as they were called, continued their ravages in almost all the towns of Flanders and Brabant. The contagion was spreading likewise in Zealand and Holland, and more than 400 churches had been destroyed, when the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn, and other patriotic noblemen, then at Brussels in consultation with the regent, both vexed at the outrages themselves, and fearful that the cause of liberty in the Netherlands might suffer from them, hastened into their respective provinces, and partly by force, partly by persuasion, succeeded in restoring order. It is deeply to be regretted that such excesses should have stained the sacred cause of liberty ; but this was an age when little was known of religious toleration, the uppermost sect, whatever it was, making it almost a duty to oppress the others. For these outrages, we presume, the Protestants of the Netherlands in the present day are as sorry as are the Roman Catholics for the unjustifiable cruelties perpetrated in their name.

After the interview between the Gueux and the regent mentioned above, an ambassador had been sent to Philip in Spain to detail grievances. Instead of deferring to his representations, Philip and

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

his counsellors, one of whom was Granvelle, were resolutely preparing means to crush the confederacy, and break the proud spirit of the Netherlands. Secret orders were given for the collection of troops; the regent was to be instructed to amuse the patriots until the means of punishing them were ready; and in a short time, it was hoped, there would no longer be a patriot or a heretic in the Low Countries. It is easy to conceive with what rage and bitterness of heart Philip, while indulging these dreams, must have received intelligence of the terrible doings of the Iconoclasts. But, as cautious and dissimulating as he was obstinate and revengeful, he concealed his intentions in the meantime, announced them to the regent only in secret letters and despatches, and held out hopes in public to the patriots and the people of the Netherlands that he was soon to pay them a visit in person to inquire into the condition of affairs.

It has never been clearly ascertained by what means it was that the Prince of Orange contrived to obtain intelligence of Philip's most secret plans and purposes; but certain it is that nothing passed in the cabinet at Madrid which did not find its way to the ears of the prince. Philip's intentions with regard to the Netherlands became known to him by means of a letter to the regent from the Spanish ambassador at Paris, a copy of which he had procured. The prince had hitherto endeavoured to act as a loyal subject; but this letter made it plain that it was time to be making preparations for a decided rupture. His first step, therefore, was to hold a conference with four other noblemen—namely, his brother, Louis of Nassau, and the Counts Egmont, Horn, and Hoogstraten. He laid the letter before them, and the effect was as might have been expected on all of them, except Count Egmont; for, by some infatuation, this nobleman, mindful of the kindness he had experienced from Philip when visiting him as ambassador, persisted in believing that the king's designs were really conciliatory. In vain the prince argued with him; the count would not be convinced, and the conference was broken up. Meantime the people, warned by the prince of the approach of an army, began to emigrate in great numbers; and, after waiting to the last moment, William himself, in April 1567, withdrew with his family to his estates in Germany. Most earnestly did he try to persuade Count Egmont to accompany him; but his entreaties were to no purpose; and he left him with these words: 'I tell you, Egmont, you are a bridge by which the Spaniards will come into this country; they will pass over you, and then break you down.'

The man whom Philip had sent into the Netherlands at the head of the army as the fit instrument of his purposes of vengeance, was the Duke of Alva, a personage who united the most consummate military skill with the disposition of a ruffian, ready to undertake any enterprise, however base. Such was the man who, at the age

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

of sixty, in the month of August 1567, made his entry into the Netherlands by the province of Luxemburg, at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men. One of his first acts, after arriving at Brussels, was to seize the Counts Egmont and Horn, and send them prisoners to Ghent. This and other acts convinced the Duchess of Parma that she was no longer the real regent of the Netherlands ; and accordingly, having asked and obtained leave to resign, she quitted the country early in 1568, Alva assuming the government instead.

Now that a grand struggle was to ensue in the Netherlands, we trust our readers clearly understand what it was about. On the one hand was a nation of quiet, orderly people, industrious in a high degree, prosperous in their commerce, and disposed to remain peaceful subjects of a foreign monarch : all they asked was to be let alone, and to be allowed to worship God in the way they preferred. On the other hand was a sovereign, who, unthankful for the blessing of reigning over such a happy and well-disposed nation, and stimulated by passion and bigotry, resolved on compelling them all to be Catholics.

CRUELITIES OF ALVA.

Alva was a suitable instrument to work out Philip's designs. Supported by a powerful army, he was unscrupulous in his persecution. Blood was shed like water ; the scaffolds were crowded with victims ; the prisons filled with men in all the agonies of suspense. He appointed a court, called the Court of Tumults, to investigate with rigour into past offences. The Inquisition also pursued its diabolical vocation without opposition or disguise, covering the land with its black and baleful shadow. Heretics hid their heads, glad if present conformity would save them from the tortures which others were enduring for actions which they had thought forgotten. Above 18,000 persons in all are said to have suffered death by Alva's orders. And thousands more fled from the country, dispersing themselves through France and Germany ; many of them also finding an asylum in England, into which, being kindly received by Queen Elizabeth, they carried those arts and habits which had raised the Flemings high among commercial nations, and which at once incorporated themselves with the genial civilisation of England. The Prince of Orange was declared a rebel ; and his eldest son, the Count de Buren, then a student at the university of Louvain, was seized and sent a prisoner into Spain. But perhaps the most signal act of cruelty in the beginning of Alva's regency was the execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn. After an imprisonment of nine months, these unfortunate noblemen were brought to a mock trial, and beheaded at Brussels. So popular were they, and so universal was the sympathy for their fate, that even the presence of the executioner,

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

and of the spies who surrounded the scaffold, could not prevent the citizens of Brussels from dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood, and treasuring them up as relics.

The Prince of Orange, residing on his family estates of Nassau in Germany, was attentively observing all that was going on in the Netherlands, and making diligent preparations for an attempt in their behalf. He entered into communication with Elizabeth, queen of England, with the leaders of the Huguenots in France, and with the various Protestant princes of Germany; and from all of these he received either actual assistance in men and money, or the promise of future support. To meet the expenses of the expedition he was fitting out, he sold his plate and furniture, and incurred debts on his estates. Having at length assembled a considerable force, he divided it into four armies, each of which was to march into the Netherlands by a different route. Before setting out, however, he thought it necessary to publish a manifesto to the world, in justification of a step so serious as engaging in hostilities with the forces of one whom he had hitherto acknowledged; and still wished to acknowledge, as his sovereign. In this manifesto, also, he made it known that he had changed his religious views: although hitherto a Catholic, he was now convinced that the doctrines of the Protestants were more agreeable to Scripture.

The issue of this first attempt was unfortunate. In several engagements with the enemy, the different bands of patriots were successful. In one of them, Count Adolphus, a brother of the Prince of Orange, was killed in the moment of victory; but at last Alva himself hurrying down to the frontier, the provisions of the prince's army beginning to fail, and winter drawing near, they were compelled to retire. The prince and his brother, Count Louis, led the remains of their army into France, to assist the Huguenots in the meantime, until there should be a better opening into the Netherlands. Alva, prouder of this success than he had been of any of his former victories, returned to Flanders, and caused medals to be struck and monuments to be raised in commemoration of it, and, what was most offensive to all the people, a brass statue of himself, in a heroic attitude, to be erected at Antwerp. Delivered now from the fear of any interruption from the Prince of Orange, he resumed his exactions and his cruelties; and for four years he and the Inquisition carried on the work of persecution and blood. To detail the history of these four years of tyranny is impossible; we can but sketch the line of the principal events, and shew how the minds of the people were ripened for the final struggle.

The Duke of Alva was greatly in want of money to pay his troops, maintain the fortifications of the various towns, and carry on his government; and Alva was not the man to respect, even if the times had been less disturbed than they were, the ancient right which the people of the Netherlands claimed of taxing themselves through

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

their Assembly of States. Accordingly, with a soldier-like impatience of indirect taxation, he determined to accumulate a vast sum of money by a very summary process. He imposed three taxes : the first an immediate tax of one per cent. on all property, personal or real ; the second an annual tax of twenty per cent. on all heritable property ; and the third a tax of ten per cent. on every sale or transfer of goods. Crushed and broken-spirited by all that they had already endured, the burghers stood utterly aghast at this new infliction. Persecution for religion's sake was hard to bear, and the Inquisition was very obnoxious, still it was but a portion of the population that actually suffered personally in such cases ; but here was a visitation which came home to every Fleming and every Dutchman, and seemed but a prelude of utter ruin. Three such taxes as these of Governor Alva were never heard of within the memory of man. Utterly amazed and bewildered at first, the burghers at length tried to argue, and singled out the third of the taxes as the special subject of their representations. A tax of ten per cent. on sales of goods would amount in many cases, they said, to the value of the commodities themselves ; since the same commodities were often transferred from one person to another, and from him to a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, before they came into the hands of the consumer. In vain did the states make these remonstrances ; in vain did Viglius, the president of the council, second them ; in vain even did the states offer to pay a large sum in lieu of the proposed taxes. Alva was inexorable. At length the general convention of the states, after procuring a few paltry concessions, was obliged to yield to the imposition of the taxes : on this condition, however, that all the states, without exception, should give in their adherence. This was a condition, as it proved, of singular importance ; for, gifted with greater boldness and resolution than the other provinces, Utrecht refused to comply with the governor's demands ; and, by nobly persevering in its resistance, not only raised a more determined spirit in the other provinces, but delayed the collection of the taxes so long, that in the meantime Alva received instructions from Spain to desist from measures calculated to produce such dangerous results. Alva's conduct, however, had already produced its effects ; and the people of the Netherlands had come to detest the very name of Spain.

The Prince of Orange, who, after a short period of military service on the side of the Protestants in France, had returned to his estates in Germany, was earnestly intent on the condition of affairs in the Netherlands. All that could be done, however, was to harass the Spaniards as much as possible in the meantime, and enter into negotiations with the Protestant powers of other countries, with a view to obtain the means necessary for a bolder conflict. Both these courses of action were adopted by William ; and it is a remarkable characteristic of his whole life, that even when he is

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

least heard of, he was busy in secret. While others were marching hither and thither, and performing heroic actions, they were but doing the errands on which he had sent them: it was he who, whether living in retirement in his castle in Nassau, or advancing into the Netherlands by the German frontier, or hovering in his ship on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, was really at the centre of affairs, directing all the movements that were going on, arranging everything, foreseeing everything, taking charge of everything. Of William's military actions—his battles by sea and land—we hear much; but his real greatness consisted in his prudence, his decision, his fertility in stratagem, his statesmanlike width of view, his vast knowledge of men and of the state of Europe at the time; and these are qualities which make less noise in history. This peculiarity in the life of the Prince of Orange makes the name of William *the Taciturn*, which his contemporaries gave him, on account of the sparing use he made of speech, doubly significant. The mode of harassing Alva which the prince resolved upon at the period at which we have now arrived, was that of stationing a fleet of cruisers along the coasts of Zealand and Holland, for the purpose not only of capturing Spanish vessels, but also of seizing on advantageous positions along the shore. Nor was it difficult to obtain such a fleet. The unheard-of severities of Alva's regency had driven numbers of merchants with their ships into the ports of England. For some time the politic Elizabeth permitted them safe harbour and free commerce; but at last, to prevent an open rupture with Philip, she forbade their reception. Compelled thus to make the sea their home, the Dutch and Flemish merchants banded together, and placed themselves under the direction of the Prince of Orange, who commissioned them in the service of the Netherlands, authorising them to capture all Spanish vessels for their own profit, except a fifth part of the prize-money, which William was to receive and apply for the good of the Netherlands. As another means of collecting a sufficient sum of money for future necessities, William came to an understanding with the itinerant Protestant preachers, who, even during the fiercest paroxysms of Alva's cruelty and the zeal of the new Inquisition, continued to walk through the country in disguise, teaching and consoling the people. These preachers William converted into civil functionaries, employing them to ask and receive contributions from the Protestant part of the community, now larger in many localities than the Catholic. Thus was William providing, as well as he could, that prime necessary in all enterprises—money.

Alva, enraged at the news he had received of the great damage done to the Spanish shipping by the Dutch and Flemish vessels that swarmed on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, and doubly enraged when he heard that men had actually landed from several of these vessels, and taken a fort on the island of Bommel, issued an

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

immediate order for the collection of the taxes he had previously imposed, money being now more necessary than ever. The people, however, protested that they were reduced to beggary already, and had no means of satisfying his demands; and he had just erected seventeen gibbets in front of seventeen of the principal houses in Brussels, with the intention of hanging seventeen of the principal burgesses thereon, in order to terrify the rest into submission, when, after all was ready, and the very nooses had been made on the ends of the ropes, the news came into the town that the Dutch and Flemish vessels, under the bold and savage Count de la Marck, had made a descent on the island of Voorn, and taken the town of Brielle, which was reckoned one of the keys of the Netherlands. Alva was amazed: he had not time even to hang the seventeen burgesses. A council was held, and the Count de Bossut despatched with a body of Spanish troops to the island of Voorn. Bossut laid siege to Brielle, and was in hopes of being able to reduce it with his artillery, when one of the townsmen swimming along a canal till he came to a sluice which the Spaniards had overlooked, broke it, and let in such a deluge of water as overflowed the artillery, drowned a number of the Spaniards, and forced the rest to take to their ships, all wet and dripping as they were. This victory roused a determined spirit of resolution among the inhabitants of Holland and Zealand. The town of Flushing set the example; the towns of Dort, Gouda, Haarlem, and Leyden followed. In a short time all the towns of the two maritime provinces, except Amsterdam and Middleburg, had risen up and expelled their garrisons. In the provinces of Utrecht, Friesland, and Overijssel, similar risings took place. In this general movement the Protestants, unable to resist the opportunity of revenging their own past sufferings, were guilty of some atrocities, particularly against the monks.

The scheme of an insurrection in the maritime provinces having turned out according to his wishes, the Prince of Orange now advanced into the Netherlands by the French frontier, having succeeded, by negotiation with Protestant powers, and by the expenditure of money, in assembling an army of about 20,000 men, consisting of Germans, French, English, and Scotch. With the strength of this army he now began to grapple with Alva in the very seat of his power—the southern provinces of Flanders, Brabant, and Antwerp. He first took the town of Mons, an important position near the French frontier; and ere long he had reduced several other important towns. This was the only mode of action by which he could make any impression; for, in all cases of attempts to deliver a conquered country, the only mode of procedure is to root out the foreign garrisons of towns one by one; and a general victory in the open field is only valuable as conducing to that end, by either inducing the towns to surrender in despair, or making the process of besieging them less tedious. But at this time, after so

much success, various circumstances conspired both to diminish and dispirit his army. The most discouraging blow of all was the massacre of St Bartholomew, in which, on the night of the 24th of August 1572, more than 60,000 of the Protestants of France perished. By this event, all hope of assistance from France was destroyed; and, after several fruitless engagements with Alva's army, William was obliged to disband his forces, and to retire from active military operation.

The condition of the Netherlands was now as follows: Alva was nominally their governor; but in the late struggle, no fewer than sixty or seventy towns, principally in Holland, Zealand, and Flanders, had thrown off the yoke, and now bade defiance to the Spanish government. Unless these towns were recovered, Philip could no longer be said to be king of the Netherlands. Alva's exertions were therefore devoted to the recovery of these towns; and his officers were almost all employed in sieges. Mons, Tergouw, Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naarden were successively reduced; and so dreadful were the enormities perpetrated by the Spanish soldiers, that the citizens, after the surrender of other towns, resolved to exhaust every means of resistance rather than submit. The town of Haarlem distinguished itself by the desperate bravery with which for seven months it stood out against a large army under Alva's son. At length, trusting to a truce with the Spaniard, the famished citizens agreed to surrender. The siege, some accounts say, had cost the Spaniards 10,000 men; and now they took a fearful vengeance. Hundreds of the most respectable citizens were executed; and when the four executioners were tired of their bloody work, they tied their victims two by two together, and flung them into the lake of Haarlem. As shewing how deep a hold the great struggle of the sixteenth century has taken of the popular memory, and how many local associations there are connected with it, we may quote the following account of a curious Haarlem custom, the origin of which is traced to the siege of the city in 1572: 'In walking through the streets of Haarlem, we saw a rather curious memorial of these disastrous times. At the sides of the doors of various houses hung a small neatly-framed board, on which was spread a piece of fine lace-work of an oval form, resembling the top of a lady's cap with a border: the object, indeed, on a casual inspection, might have been taken for a lady's cap hung out to dry. Beneath it, to show the transparency of the lace, there was placed a piece of pink paper or silk. On asking the meaning of these exhibitions, I was informed that they originated in a circumstance which occurred at the siege of Haarlem. Before surrendering the town, a deputation of aged matrons waited on the Spanish general to know in what manner the women who were at the time in childbirth should be protected from molestation in case of the introduction of the soldiery; and he requested that at the door of each house containing a female so

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

situated an appropriate token should be hung out, and promised that that house should not be troubled. This, according to the tradition, was attended to ; and, till the present day, every house in which there is a female in this condition is distinguished in the manner I have mentioned. The lace is hung out several weeks previous to the expected birth, and hangs several weeks afterwards, a small alteration being made as soon as the sex of the child is known. I was further assured, that during the time which is allowed for these exhibitions, the house is exempted from all legal execution, and that the husband cannot be taken to serve as a soldier.*

While Alva was thus engaged in retrieving the revolted districts, his king at Madrid was growing dissatisfied with his conduct. He began to think that he had made an error in sending such a man into the Netherlands, who could scarcely make a discrimination in his cruelties between Protestants and Catholics ; and he looked about for a general to succeed him. He found such a person in Don Luis Zaneza y Requesens, commander of the order of Malta, a true Catholic, but a man of calm and temperate mind. Requesens accordingly made his entry into Brussels on the 17th of November 1573 ; and the stern old Alva returned to Spain, to be ill-treated by a master whom he had served too faithfully.

WAR CONTINUED—SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

In the civil government of the country, Requesens pursued quite a different line of policy from his predecessor. He began his rule by breaking down the brass statue which Alva had erected of himself at Antwerp, dissolving the Council of Tumults, abandoning the obnoxious taxes, and publishing an amnesty for past offences committed by the inhabitants of the revolted districts. But while thus changing the whole tone of the government, he was obliged to continue all those military operations which Alva had begun, for the purpose of compelling the rebel cities of Holland and Zealand to reacknowledge the sovereignty of Philip. The first object of his attention was the town of Middleburg in Zealand, which had been kept in a state of close siege by the patriots for about a year and a half, and the loss of which would be a severe blow to the Spanish cause. He caused a large fleet to be collected, and appointing two able admirals to the command of it, he went on board one of the ships himself, and sailed down the Scheldt for the relief of the town. The Prince of Orange, then in Holland, immediately hastened to the critical spot ; and by his directions, the fleet of the patriots under Boissot, admiral of Holland, met the Spanish one, and engaging with it on the 29th of January 1574, gained a complete victory, sinking the ship of one of the Spanish admirals, and

* Chambers's *Tour in Holland and Belgium*.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

obliging the other to swim for his life. Requesens himself stood on the dyke of Sacherlo, and witnessed the disaster. After this the town of Middleburg surrendered to the Prince of Orange; and the cause of the patriots in the maritime provinces appeared more hopeful than ever. In the meantime, two of the prince's brothers, Count Louis and Count Henry of Nassau, who had for some time been residing in Germany, advanced at the head of an army in the direction of the Maas, with the intention of exciting the inland provinces to assume a position similar to that which Holland and Zealand were so nobly maintaining. The issue of this attempt was fatal. Requesens had despatched a strong force to oppose them; and on the 14th of April a battle was fought between the two armies near the village of Mook; the royalists were victorious, and the two brave princes were killed. This defeat, and the death of two men so eminent and so popular, were indeed a heavy blow to the patriots; but its consequences were far less severe than they might have been. The Spanish troops, who had a long arrear of pay due them, became mutinous and unmanageable after the victory, and threatened to pillage Antwerp. Requesens contrived at length to appease them for the time by raising a hundred thousand florins from the citizens, pledging his own jewels, and melting down his plate to raise more, and granting the mutineers a free pardon. But the interval had been of use to the patriots; for a large fleet having been equipped by Requesens, and having been removed, during the mutiny, from Antwerp, where it was lying, a little way down the Scheldt, to be out of the reach of the soldiers, Boissot, the Zealand admiral, boldly sailed up the river, took forty of the ships, and shattered and sunk many more. At length, however, the mutineers returned to their duty; and Requesens, having vainly tried in the first place to end the war by a proclamation of the king's pardon to all his Catholic subjects in the Netherlands, collected his whole force for the siege of the large and populous city of Leyden.

The story of this siege is one of the most spirit-stirring in the annals of heroism. Leyden stands in a low situation in the midst of a labyrinth of rivulets and canals. That branch of the Rhine which still retains its ancient name passes through the middle of it; and from this stream such an infinity of canals are derived, that it is difficult to say whether the water or the land possesses the greater space. By these canals the ground on which the city stands is divided into a great number of small islands, united together by bridges. For five months all other operations were suspended; all the energy of Requesens, on the one hand, was directed towards getting possession of this city; and all the energy of the Prince of Orange, on the other hand, towards assisting the citizens, and preventing it from being taken. The issue depended entirely, however, on the bravery and resolution of the citizens of Leyden themselves. Pent up within their walls, they had to resist the

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

attacks and stratagems of the besiegers; and all that the Prince of Orange could do, was to occupy the surrounding country, harass the besiegers as much as possible, and enable the citizens to hold out, by conveying to them supplies of provisions and men.

Nobly, nay, up to the highest heroic pitch of human nature, did the citizens behave. They had to endure a siege in its most dreary form, that of blockade. Instead of attempting to storm the town, Valdez, the Spanish general, resolved to reduce it by the slow but sure process of starvation. For this purpose he completely surrounded the town by a circle of forts, more than sixty in number; and the inhabitants thus saw themselves walled completely in from all the rest of the earth, with its growing crops and its well-filled granaries, and restricted entirely to whatever quantity of provisions there chanced to be on the small spot of ground which they walked up and down in. They had no means even of communicating with the Prince of Orange and their other friends outside, except by carrier-pigeons, which were trained for the purpose. One attempt was made by the citizens to break through the line of blockade, for the sake of keeping possession of a piece of pasture-ground for their cattle; but it was unsuccessful; and they began now to work day and night at repairing their fortifications, so as to resist the Spanish batteries when they should begin to play. Like fire pent up, the patriotism of the inhabitants burned more fiercely and brightly; every man became a hero, every woman an orator, and words of flashing genius were spoken, and deeds of wild bravery done, such as would have been impossible except among 20,000 human beings living in the same city, and all roused at once to the same unnatural state of emotion. The two leading spirits were John Van der Does, the commander, better known by his Latinised name of Dousa, as one of the best writers of Latin verse at that time, when so many able men devoted themselves to this kind of literary exercise; and Peter Van der Werf, the burgomaster. Under the management of these two men, every precaution was adopted that was necessary for the defence of the city. The resolution came to was, that the last man among them should die of want rather than admit the Spaniards into the town. Coolly, and with a foresight thoroughly Dutch, Dousa and Van der Werf set about making an inventory of all that was eatable in the town—corn, cattle, nay, even horses and dogs; calculating how long the stock could last at the rate of so much a day to every man and woman in the city; adopting means to get the whole placed under the management of a dispensing committee; and deciding what should be the allowance per head at first, so as to prevent their stock from being eaten up too fast. It was impossible, however, to collect all the food into one fund, or to regulate its consumption by municipal arrangements; and after two months had elapsed, famine had commenced in earnest, and those devices for mitigating the gnawings of hunger began to be

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

employed which none but starving men could bear to think of. Not only the flesh of dogs and horses, but roots, weeds, nettles, every green thing that the eye could detect shooting up from the earth, was ravenously eaten. Many died of want, and thousands fell ill. Still they held out, and indignantly rejected the offers made to them by the besiegers. 'When we have nothing else left,' said Dousa, in reply to a message from Valdez, 'we will eat our left hands, keeping the right to fight with.' Once, indeed, hunger seemed to overcome their patriotism, and for some days crowds of gaunt and famished wretches moved along the streets, crying: 'Let the Spaniards in; oh! for God's sake let them in.' Assembling with hoarse clamours at the house of Van der Werf, they demanded that he should give them food, or else surrender. 'I have no food to give you,' was the burgomaster's reply, 'and I have sworn that I will not surrender to the Spaniards; but if my body will be of any service to you, tear me to pieces, and let the hungriest of you eat me.' The poor wretches went away, and thought no more of surrendering.

The thought of the Prince of Orange night and day was how to render assistance to the citizens of Leyden—how to convey provisions into the town. He had collected a large supply; but all his exertions could not raise a sufficient force to break through the line of blockade. In this desperate extremity they resolved to have recourse to that expedient which they kept in reserve until it should be clear that no other was left—they would break their dykes, open their sluices, inundate the whole level country round Leyden, and wash the Spaniards and their circle of forts utterly away. It was truly a desperate resource; and it was only in the last extremity that they could bring themselves to think of it. All that vast tract of fertile land, which the labour of ages had drained and cultivated—to see it converted into a sheet of water! there could not possibly be a sight more unseemly and melancholy to a Dutchman's eyes. The damage, it was calculated, would amount to 600,000 guilders. But when the destruction of the dykes round Leyden was once resolved upon, they set to work with a heartiness and a zeal greater than that which had attended their building. Hatchets, hammers, spades, and pickaxes were in requisition; and by the labour of a single night, the labour of ages was demolished and undone. The water, availing itself of the new outlets, poured over the flat country, and in a short time the whole of the region situated between Leyden and Rotterdam was flooded to a considerable depth. The Spaniards, terror-stricken at first, bethought themselves of the fate of the antediluvians; but at last, seeing that the water did not rise above a certain level, they recovered their courage, and though obliged to abandon those of their forts which were stationed in the low grounds, they persevered in the blockade. But there was another purpose to be served by the inundation of the country besides that of washing away the Spaniards, and the Prince

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

of Orange was making preparations for effecting it. He had caused about 200 large flat-bottomed boats to be built, and loaded with provisions; these now began to row towards the famished city. The inhabitants saw them coming; they watched them eagerly advancing across the waters, fighting their way past the Spanish forts, and bringing bread to them. But it almost seemed as if Heaven itself had become cruel; for a north wind was blowing, and so long as it continued to blow, the waters would not be deep enough to enable the boats to reach the city. They waited for days, every eye fixed on the vanes; but still the wind blew from the north, although never almost within the memory of the oldest citizen had there been such a continuance of north wind at that season of the year. Many died in sight of the vessels which contained the food which would have kept them alive; and those who still survived shuffled along the streets more like skeletons than men. In two days these would to a certainty have been all dead too; when, lo! the vanes trembled and veered round; the wind shifted first to the north-west, blowing the sea tides with hurricane force into the mouths of the rivers; and then to the south, driving the waves exactly in the direction of the city. The remaining forts of the Spaniards were quickly begirt with water. The Spaniards themselves, pursued by the Zealanders in their boats, were either drowned or shot swimming, or fished out with hooks fastened to the end of poles, and killed with the sword. Several bodies of them, however, effected their escape. The citizens had all crowded to the gates to meet their deliverers. With bread in their hands, they ran through the streets; and many who had outlived the famine died of surfeit. That same day they met in one of the churches—a lean and sickly congregation—with the magistrates at their head, to return thanks to Almighty God for his mercy.

The siege of Leyden was raised on the 3d of October 1574, and the anniversary of that day is still celebrated by the citizens. It is the most memorable day in the history of Leyden; and many memorials exist to keep the inhabitants in remembrance of the event which happened on it. Usually, the object which first excites the curiosity of the traveller who visits Leyden is the Stadthouse, or Hotel de Ville, which occupies a conspicuous situation on one of the sides of the Breed Straat, or Broad Street. The date of the erection of the building, 1574, is carved on the front, along with the arms of the town, two cross keys, and several inscriptions referring to the sufferings of the place during the period of its besiegement. The walls of the venerable apartment in which the burgomasters assemble are of dark panelled wood, partly hung with beautiful old tapestry, and ornamented with several paintings. One picture of modern date, by Van Bree of Antwerp, is of a size so large as almost to cover one side of the room, and represents the streets of Leyden filled with its famishing inhabitants, in the midst of whom stands

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

prominently forward the figure of the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf, offering his body to be eaten. The small cut at the head of the present paper is expressive of this affecting scene. Another memorial of the siege of Leyden by the Spaniards is the university of that city, so celebrated for the number of great historical names connected with it. 'The Prince of Orange, as a recompense to the inhabitants of Leyden for their heroic conduct, gave them the choice of exemption from taxes for a certain number of years, or of having a university established in the city; and, much to their honour, they preferred the latter. The university of Leyden was accordingly established in 1575.'

The fortunate issue of the siege of Leyden changed the face of affairs. Philip consented to hold a conference with the patriots at Breda. Concessions were made on both sides, with a view of coming to an agreement; but on the question of the conduct which the government ought to pursue with reference to religion, the two parties were completely at variance.

'The heretics must be expelled from the maritime provinces,' was the demand of the Spanish deputies.

'If you expel the heretics, as you call them,' said the deputies of the patriots, 'you will expel more than two-thirds of the inhabitants; and if you do so, there will not be enough of men to mend the dykes.'

'The king,' replied the Spaniards, 'would rather lose the provinces than have them peopled with heretics.' The conference accordingly broke up, without having accomplished anything.

Again armies began their marchings and countermarchings through the country. Requesens had succeeded in an attempt which he expected to be of great assistance to him in his design of reducing Zealand, and he was endeavouring to follow up this advantage by laying siege to the town of Zierikzee, when he was seized with a fever, and died after a few days' illness.

PATRIOTIC MEASURES OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

On the death of Requesens, the Council of State, consisting at that time of nine members, among whom were Viglius and Barlaumont, as well as some others less devoted to the Spanish cause, assumed the government, there being no person on the spot authorised by Philip to take upon himself the office of regent. Under the rule of this committee the greatest confusion prevailed; but at length the liberal members of the Council of State took courage, and issued an order for a convention of the states; and at this convention, which was opened on the 14th of September 1576, it was agreed to hold a solemn congress of representatives from the various provinces, in the town-house of Ghent, on the 10th of October.

This remarkable turn of affairs was brought about in a great

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

measure by the exertions of the Prince of Orange. The war had now lasted nearly ten years. The result was, that the seventeen provinces constituting the Netherlands, which on Philip's accession had acknowledged his sway, were now broken up into two groups, the maritime provinces constituting one group, and the inland provinces another. In the maritime group, of which Holland and Zealand were the most important members, the majority of the inhabitants were Protestants, and consequently they had maintained a more determined attitude during the war; and at this moment, although they had not formally disowned Philip's sovereignty, they were really governing themselves under the administration of the Prince of Orange. In the inland group, the state of matters was very different. The majority of the inhabitants of this group were Catholics, and consequently their opposition to Spanish tyranny had been less vigorous and less enthusiastic. But William was not content with seeing only one part of the Netherlands delivered from Spanish tyranny, even if it had been possible to deliver the maritime provinces without convulsing and agitating the others. His object was to secure liberty to the whole of the Netherlands, whether that were to be accomplished by a judicious compromise with Spain, or by formally casting off all allegiance to Spain whatever, and uniting the various provinces into a new independent European state. It was in consequence, therefore, of his public recommendations to the Council of State, and his secret dealings with influential men, that the States-General had been held, and the congress of Ghent agreed upon.

After sitting for about a month, the congress published the result of its deliberations in the shape of a treaty of confederacy between the maritime and the inland provinces. This treaty is known in history by the name of the *Pacification of Ghent*. It consisted of twenty-five articles, and its principal provisions were, that the maritime provinces, with the Prince of Orange on the one hand, and the inland or Catholic provinces on the other, should mutually assist each other in expelling the Spaniards; that all the tyrannous and persecuting decrees of Alva should be repealed; that in the inland provinces the Catholic religion should still continue to be the legal one; and that in Holland and Zealand all civil and religious arrangements should be permitted to stand until they should be revised by a future assembly of the states.

At the very instant when the Netherlands were beginning to rejoice in the hopes arising from the pacification of Ghent, there arrived a new regent, sent from Spain. This was Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., a man of great talent, both civil and military, and of an exceedingly amiable and winning disposition. By the advice of the Prince of Orange, the Council resolved to conclude a strict bargain with the new regent before admitting him to the government. A meeting of noblemen, ecclesiastics, and other

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

influential persons was held at Brussels on the 9th of January 1577, at which a compact in support of the late resolutions at Ghent was formed, known by the name of the *Union of Brussels*; and a copy of the deed of union having been transmitted to Don John, the result was a conference between him and certain deputies appointed by the states. At this conference, which was held in a city of Luxemburg, a treaty was agreed upon, dated the 12th of February 1577, and known by the name of the *Perpetual Edict*. It secured for the inland provinces all that they had been so earnestly contending for, all that the *Pacification of Ghent* bound them to demand—the removal of the Spanish troops, the release of prisoners, and a mild and considerate government. The Protestant provinces of Holland and Zealand, however, were dissatisfied with it, and refused their concurrence.

It appeared now as if the long struggle had come to an end; as if Spain and the Netherlands had finally compromised their differences. When Don John made his entry into Brussels on the 1st of May 1577, the citizens congratulated themselves on the skill with which they had managed to limit his authority, and said to each other: 'Ah, it will cost our new regent some trouble to play his game as Alva did.'

No sooner, however, had John taken the reins of government in his hands, than he began to free himself from all the restraints which the inland provinces thought they had imposed on him. Resolved to recover all the prerogatives he had parted with, he despatched letters written in cipher to Philip, urging him to send back the Spanish and Italian forces into the Netherlands; and making a journey from Brussels to the frontier province of Namur, he took possession of the capital of the province, intending to wait there till the troops should arrive. The letters were intercepted by the king of Navarre, and being immediately sent to the Prince of Orange, were by him made public. Enraged at the discovery of the regent's treachery, the authorities of the inland provinces now determined to cast him off; and at the same time they entreated the Prince of Orange to come to Brussels and assume the administration of affairs. Accordingly, leaving his own faithful maritime provinces, the prince sailed up the Scheldt, and thence made his passage by canal to Brussels, amid the cheers of the multitudes who stood lining the banks for miles, anxious to obtain a sight of 'Vader Willem' coming to do for them what he had already done for the Hollanders and Zealanders. He entered Brussels on the 23d of September, and was immediately invested with the office of governor of Brabant, a title which gave him as much power as if he had been a regent appointed by Philip himself. The whole of the Netherlands now, except the two frontier provinces of Luxemburg and Namur, where Don John still maintained his influence, were under the government of William of Orange. His darling scheme of uniting the maritime and the inland

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

provinces under one system of government, extending to both the blessings of perfect civil freedom, and allowing each group to establish that form of worship which was most conformable to its own wishes—the maritime group the Protestant, and the inland group the Catholic form, while yet neither the Catholics should be persecuted in the one nor the Protestants in the other—this scheme was now all but realised. With respect to the question, how Philip's rights as the sovereign of the Netherlands should be dealt with, this was a point about which, in the meantime, it was unnecessary to give himself much trouble. It would be decided afterwards by the course of events.

This happy aspect of things was not of long duration. William had hardly entered on his office, when he began to be harassed by those petty insect annoyances which always buzz and flutter round greatness, making the life of a man who pursues a career of active well-doing on a large scale very far from a pleasant one to himself. At length a powerful cabal was formed against him by certain Catholic noblemen; and, without the consent of the states, or any other legitimate authority, the Archduke Mathias, brother of the emperor of Germany, was invited to come and assume the government of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. The arrival of this self-announced governor was a decided surprise to the states; but the quick eye of the Prince of Orange saw that it might be turned to advantage. By inviting Mathias to assume the office which Don John considered to be his, the Catholic nobles had given an unpardonable offence to Philip; and if Mathias *did* assume the government, it would set the Spanish king and the German emperor at variance; both of which events were exceedingly desirable as matters then stood. William therefore was the first to recommend his own resignation, and the appointment of Mathias as governor instead—a change which would do no harm, as Mathias was a silly young man whom it would be very easy to manage. On the 18th of January 1578, Mathias therefore was formally installed as governor-general, with the Prince of Orange as his lieutenant in every department; and Don John was at the same time declared a public enemy.

Meanwhile Philip had sent a powerful army to reinstate Don John. At the head of this army was Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, the son of that Duchess of Parma who had been regent before Alva, and though yet young, reputed to be the first military genius of the age. Pushing into the interior of the Netherlands with this army, Don John speedily reconquered a large tract of the country; and the states, defeated in several engagements, were obliged to entreat assistance from foreign powers. After several months of war, they were delivered from all fear of having the treacherous John restored to the regency; for, on the 1st of October 1578, he died suddenly at Bougy. But if delivered of one enemy in

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

John, they had to contend with another in all respects more formidable in his successor, the matchless Prince of Parma. The prospect of a campaign against a man so eminent in the art of war completely disheartened them; and any chance they might have had of being able to repel the invasion which he conducted, was infinitely lessened by the outbreak of violent dissensions in the southern provinces, especially between the Flemings, or inhabitants of Flanders, and the Walloons, or inhabitants of the south-eastern provinces.

UNION OF THE SEVEN PROVINCES.

In these circumstances, the Prince of Orange thought it best to take precautions for securing the independence of at least a part of the Netherlands. It had long appeared to William that the next best thing to a union of all the provinces of the Netherlands under a free government, would be the union of the maritime provinces by themselves under such a government. These provinces would form a distinct state, thoroughly Dutch and thoroughly Protestant; and the difficulty of governing them separately would be far less than that of governing them in conjunction with the southern or Walloon provinces, whose inhabitants were not only Catholic, but half French in their lineage and their habits. The progress which the Prince of Parma was now making, not only in conquering, but in conciliating the Walloons, decided William to carry into effect his long-cherished idea, and to attempt a formal separation between the northern provinces and the rest of the Netherlands. His efforts succeeded; and on the 29th of January, there was solemnly signed at Utrecht a treaty of union between the five provinces of Holland, Zealand, Guelderland, Utrecht, and Friesland, by which they formed themselves into an independent republic. Thus was a new European state founded, which, being joined afterwards by the two provinces of Overijssel and Groningen, and recognised by the foreign powers, obtained the name of *The Seven United Provinces*, and subsequently of *Holland*.

But while labouring to effect this great object, William by no means ceased to struggle for another which he considered greater still—the independence of the whole Netherlands. If a community of religion, and the enthusiastic attachment of the people to his person, endeared the northern provinces to him in a peculiar manner, the breadth of his intellect, and his general love of liberty, made him take a deep interest in the fate of the southern provinces; and gladly would he devote his best exertions to secure for the Flemings and the Walloons of the south that independence which he had to all appearance secured for the Dutch of the north. Accordingly, both before and after the union of the northern provinces, he continued to act as lieutenant-governor under Mathias, and to superintend the administration of the southern provinces.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

Meanwhile an attempt was made by the pope and the emperor of Germany to bring about a reconciliation between Spain and the Netherlands. But Philip's bigotry again interposed a barrier in the way of an agreement : for he declared, that whatever other concessions he might be willing to make, he never would be at peace with heresy. While these negotiations were pending, the Prince of Parma had slackened his military activity ; but when the congress broke up its sittings in the end of 1579, he recommenced his campaign in the southern provinces with fresh ardour.

It was evident, however, to the Prince of Orange, that the issue of the struggle could not be decided by one or two battles with the Prince of Parma. His aim all along had been to thwart Philip by engaging some of the principal European powers on the side of the Netherlands. No sooner, therefore, had he seen the Protestant provinces of the north united by the treaty of Utrecht, than he began to mature another scheme by which he hoped to obtain for the union greater strength within itself, and greater estimation in the eyes of foreign nations. This was no other than the formal deposition of Philip from the sovereignty of the Netherlands, and the election of a new sovereign capable of bringing into the field all the power of some foreign nation to counterpoise that of Spain. He hesitated for some time whether the future sovereign of the Netherlands should be Queen Elizabeth of England, or the Duke of Anjou, brother to the French king ; but at last decided in favour of the latter. Having finally weighed his scheme, and resolved to adopt it, he procured a meeting of the States-General at Antwerp ; and there Philip was deposed as 'a tyrant ;' the Netherlands were declared a free and independent state ; and the Duke of Anjou, having become bound to use the power of France to expel the Spaniards from his new dominion, entered on the exercise of the sovereignty. At the same time, William of Orange was installed in the government of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, under the title of Stadtholder, and with the reservation of the right of homage to the Duke of Anjou.

These arrangements were concluded in 1581 and 1582 ; and for two years after, the history of the struggle is but an uninteresting record of sieges and engagements, important at the time, but too numerous to be detailed in a narrative. We hasten to the concluding act of the drama.

ASSASSINATION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Philip, surrounded by the haughty ceremonial of a Spanish court, kept his dark and evil eye ever rolling towards the Netherlands. Foiled, defeated, gaining an advantage only to lose it again, he had watched the course of the struggle with a bitter earnestness. A scowl passed over his brow at every recollection of the manner in which his heretical subjects had resisted his authority and baffled

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

his purposes. But the last indignity was worst of all. To be openly deposed in the face of all Europe, to be rejected and cast off by a portion of his subjects inhabiting a little corner of his vast dominions, to have another sovereign elected in his stead—this was an insult such as monarch had never experienced before. And all this had been done by that one man, William of Orange. In the course of his life he had already been thwarted, or supposed himself to be thwarted, by one personal enemy after another; and these, if history be true, he had successively disposed of, by sending them prematurely out of the world. The poisoned cup, or the dagger of the hired assassin, had rid him of several blood-relations whom he conceived to be his enemies. His own son, his eldest born, had died by his orders; and now he resolved to rid himself by similar means of the man who had robbed him of the Netherlands. Early in 1580 he issued a proclamation offering a reward of 25,000 golden crowns, with a patent of nobility, and a pardon for all past offences, to any one who should assassinate the Prince of Orange. In reply to this brutal proclamation the prince published a defence of his own conduct, which, under the name of *The Apology*, has been always admired as one of the noblest refutations ever penned. It is believed to have been the composition of a Protestant clergyman, a friend of the prince.

For some time no effects followed the issuing of Philip's proclamation, and William was quietly engaged in consolidating the government under the Duke of Anjou. He had gone to Antwerp to attend the ceremony of the new sovereign's inauguration, and was to stay there some time, until everything was fairly settled. On the 18th of March 1582, he gave a great dinner at the castle of the town to celebrate the duke's birthday. Leaving the hall to ascend to his own chamber, he was met at the door by a silly melancholy-looking young man, who desired to present a petition. While he was looking at the paper, the young man fired a pistol at his head. The ball entered below the right ear, and passing through his mouth, came out at the other side. The prince fell apparently dead, and the assassin was instantly put to death by the attendants. It appeared, from papers found on his person, that he was a Spaniard named John Jaureguay, clerk to Gaspar Anastro, a Spanish merchant in the town. Anastro had engaged to Philip, for a reward of 28,000 ducats, to effect the object which the proclamation had not been able to accomplish; but, unwilling to undertake the assassination in person, he had fixed upon his melancholy half-crazed clerk as his deputy; and the poor wretch had been persuaded by a Dominican monk of the name of Timmerman, that the death he was sure to die in the performance of so glorious an act of duty would be an immediate entrance into paradise. Timmerman, and Venero, Anastro's cashier, who was also implicated in the murder, were seized and executed; but Anastro himself escaped.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

long feared that the wound was mortal ; but it proved not to be so ; and in a short time the prince was again able to resume his duties, dearer now than ever to the people of the Netherlands. He had scarcely recovered, when he was summoned to act in a new crisis. The Duke of Anjou began to act falsely towards his subjects. Failing in a treacherous attempt to seize the town of Antwerp, Anjou was obliged to become a fugitive from his own kingdom. Perplexed and uncertain how to act, the states again had recourse to the counsel of the Prince of Orange ; and after much hesitation, he gave it as his deliberate opinion, that, upon the whole, in the present state of matters, nothing was so advisable as to readmit the duke to the sovereignty, after binding him by new and more stringent obligations. In giving this advice, William spoke from his intimate knowledge of the state of Europe. The reasons, however, which actuated the Prince of Orange in advising the recall of Anjou, although very satisfactory to men experienced in statecraft, and gifted with the same political insight as himself, were too subtle to be appreciated by the popular understanding ; and it began to be murmured by the gossips of Antwerp that the Prince of Orange had gone over to the French interest, and was conspiring to annex the Netherlands to France. Hurt at these suspicions, which impeded his measures, and rendered his exertions fruitless, William left Antwerp, and withdrew to his own northern provinces, where the people would as soon have burned the ships in their harbours as suspected the good faith of their beloved stadtholder 'Vader Willem.' By removing into the north, however, William did not mean to cease taking any part in the affairs of the southern provinces. He continued to act by letters and messengers, allaying various dissensions among the nobility, and smoothing the way for the return of the Duke of Anjou, who was then residing in France. But it was destined that the treacherous Frenchman should never again set his foot within the Netherlands. Taken suddenly ill at the Château-Thierry, he died there on the 10th of June 1584, aged thirty years.

Again were the Netherlands thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. The northern provinces alone, under the government of William, enjoyed internal tranquillity and freedom from war. The southern provinces were torn by religious dissension ; while, to aggravate the evil, the Prince of Parma was conducting military operations within the territory. And now that the sovereign they had elected was dead, what should be done? Who should be elected next? Rendered wise and unanimous by their adversity, the secret wishes of all turned to William ; and negotiations were set on foot for electing William, Prince of Orange, and stadtholder of the northern provinces, to the constitutional sovereignty of the Netherlands. He was to accept the crown on nearly the same terms as he had himself proposed in the case of the Duke of Anjou.

These hopes were doomed to be disappointed. William had

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

gone to Delft, and was there engaged in business, preparatory to his accession to the sovereignty. On the 10th of July, having left his dining-room in the palace, he had just placed his foot on the first step of the staircase leading to the upper part of the house, when a pale man with a cloak, who had come on pretence of getting a passport, pointed a horse-pistol at his breast and fired. The prince fell. 'God have mercy on me and on this poor people,' were the only words he was able to utter, and in a few moments he was dead; his wife, Louisa de Coligni, whose father and first husband had also been murdered, bending over him. The assassin was seized, attempting to escape. His name was Balthasar Gerard, a native of Burgundy. Like Jaureguay, he had been actuated to the crime by the hopes of fame on earth and glory in heaven. Documents also exist which shew that he was an instrument of the Spanish authorities, and had communicated his design to several Spanish monks. He suffered death in the most horrible form which detestation for his crime could devise; his right hand being first burnt off, and the flesh being then torn from his bones with red-hot pincers. He died with the composure of a martyr.

The Prince of Orange was fifty-two years of age at the time of his murder. He had been four times married, and left ten children, three sons and seven daughters.

CONCLUDING HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The death of the Prince of Orange left the Netherlands divided into two parts—the northern or Protestant provinces, united in a confederacy, and to all intents and purposes independent of Spain; and the southern or Catholic provinces, either subject to Spain, or only struggling for independence. The subsequent histories of these two portions of the Netherlands are different.

Holland, as the seven united provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, Friesland, Overijssel, and Groningen came to be called, successfully resisted all the attempts of Spain to re-subjugate it. Prince Maurice inherited his father's abilities and his honours, and for many years he conducted the war in which the determination of Spain to recover its territory involved the provinces. On his death, in 1625, he was succeeded in the government by his youngest brother, Frederic Henry; and before his death, in 1647, the existence of Holland as an independent European state was recognised by almost every foreign cabinet, and Spain saw that it was in vain to continue the war. His son, William II., died, after a short and turbulent reign, in 1650, leaving a widow, who, within a week of her husband's death, gave birth to a son, William III.

On the abdication of James II. of England, this William III., the great-grandson of the hero of the Netherlands, came from Holland to ascend the throne of Great Britain, in conjunction with his wife

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

Mary, James's daughter. During his reign Great Britain and Holland were under one rule ; but when he died childless in 1701, the States-General of the Seven Provinces, instead of appointing a new stadtholder, took the government into their own hands. The title of Prince of Orange, however, did not become extinct ; it was inherited by his cousin, Frison of Nassau, who was governor of the single province of Friesland. The activity and energy of this new Prince of Orange and of his son soon gave them an ascendancy in all the provinces ; and in 1747, in the person of the latter, the House of Orange again acceded to the dignity of the stadtholderate of the United Provinces. At the close of the last century, Holland suffered from the invasion of the French, and was for some time in their hands ; but finally, in 1813, the Prince of Orange was restored to power, being admitted to the government as a sovereign prince.

Having thus traced the history of the northern provinces of the Netherlands down to 1815, let us trace that of the southern ones down to the same year.

After the death of William of Orange, the Prince of Parma continued his victorious career in the southern provinces ; and if he did not altogether crush the spirit of patriotism, he at least rendered it weak and powerless. Although, therefore, Prince Maurice and Prince Frederic Henry, while repelling the attempts of the Spaniards to reconquer Holland, endeavoured also to drive them out of the rest of the Netherlands, they were never able fully to effect this, and Spain still kept possession of all the southern provinces. In 1713, Philip III. of Spain gave these southern provinces as a marriage-portion to his daughter Isabella, when she espoused Albert, Archduke of Austria ; and from that time they ceased to be called the Spanish provinces, and obtained the name of the Belgian provinces, or of the Austrian Netherlands. This arrangement lasted till 1795, when it was swept away by the French Revolution. After a struggle between France and Austria, the Austrian Netherlands and the province of Liege were divided into nine departments, forming an integral part of the French republic ; and they continued to be so till the fall of Napoleon in 1815.

At this great epoch, when Europe, recovering from the shock of the French Revolution, had leisure to arrange its various territories according to its own pleasure, separating some countries which had been long joined, and joining others which had been long separated, it was determined once more to unite Holland and the Belgian provinces into one state. Accordingly, in 1815, the Prince of Orange had the southern provinces added to his dominions, and was recognised by the various powers of Europe as king of the whole Netherlands. In 1579, the country had been broken up into two parts ; and now, in 1815, they were reunited, with no chance, so far as appearances went, of ever being separated again. But appearances were fallacious. As we have already informed our

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

readers, there had always been certain marked differences of lineage, religion, language, and habits between the people of the northern and those of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. In 1830, when the second French revolution took place, the Belgians revoked from their allegiance, and insisted on being separated from Holland, and erected into an independent kingdom. The demand was, after some delay, complied with by foreign powers. On the 15th of November 1831 the boundary-line was fixed, and the Netherlands were divided into the two independent states of Holland and Belgium. The crown of the latter was accepted by Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who, on his decease in 1865, was succeeded by his son, Leopold II., the present sovereign.

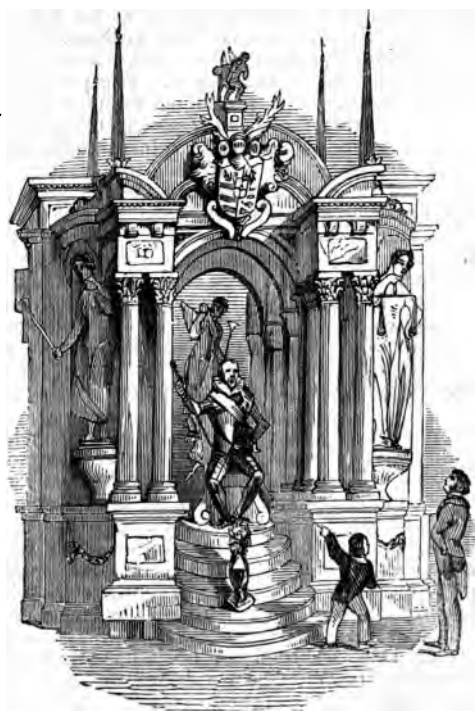
The modern kingdom of Holland consists of the following eleven provinces: North Holland, South Holland, Zealand, North Brabant, Guelderland, Utrecht, Friesland, Overijssel, Groningen, Drenthe, and Limburg; its capital is the Hague. The population in 1866 amounted to 3,552,665. The prevailing form of worship is the Calvinistic; but all other forms enjoy perfect toleration. Holland is celebrated for its excellent educational institutions, which are on a liberal footing, and acceptable to all sects and classes.

The kingdom of Belgium consists of nine provinces: Limburg, Liege, Namur, Luxembourg, Hainaut, South Brabant, East Flanders, West Flanders, and Antwerp; its capital is Brussels. The population of Belgium in 1865 was 4,984,451. The Belgians are almost altogether Roman Catholics. The ancient Teutonic language, which has taken the form of Dutch in Holland, has become Flemish in Belgium; besides which, there is the language called Walloon, a species of old French mingled with German, and spoken principally in Hainaut, on the borders of France. Nevertheless, modern French may be described as the predominating language of Belgium.

We have now shewn how the Netherlands effected their independence; how the country became divided into the two modern kingdoms of Holland and Belgium; and it only remains for us to say that, successful as were the struggles of the people against oppression, the Netherlands, taken as a whole, have not till this hour attained the opulence and prosperity of which they were deprived by the iniquitous aggressions of Philip II. in the sixteenth century. In travelling through the country, we everywhere see symptoms of fallen grandeur. Antwerp, once the most opulent mercantile city in Europe, is now in a state of decay; while Louvain, Mechlin, Utrecht, Leyden, Dort, Delft, all exhibit similar tokens of desertion. To 'the Spaniards' is everywhere ascribed the ruin of trade, the destruction of works of art, and the distresses to which the country has been exposed. Such are the results of the unhappy war which scourged the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. Although advancing by new efforts towards its former condition, three

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

centuries have not obliterated the traces of this fearful struggle for civil and religious freedom. Considering the services performed by William of Orange in this great effort, no one can look without emotion on the splendid monument erected over his tomb in the New Church of Delft, of which we append a representation. It is a lofty structure of marble, embellished with many figures, one of which is that of the prince, in bronze, sitting with his truncheon of office, and his helmet at his feet ; while behind is a figure of Fame sounding with her trumpet the praises of the hero.





ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.



THE cat belongs to the same natural family as the lion, tiger, panther, leopard, puma, serval, ocelot, and lynx. The tribe is perhaps one of the best defined in zoology, all its members having characteristics of structure and habit not to be confounded with those of other animals. Every reader must be familiar with the forms of the tiger and domestic cat, and these may be taken as types of the family. The rounded head and pointed ears, the long lithe body, covered with fine silky hair, and often beautifully marked, the silent stealthy step, occasioned by treading only on the fleshy ball of the foot, the sharp retractile claws, the large lustrous eyes, capable, from the expansive power of the pupil, of seeing in the dark, the whiskered lip, the trenchant carnivorous teeth, and the tongue covered with recurved bony prickles, are common to all.

In their habits and manner of life they are equally akin. They inhabit the forest and the brake, sleeping away the greater part of their time, and only visiting the glade and open plain when pressed by hunger. They are for the most part nocturnal in their habits, being guided to their prey by their peculiar power of vision, by their scent, and by their hearing, which is superior to that of most other animals. Naturally, they are strictly carnivorous, not hunting down their prey by a protracted chase, like the wolf and dog, but by lying in wait, or by moving stealthily with their supple joints and cushioned feet, till within spring of their victims, on which they dart

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

with a growl, as if the muscular effort of the moment were painful even to themselves. Whether the attack be that of a tiger on a buffalo, or that of a cat on a helpless mouse, the mode of action is the same—a bound with the whole body from the distance of many yards, a violent stroke with the forefoot, a clutch with the claws, which are thrust from their sheaths, and a half-tearing half-sucking motion of the jaws, as if the animal gloated in ecstasy over the blood of its victim.

This mode of life has gained for these animals the common epithets of 'cruel, savage, and bloodthirsty,' and has caused them to be looked upon by the uninformed as monsters in creation. Nothing could be more erroneous. No creature is capable of moral good and moral evil save man; he it is alone that can judge for himself; and he it is upon whom this gift of judgment has imposed the responsibility of right and wrong. The tiger in slaughtering a stag gratifies no evil passion; he merely satisfies an appetite which nature has implanted within him, and which nature has surrounded with the objects for its satisfaction. When these objects shall die out, then also will the tiger cease to exist; and were the whole world equally peopled and cultivated with our own island, the feline family would be limited to a single genus—namely, the humble cat. But as things are at present constituted, the valleys and plains of the tropics are clothed with an excessive vegetation, supporting numerous herbivorous animals, which could only be kept within due limits by the existence of carnivora, such as the lion, tiger, leopard, and panther.

The distribution of the feline animals is governed by those conditions to which we have alluded; and thus the puma inhabits the North American prairie, the jaguar the savannahs of South America, the lion the arid plains of Africa and Asia, the tiger and panther the tropical jungles of the old world; the minor species, as the ocelot and lynx, have a wider range in both worlds; while the domestic cat associates with man in almost every region. With the exception of the latter, none of the other genera have been tamed or domesticated, so that they are strictly 'wild beasts,' against which man wages a ceaseless war of extirpation. It is true that in the East one species of leopard is trained for hunting, but this but very sparingly, and even then he does not follow the game by scent, but is carried by the hunters, and only let loose when he is within a few bounds of the animal. It must not be inferred, however, that they are untamable; for every creature is capable more or less of being trained by man, provided it receives due attention; and we have sufficient evidence, in the wonderful feats performed by the lions and tigers of Mr Carter and Van Amburgh, that the *Felina* are by no means destitute of intelligent docility. The truth is, there is no inducement to tame them; and thus the cat—the most diminutive of the family, and the only one of direct utility to civilised man—is likely to continue, as it ever has been, the sole domesticated member.

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

THE DOMESTICATED CAT.

Respecting the domestication of the cat, of which there are many varieties, differing in size, length of hair, colour, and the like, we have no authentic information. We have no knowledge when it became the associate of man; nor do we know anything concerning its original habitat. It is true that the wild cat has inhabited Great Britain, the continent of Europe, and Asia, from the earliest periods; but that animal presents so many differences, that naturalists generally consider it as belonging to a distinct species. Thus it is a larger and more powerful animal than the domestic one; has longer and shaggier fur; has a more ferocious aspect; has the intestinal canal shorter, which proves it to be more decidedly carnivorous; and has the heart and stomach not quite so like those of the more omnivorous dog. The most of these are transient distinctions, which domestication might obliterate; but we can hardly conceive of the same influence acting so decidedly upon the internal structure. However this may be, the general opinion at present is, that they belong to different species; that the wild cat is strictly an inhabitant of the brake, enduring with admirable fortitude the extremes of heat and cold; and that the domestic animal, from its more delicate constitution, and its fondness of warmth, seems to have sprung from a southern habitat.

Every one is so perfectly familiar with the domestic cat, that any description of the animal is altogether unnecessary; yet one or two of the more obvious varieties may be mentioned, with the remark, that it is quite as difficult, from their present appearance, to refer them all to one stock, as it is to believe that that stock is the wild cat of the British brake. The Cat of Angora, says a recent writer, of whose descriptions we avail ourselves, is a very beautiful variety, with silvery hair of fine silken texture, generally longest on the neck, but also long on the tail. Some are yellowish, and others olive, approaching to the colour of the lion; but they are all delicate creatures, and of gentle dispositions. The Persian Cat is a variety with the hair very much produced, and very silky, perhaps more so than the cat of Angora. It is, however, differently coloured, being of a fine uniform gray on the upper part, with the texture of the fur as soft as silk, and the lustre glossy; the colour fades off on the lower parts of the sides, and passes into white, or nearly so, on the belly. This is probably one of the most beautiful varieties, and it is said to be exceedingly gentle in its manners. The Chinese Cat has the fur beautifully glossed, but it is very different from either of those which have been mentioned. It is variegated with black and yellow, and, unlike the most of the race, has the ears pendulous. The last we shall mention is the Tortoise-shell Cat, one of the prettiest varieties of those which have the fur of moderate length, and without any

3

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

particular silvery gloss. The colours are very pure black, white, and reddish orange ; and in this country, at least, males thus marked are said to be rare, though they are quite common in Egypt and the south of Europe. This variety has other qualities to recommend it besides the beauty of its colours. Tortoise-shell cats, though very elegant and delicate in their form, are, at the same time, very active, and among the most attached and grateful of the whole race. It may be remarked, however, that there is much less difference in manners than in appearance, and that those which are best fed and most kindly treated are invariably the best natured and the most attached.

It has already been observed that little or nothing is known regarding the history of the domestic cat ; and naturally so, since the animal is generally too insignificant to merit much attention. The cat has been known from time immemorial to the Chinese, Hindus, and Persians ; was domiciled among the Phœnicians, Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans ; and even figures in the mythology of some of these nations. Among the Egyptians the cat was held in the greatest veneration. If one died a natural death, it was mourned for with certain appointed symbols of grief ; and if killed, the murderer was given up to the rabble to be buffeted to death. Cats were thus not only held sacred when alive, but after death were embalmed and deposited in the niches of the catacombs. The story is told that an insult offered to a cat by a Roman was the cause of an insurrection among the Egyptians, even when the fact of their own vanquishment could not excite them to rebel ; and it is also told that Cambyzes, availing himself of this regard for the animal, made himself master of Pelusis, which had hitherto successfully resisted his arms. The stratagem which he fell upon was in the highest degree ingenious : he gave to each of his soldiers employed in the attack a live cat instead of a buckler, and the Egyptian garrison, rather than injure the objects of their veneration, suffered themselves to be conquered. M. Baumgarten informs us, that when he was at Damascus he saw there a kind of hospital for cats : the house in which they were kept was very large, walled round, and was said to be quite full of them. On inquiring into the origin of this singular institution, he was told that Mohammed, when he once lived there, brought with him a cat, which he kept in the sleeve of his garment, and carefully fed with his own hands—cutting off his sleeve rather than disturb the slumber of his favourite. His followers in this place, therefore, ever afterwards paid a superstitious respect to these animals ; and supported them in this manner by public alms, which were very adequate to the purpose.

In the early history of our own country also, cats were of so much importance as to be the subject of special enactments. In the reign of Howel the Good, king of Wales, who died in 948, laws were made to fix the prices of different animals, among which the cat

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

was included, as being at that early period of great importance, on account of its scarcity and utility. The price of a kitten before it could see was fixed at one penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, twopence; after which it was rated at fourpence—a great sum in those days, when the value of specie was extremely high. It was likewise required that the animal should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, should be a good mouser, have its claws whole, and, if a female, be a careful nurse. If it failed in any of these qualifications, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer a third of the purchase-money. If any one should steal or kill the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the offender was to forfeit either a milch ewe, with her fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the cat suspended by its tail (its head touching the floor), would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail. This is curious not only as a matter of history, but as shewing that, while the wild cat of the country was so abundant as to be troublesome, the domestic species was apparently an import of great rarity, and of considerable value.

INSTANCES OF ATTACHMENT.

It is a vulgar and erroneous belief that cats are only attached to places: there are hundreds of instances on record where they have shewn the most devoted and enduring attachment to persons who have treated them with kindness. A gentleman in the neighbourhood of London had a tortoise-shell cat, which, though he never fed it, or paid much attention to it, formed an attachment for him equal to that of a dog. It knew his ring at the bell, and at whatever time he came home, it was rubbing against his legs long before the servant came, saw him into the sitting-room, and then walked off. It was a very active animal, and usually went bird-catching during the night; but when its master rose, which was generally early in the morning, the cat was always ready to receive him at the door of his room, and accompanied him in his morning walk in the garden, alternately skipping to the tops of the trees, and descending and gamboling about him. When he was in his study, it used to pay him several visits in the day, always short ones; but it never retired till he had recognised it. If rubbing against his legs had not the desired effect, it would mount the writing-table, nudge his shoulder, and if that would not do, pat him on the cheek; but the moment he had shaken it by the paw, and given it a pat or two on the head, it walked off. When he was indisposed it paid him several visits every day, but never continued in the room; and although it was fond of society generally, and also of its food, it never obtruded its company during meals. Its attachment was thus quite disinterested, and no pains whatever had been taken to train it.

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

When M. Sonnini was in Egypt, he had an Angora cat, which remained in his possession for a long time. This animal was one of the most beautiful of its kind, and equally attractive in its manners and dispositions. In Sonnini's solitary moments, she chiefly kept by his side; she interrupted him frequently in the midst of his labours or meditations, by little affecting caresses, and generally followed him in his walks. During his absence, she sought and called for him incessantly, with the utmost inquietude; and if it were long before he reappeared, she would quit his apartment, and attach herself to the person of the house where he lived; for whom, next to himself, she entertained the greatest affection. She recognised his voice at a distance, and seemed on each fresh meeting with him to feel increased satisfaction. Her gait was frank, and her look as gentle as her character. She possessed, in a word, the disposition of the most amiable dog beneath the brilliant fur of a cat. 'This animal,' says M. Sonnini, 'was my principal amusement for several years. How was the expression of her attachment depicted upon her countenance! How many times have her tender caresses made me forget my troubles, and consoled me in my misfortunes! My beautiful and interesting companion at length perished. After several days of suffering, during which I never forsook her, her eyes constantly fixed on me, were at length extinguished; and her loss rent my heart with sorrow.'

Mohammed's cat must have ingratiated herself with her master in no common degree, for the prophet preferred cutting off the sleeve of his garment to disturbing the repose of his favourite, who had fallen asleep on it. It is said that Rousseau esteemed the cat more than the dog; but though few will be inclined to go this length, the former is undoubtedly capable of close personal attachment, and knows how to recommend herself to those for whom she feels an affection. Petrarch was so fond of his cat, that he had it embalmed after death, and placed in a niche of his apartment. Dr Johnson, too, had his feline favourite, of which it is told that it once fell ill, and refused every kind of food that could be thought of, till at last an oyster was offered by accident, which it greedily seized, and seemed to relish. The doctor, thinking that his servants would not be over-attentive to the duties of cat-nurse, undertook the charge himself, went daily for a few oysters, brought them home in his pocket, and administered them to poor Puss till she had quite recovered. The celebrated painter, Godefroi Mind, devoted himself almost exclusively to the painting of cats, in which he gained such celebrity, that he was distinguished by the appellation of the 'Raphael of cats.' He did not view them merely as subjects for art, but his attachment to the animal was unbounded. At one time hydrophobia prevailed to such an extent among the cats of Berne, that 800 were destroyed in consequence of an order issued by the magistrates. Poor Mind was in the deepest grief for the death of the cats, nor was he ever

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

after completely consoled. He had, however, so successfully secreted his own favourite cat, that she was spared. Minette was always near him when he was at work, and he carried on a kind of conversation with her by gestures and words. Sometimes Minette occupied his lap, while two or three kittens were perched on his shoulder, or on the back of his neck, as he stooped at his occupation; and thus he would remain for hours together without stirring, for fear of disturbing his companions, whose purring soothed and composed him. What made this the more remarkable was, that Mind was not particularly well-tempered, and that he could never be disturbed by visitors. His cat was no doubt equally attached to her master.

It is very common for cats to select one member of a family on whom they lavish all their fondness, while to the others they comport themselves with the utmost indifference. 'I remember,' says a female correspondent, 'there was a cat with her kittens found in a hole in the wall, in the garden of the house where my father-in-law lived. One of the kittens, being a very beautiful black one, was brought into the house, and almost immediately attached himself in a very extraordinary way to me. I was in mourning at the time, and perhaps the similarity of the hue of my dress to his sable fur might first have attracted him; but however this may have been, whenever he came into the room he constantly jumped into my lap, and evinced his fondness by purring and rubbing his head against me in a very coaxing manner. He continued thus to distinguish me during the rest of his life, and though I went with my father-in-law's family every winter to Dublin, and every summer to the country, the change of abode (to which cats are supposed so averse) never troubled my favourite, provided he could be with me. Frequently, when we have been walking home after spending the evening out, he has come running down half the street to meet us, testifying the greatest delight. On one occasion, when I had an illness which confined me for upwards of two months to my room, poor Lee Boo deserted the parlour altogether, though he had been always patted and caressed by every one there. He would sit for hours mewing disconsolately at my door, and when he could, he would steal in, jump upon the bed, testifying his joy at seeing me by loud purring and coaxing, and sometimes licking my hand. The very day I went down, he resumed his regular attendance in the parlour.'

One of the most affecting instances of personal attachment in the cat, is that mentioned by M. Ladoucette. Madame Helvitiüs had a favourite, which constantly lay at her feet, seemingly always ready to defend her. It never molested the birds which its mistress kept; it would not take food from any hand save hers; and would not allow any one else to caress it. At the death of his mistress, the poor cat was removed from her chamber, but it made its way there the next morning, went on the bed, sat upon her chair, slowly and mournfully paced over her toilet, and cried most piteously, as if lamenting his

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

poor mistress. After her funeral, it was found stretched on her grave, apparently having died from excess of grief. Another equally remarkable instance is related by Mr Pennant in his *Account of London*. Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the friend and companion of the Earl of Essex in his fatal insurrection, having been some time confined in the Tower, was one day surprised by a visit from his favourite cat, which is said to have reached its master by descending the chimney of his apartment.

The following anecdote of combined attachment and sagacity rivals anything that has been told of the dog, and places the cat in a much more favourable light than current opinion would allow : In the summer of 1800, a physician of Lyon was requested to inquire into a murder that had been committed on a woman of that city. He accordingly went to the residence of the deceased, where he found her extended lifeless on the floor, and weltering in her blood. A large white cat was mounted on the cornice of a cupboard, at the further end of the apartment, where he seemed to have taken refuge. He sat motionless, with his eyes fixed on the corpse, and his attitude and looks expressing horror and affright. The following morning he was found in the same station and attitude ; and when the room was filled with officers of justice, neither the clattering of the soldiers' arms, nor the loud conversation of the company, could in the least degree divert his attention. As soon, however, as the suspected persons were brought in, his eyes glared with increased fury ; his hair bristled ; he darted into the middle of the apartment, where he stopped for a moment to gaze at them, and then precipitately retreated. The countenances of the assassins were disconcerted ; and they now, for the first time during the whole course of the horrid business, felt their atrocious audacity forsake them.

AFFECTION FOR OTHER ANIMALS.

Every one who has observed the deportment of the female cat towards her young, must have admired not only her maternal assiduity, but the playful simplicity she assumes to amuse them. The same tenderness she has been known to bestow on the young of other creatures ; nursing them and tending them with the most devoted watchfulness. Books on animal biography abound with instances of this nature. Mr White of Selborne mentions that a friend of his had a leveret brought to him, which his servants fed with milk from a spoon. About the same time his cat kittened, and the young ones were drowned. The little hare was lost, and it was supposed to have been devoured by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight after, as the gentleman was sitting in his garden in the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat with tail erect trotting towards him, and calling with short notes of complacency, such as cats use towards their kittens, and something gamboling after,

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

which proved to be the leveret, which the cat had supported with her milk. The same writer relates a similar anecdote of a boy who had taken three young squirrels from their nest. These creatures he put under a cat which had lately lost her kittens, and found that she nursed and suckled them with the same assiduity and affection as if they had been her own progeny. So many persons went to see the little squirrels suckled by a cat, that the foster-mother became jealous of her charge, and in pain for their safety, and therefore concealed them over the ceiling, where one of them perished.

A similar story is told, in Dodsley's *Annual Register*, of a cat that suckled a couple of young rabbits, which had been thrown to her to devour; and, what is equally wonderful, we have heard of a cat that brought out two chickens, and treated them with the same affection as she did her kittens. A more remarkable instance, however, occurred some years ago in the house of a Mr Greenfield of Maryland. A cat had kittens, to which she frequently carried mice and other small animals for food, and among the rest she is supposed to have carried a young rat. The kittens, probably not being hungry, played with it; and when the cat gave suck to them, the rat likewise sucked her. This having been observed by some of the servants, Mr Greenfield had the kittens and rat brought down stairs, and put on the floor; and in carrying them off, the cat was remarked to convey away the young rat as tenderly as she did any of the kittens. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the house, till great numbers had become eye-witnesses of the preternatural affection.

We shall close our instances of the cat's affection towards the young of other animals by the following anecdote from the pages of Marryat, allowing the captain to tell it in his own amusing way: 'A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, her mistress was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and she asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring a portion of them up by hand before the kitchen fire. In reply, the cook observed that the cat had that day kitted, and that, perhaps, the puppies might be substituted. The cat made no objection, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now, the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat were, in a fortnight, as active, forward, and playful as kittens would have been: they had the use of their legs, barked, and gamboled about; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave them her tail to play with, and they were always in motion: they soon ate meat, and long before the others they were fit to be removed. This was done, and the cat became very inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of tribulation fell in with the little spaniel

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

who was nursing the three other puppies. "Oh," says Puss, putting up her back, "it is you who have stolen my children." "No," replied the spaniel with a snarl; "they are my own flesh and blood." "That won't do," said the cat; "I'll take my oath before any justice of the peace that you have my two puppies." Thereupon issue was joined; that is to say, there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and in the cat walking off proudly with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now, it is very singular that she should have only taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of.'

Besides these instances where the maternal feeling is the exciting motive, there are many accounts of cats having lived in amity with creatures to whom they are supposed to be naturally averse. A few years since, a collection of wild beasts, birds, &c., was exhibited, in which the most attractive object was a cage inhabited by a cat, a guinea-pig, some white mice, and some birds—all living together in peace and harmony—Puss not only having laid aside her predatory propensities, but actually regarding her companions with looks of complacency and kindness. 'We have at present,' says a correspondent, 'a cat who has formed a very warm friendship with a large Newfoundland dog. She is continually caressing him, advances in all haste to him when he comes in, with her tail erect, then rubs her head against him, and purrs delightedly. When he lies before the kitchen fire, she uses him as a bed, pulling up and settling his hair with her claws to make it comfortable. As soon as she has arranged it to her liking, she lies down and composes herself to sleep, generally purring till she is no longer awake; and they often lie thus for an hour at a time. Poor Wallace bears this rough combing of his locks with the most patient placidity, turning his head towards her during the operation, and merely giving her a benevolent look, or gently licking her.'

We have also met with the following, which shews how the cat will look for assistance in cases of emergency, and that she will hit upon some way of shewing her gratitude for the kindness conferred. We give it in the words of the individual who recounts it: 'I was on a visit to a friend last summer, who had a favourite cat and dog, which lived together on the best possible terms, eating from the same plate, and sleeping on the same rug. Puss had a young family while I was at the Park, and Pincher paid a daily visit to the kittens, whose nursery was at the top of the house. One morning there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; Pincher was in the drawing-room, and the cat was attending her family in the garret. Pincher seemed to be considerably annoyed by the vivid flashes of lightning which continually startled him; and just as he had crept close to my feet, some one entered the drawing-room followed by Puss, who walked in with a disturbed air, and

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

mewing with all her might. She came up to Pincher, rubbed her face against his cheek, touched him gently with her paw, and then walked to the door; stopped, looked back, mewed—all of which said, as plainly as words could have done, "Come with me, Pincher;" but Pincher was too much frightened himself to give any consolation to her, and took no notice of the invitation. The cat then returned and renewed her application with increased energy; but the dog was immovable; though it was evident that he understood her meaning, for he turned away his head with a half-conscious look, and crept still closer to me; and Puss finding all her entreaties unavailing, then left the room. Soon after this, her mewing became so piteous that I could no longer resist going to see what was the matter. I met the cat at the top of the stairs, close to the door of my sleeping apartment. She ran to me, rubbed herself against me, and then went into the room, and crept under the wardrobe. I then heard two voices, and discovered that she had brought down one of her kittens and lodged it there for safety; but her fears and cares being so divided between the kittens above and this little one below, I suppose she had wanted Pincher to watch by this one while she went for the others; for, having confided it to my protection, she hastened upstairs. I followed her with my young charge, placed it beside her, and moved their little bed further from the window, through which the lightning had flashed so vividly as to alarm poor Puss for the safety of her family. I remained there till the storm had subsided, and all was again calm. On the following morning, much to my surprise, I found her waiting for me at the door of my apartment. She accompanied me down to breakfast, sat by me, and caressed me in every possible way. She had always been in the habit of going down to breakfast with the lady of the house; but on this morning she had resisted all her coaxing to leave my door, and would not move a step till I made my appearance. She went to the breakfast-room with me, and remained, as I have mentioned, until breakfast was over, and then went upstairs to her family. She had never done this before, and never did it again: she had shewn her gratitude for my care of her little ones, and her duty was done.'

COURAGE AND BOLDNESS.

The cat, being naturally carnivorous, may be expected to possess considerable audacity. Every one must have witnessed the boldness with which a cat of ordinary size will stand up against even the largest Newfoundland dog, bristling her hair, and using her claws with the greatest address, so long as she can keep her front to her antagonist. Indeed it is only when the dog can lay hold of the comparatively slender spine of his opponent, that he overcomes her—few dogs having the boldness long to resist the ferocity with

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

which she assails their faces and eyes with her claws. The following instance of maternal courage and affection, recorded in the *Naturalists' Cabinet*, is worthy of admiration : 'A cat who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon about the stable-door. While she was joining them in a thousand sportive tricks and gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barnyard in expectation of prey. In a moment, swift as lightning, the hawk darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who, seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize. The battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both parties ; for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had for a while the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict ; but Puss, no way daunted by this accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary. In this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself apparently with additional vigour ; and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimalkin, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage ; for, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore off the head of the vanquished tyrant. Disregarding the loss of her eye, she immediately ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds inflicted by the hawk's talons on its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them or their affectionate parent.'

The cat's dislike to wet her feet has long been proverbial. The saying, 'she likes fish, but won't wet her feet for them,' is, however, not strictly true : the cat has been known to take the water after a fish, just as she will take the brake after a young hare or pheasant. Her dislike to soil her feet arises as much from her natural love of cleanliness, and the desire to keep her fur dry, as from any fear that she has to take the water. A friend of Dr Darwin's saw a cat catch a trout, by darting upon it in a deep clear water, at the mill at Weaford, near Lichfield. The animal belonged to a Mrs Stanley, who had frequently seen her catch fish in the same manner in the summer, when the mill-pool was drawn so low that the fish could be seen. Other cats have been known to take fish in shallow water as they stood on the bank. This may probably be a natural act of taking prey, which acquired delicacy by domestication has in general prevented cats from using, though their desire of eating fish continues in its original strength.

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

INSTANCES OF MEMORY.

The attachment of the cat to particular persons and places, and the fact of its often returning to its original home after a long absence, and over a great distance, prove the possession of a pretty accurate memory. All the felinæ seem well endowed in this respect, and none more so, perhaps, than the domestic cat. The following surprising instance we transcribe from the *Scotsman* newspaper for 1819: 'A favourite tabby belonging to a shipmaster was left on shore by accident, while his vessel sailed from the harbour of Aberdour, Fifeshire, which is about half a mile from the village. The vessel was about a month absent, and on her return, to the astonishment of the shipmaster, Puss came on board with a fine stout kitten in her mouth, apparently about three weeks old, and went directly down into the cabin. Two others of her young ones were afterwards caught quite wild in a neighbouring wood, where she must have remained with them till the return of the vessel. The shipmaster did not allow her again to go on shore, otherwise it is probable she would have brought the whole litter on board. What makes this the more remarkable is, that vessels were daily entering and leaving the harbour, none of which she ever thought of visiting till the one she had left returned.' How wonderfully accurate must this animal's recollection of the ship have been? The differences, however trifling, between it and other vessels which put in, must have been all closely observed and remembered; or we must suppose the creature to have had its recollections awakened by the voice or figure of some of its shipmates passing near to the wood where its family was located.

We have all heard of cats returning to the homes from which they have been sent, and this we might readily conceive to be the result of accurate observation and retentive memory; but there are many instances, well authenticated, where they could hardly have been aided by their faculties, and where they appear to have been guided by some mysterious instinct. 'We have a cat,' says our lady correspondent already quoted, 'who was a very wild character, often committing depredations in the larder, destroying our young pigeons, and making great havoc among the birds. He was considered so lawless, that, after a consultation on what was best to be done, a decree of banishment was issued against him, and he was sent in a thick linen bag to a cottage at about two miles' distance, where he was offered shelter, as he was an expert mouser. We thought we should never see Mr Tib again, but found ourselves quite mistaken; for late one evening, about three weeks after, he walked into the kitchen, and greeted every one so kindly, that he met with a more favourable reception than his previous conduct could have warranted him in expecting. Whether he has repented of his late

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

misconduct, whether he is conscious that it was the cause of his banishment, or whether he has passed through scenes which have broken his daring spirit, we cannot say, but all his bad habits are actually conquered, and he is now quite a pattern of domestic propriety.' Still more extraordinary is the instance related by a gentleman who removed his establishment from the county of Sligo to near Dublin, a distance of not less than ninety miles. When about to change his residence, he and his children regretted very much being obliged to leave a favourite cat behind them, which had endeared itself to them by its docility and affection. This gentleman had not been many days settled in his new abode, when one evening, as the family were sitting chatting after tea, the servant came in, followed by a cat so precisely like the one left behind, that all the family repeated his name at once. The creature testified great joy in his own way at the meeting. He was closely examined, and no difference whatever was discernible between the cat in Sligo and that now beside them. Still, it was difficult to believe it was their poor pet; for how could he have travelled after them, or how could he have found them out? And yet the exact resemblance, and the satisfaction which the poor animal evinced as he walked about, seemingly in all the confidence of being among his friends, with his tail erect, and purring with pleasure, left but little doubt upon their minds that this was indeed their own cat. The gentleman took him upon his lap, and examining him closely, found that his claws were actually worn down, which at once convinced him that poor Puss had really travelled the whole ninety miles' journey.

SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

While we readily admit that the cat is inferior in docility and intelligence to the dog, we are not of those who would exalt the one at the expense of the other, and continue to harbour absurd prejudices against the dispositions and manners of the former. We have seen that it is by no means destitute of attachment, gentleness, courage, memory, and other mental attributes; and if we regard it honestly, we shall also find that it exhibits in many instances no small degree of sagacious ingenuity. 'No experiment,' says an intelligent writer, 'can be more beautiful than that of setting a kitten for the first time before a looking-glass. The animal appears surprised and pleased with the resemblance, and makes several attempts at touching its new acquaintance; and at length finding its efforts fruitless, it looks behind the glass, and appears highly astonished at the absence of the figure. It again views itself, and tries to touch the image with its foot, suddenly looking at intervals behind the glass. It then becomes more accurate in its observations, and begins, as it were, to make experiments, by stretching out its paw in different directions; and when it finds that these motions

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

are answered in every respect by the figure in the glass, it seems at length to be convinced of the real nature of the image.' If so acute and intelligent in its very infancy, what may we expect when its faculties are matured by observation and experiment?

'A friend of mine,' says the Rev. Mr Bingley, 'possessed a cat and a dog, which, not being able to live together in peace, had several contentious struggles for the mastery; and in the end the dog so completely prevailed, that the cat was driven away, and forced to seek for shelter elsewhere. Several months elapsed, during which the dog alone possessed the house. At length, however, he was poisoned by a female servant, whose nocturnal visitors he had too often betrayed, and was soon afterwards carried out lifeless into the court before the door. The cat, from a neighbouring roof, was observed to watch the motions of several persons who went up to look at him; and when all were retired, he descended and crept with some degree of caution into the place. He soon ventured to approach; and after having frequently patted the dog with his paw, appeared perfectly sensible that his late quarrelsome companion could no more insult him; and from that time he quietly returned to his former residence and habits.' Here there was only a reasoning process exhibited; but in the following instance, related by Dr Smellie, there was ingenuity of performance combined with the sagacity: 'A cat frequented a closet, the door of which was fastened by a common iron latch. A window was situated near the door. When the door was shut, the cat gave herself no uneasiness; for, as soon as she was tired of her confinement, she mounted on the sill of the window, and with her paws dexterously lifted the latch and came out. This practice she continued for years.'

Still more ingenious are several of the instances related by M. Antoine in his *Animaux Célèbres*: In a cloister in France, where the hours of meals were announced by the ringing of a bell, a cat was always in attendance as soon as it was heard, that she, too, according to custom, might be fed. One day it happened that Puss was shut up in a room by herself when the bell rang, so she was not able to avail herself of the summons. Some hours after, she was let out, and instantly ran to the spot where dinner was always left for her, but no dinner was to be found. In the afternoon the bell was heard ringing at an unusual hour; when the inmates of the cloister came to see what was the cause of it, they found the cat clinging to the bell-rope, and setting it in motion as well as she was able, in order that she might have her dinner served up to her. In this instance the cat must have been in the habit of observing what went forward, and was therefore led to associate the ringing of the bell with the serving up of dinner; and feeling the want of her meal, very naturally applied herself to perform the act which had always preceded its appearance. Another anecdote, evincing still greater ingenuity and cunning, is related by the same amusing compiler. An Angora cat,

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

belonging to the Charter-house of Paris, having observed that the cook always left the kitchen upon the ringing of a certain bell, and thus left the coast clear for his depredations, soon acquired the art of pulling the bell, and during the cook's absence regularly made off with some of the delicacies which were left unprotected. This trick he repeated at intervals for several weeks, till one day he was detected by a person who was placed in wait for the purloiner.

The power of observation in the lower animals is much more active and accurate than is generally supposed ; and to those who have watched their conduct, they seem not only to observe persons and events, but actually to know days, and if not to understand our language, at least to comprehend the meaning of the tones in which it is uttered. A very curious proof of the observant faculty in the cat is given in the following story : There was a lady who lived at Potsdam with her children, one of whom ran a splinter into her little foot, which caused her to scream out most violently. At first her cries were disregarded, and supposed to proceed from crossness ; but at length the eldest sister, who had been asleep, was awakened by the screams, and as she was just getting up to quiet the child, she observed a favourite cat, with whom they were wont to play, and who was of a remarkably gentle disposition, leave its seat under the stove, go to the crying girl, and give her such a smart blow on the cheek with one of its paws, as to draw blood. After this the animal walked back with the greatest composure and gravity to its place, as if satisfied with having chastised the child for crying, and with the hope of indulging in a comfortable nap. No doubt it had often seen the child punished for crossness, and as there was no one near to administer correction, Puss had determined to take the law into her own hand.

It is told that before the conquest of Cyprus by the Turks, a garrison of disciplined cats was kept on that island for the purpose of destroying the serpents wherewith it was infested. So well trained were these feline hunters, that they came into their meals at the sound of a bell, and upon a similar signal returned in order to the chase, which they prosecuted with the most admirable zeal and address.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

The following additional incidents and characteristics of the cat kind are removed from the suspicion, sometimes attaching to unauthenticated stories, of being exaggerated or, it may even be in some cases, fabricated. They are selected from communications sent us by Mrs P——, a lady now living—the sister of a late eminent naturalist, and are exclusively the result of her own observation. ‘Having,’ she writes, ‘now for more than forty-five years made the graceful “Feline” tribe my constant and loved companions,

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

and objects of study and close observation, I think I may venture to affirm that all the little incidents I am about to relate are strictly true, and what I can personally vouch for. From my childhood, cats were my pets, and I have never found their affection and gratitude fail in one instance.' She first mentions 'a beautiful male white Persian cat named "Ben." I had his mother, so that he was petted and trained from a kitten. His love for me was unbounded; he followed me like a dog, even if I was on my pony; and a severe illness obliging me to leave home for a year, nearly caused his death. He mourned for me, refused his food, and became quite wild and savage, allowing no one to handle him, and always lay on an old dress of mine, which he would suffer no one to remove from him. My mother, by great care and coaxing, induced him to eat a little; but when I returned after a year's absence, he was the shadow of his former self; his soft coat disheveled, and no longer glossy, and his whole aspect changed. The moment I spoke—indeed, before I spoke, he recognised my step the instant I came into the room—he rushed to me, overwhelmed me with caresses, licked my face and hands, and seemed overpowered with joy. He soon regained his former good looks, and has been my faithful companion for many years. I had at that time eight or nine cats, all faithful and fond, but none so intelligent as Ben.'

The feat of lifting the latch mentioned at page 15 is paralleled, if not outdone, by a magnificent cat now in Mrs P——'s possession. 'He is a dark broad-striped tabby, with black soles to the feet, black lips, and light tufts to the ears, like the Nubian or Egyptian cats brought home by the Prince of Wales. He weighs 16½ lbs, and measures one yard three inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail; he answers to his name, Gyp (as indeed mine all do to their respective names), and can open any door when he wishes. If it is an old-fashioned one, fastening with a latch, he puts his paw on the tip of the latch, and opens it. He will turn a button, and open a cupboard door, but never thieves. More strange still: all the lower room-doors, also the bedrooms, open, as such doors usually do, with a brass knob; Gyp will stand on his hind-legs, take the knob in his paws, and rattle and turn it until he gets it open. He sleeps on a cushion by the fire with the other cats; but about two or three o'clock in the morning, when the fire goes out, and he is cold, he always comes up-stairs, opens the bedroom door, and comes to bed to me, or lies on one of my dresses. While on this topic, I may add the case of a poor little stray kitten I have taken in. It is so fearful of being shut out, that the moment you put it out of doors, it returns, and flies up at the handle, to open it. Another cat my husband knew as a boy, used always to open a cottage-door, clinging with one paw to the handle of the door, and putting the other on the top of the latch.'

Mrs P—— laughs at the idea of its being thought strange for a

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

cat to know its name. 'Why, I never had one that did not. It is only because people call them "Puss," and never treat them as if they were the sensible, loving animals they are, that they do not always do so. My five cats at present always answer to their several names, and come when called; and if, when they are asleep, I call "Gyp," he looks up, but not one of the others: If I call "Star," or "Lily," or "Tiger," whichever I speak to gives an intelligent look, or a pur of recognition, if too sleepy to move at first, unless I repeat the call. They would follow as well as dogs, were it not for fear of strangers; for are they not always hooted and stoned? My home is in a remarkably secluded situation, close to the river Blythe, amid water-meadows, surrounded by deep ditches, and happily there are no game-preservers near. When I put on my shawl for my evening stroll by the river, the pussies all muster and follow me, and gambol about me—running by my side and before me. They go as far as I do, and return with me. They do the same by my kind husband, who happily likes animals, and indulges me in my tastes; they follow him in the same way into the boat, or anywhere. We have only one neighbour; and if either or both of us go there, particularly if it is night, the cats follow us, and wait outside for our return, and escort us home.'

Mrs P— gives a still more striking instance of this propensity to follow, in the case of a little tabby cat belonging to one of the coast-guard at the neighbouring village. It 'always follows him on his beat; and all last winter, in quite bitter weather, would not be left at home, but used to go out with him on the beach for nearly two miles, where he had to meet the other man, remain with him all his watch, and return in the morning.

'When we were moving from our former place, twelve miles off, to our present cottage, Gyp, then a young cat, used to ride backwards and forwards with his master and myself in the gig, sitting between us. Now, when we go out for a drive, either or both of us, with our tiny pony, when we return, the cats always come to meet us, and jump up into the gig before almost it stops. If they hear another vehicle approaching, they hide; so they must know the sound of ours.

'It is universally said that cats like places better than persons. Such, indeed, is their nature; but something is also due to the circumstance that they are never treated as rational companions, and in conformity with their delicate refined natures. They do prefer known localities, because of their timid and retiring character; but treat them as they should be treated, and their love for their master or mistress is stronger than their dislike to changes. I have never had any difficulty in removing mine.'

A poor little kitten rescued by Mrs P— from cruel boys, and brought up by hand, proved a model of affection. 'Her favourite place was on my shoulder; she would lick my face, my hands, and

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

always knew if I was ill. I am subject to violent headaches at times, which confine me to my bed while they last; Tiny's place was my pillow, and by every gentle endearment did she try to express her sorrow at my pain, and try to soothe it. Another peculiarity of hers was her "philoprogenitiveness." She had the most extraordinary love of kittens; no matter whose they were, she would take, nurse, and mother them. It seemed as if she remembered her own helpless condition. She and my other female cat (who is so shy, and unlike Tiny) had kittens together: Tiny would have all; so the real mother compromised the matter by sharing the cares, and both lay in one basket with the kittens between them. One day Tiny brought home a neighbour's kitten, and brought it up; and some children having called and brought two kittens to look at, Tiny took possession of them, and when they were taken away, actually followed the children some way, to get the kittens again. Now, generally, though such affectionate parents, they do not like other cats' kittens.

Mrs P—— protests against the current opinion that cats are born thieves. If almost all cats are so in fact, it is 'because they are never properly fed. I can leave my breakfast or dinner table with milk, butter, meat, and the whole five cats in the room, without their ever offering to touch anything. They have their own saucers of milk under the table, which they can go to; and when I give them their proper meals, they come regularly at my call to be fed. They eat nothing raw, or unless quite clean and nicely cut up.

'Cats, it is said, so fed and petted, are not good mousers. Nothing is farther from the truth. When we came to this place, it swarmed with water-rats, and other rats too, out of vessels which come to the small quay; now, you scarcely ever see one. I have known my great Gyp bring in seven or eight of a morning, and the young ones follow in his steps. They have no fear of water, watch along the edge of the ditches, and plunge in after the water-rats. They will catch shrew-mice too, which cats generally will not touch. My neighbour's cat has not half the heart to attack its prey, though left, as cats usually are, to find its living as it can. One summer evening, we were, along with some friends, on the green close to our little cottage, when Gyp presented himself with a great rat in his mouth, and set it down in the centre of the green for the younger cats. One of them, quite a kitten, attacked it, but got bitten, and shrank back. Gyp walked gravely into the ring, lifted his paw, knocked down the rat, and then retired, as much as to say: "There; I have shewn you how to proceed; go on." And so they did: the young pussies finished him. Poor Tiger, the young kitten who attacked the rat, grew, without exception, to be the handsomest cat I ever saw: he was dark, narrow-striped like a tiger, with a beautiful ringed, black-tipped tail; and he was a "Tiger" to all but me. Rats he used to bring to my feet—great ones. He would sit at the window and look out, and I knew in a moment if a stranger came in sight; he would growl and set up

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

his back, notwithstanding that he was so loving to me, and so intelligent. Having had the misfortune to break his leg, he suffered me to set it and bind it up without any resistance. I grieve to say somebody stole or killed him, I fear for his splendid skin. I have a son of his, a young Tiger; he is a handsome, intelligent cat, but nothing to equal his father. One thing, however, I must tell you about him, which proves that cats know what you say—a faculty usually denied them. I comb my cats every day; the others don't dislike it, but that is all; they submit; but Tiger delights in it. If I comb one of the others first, he pushes himself in between; and if he sees me combing my own hair, he comes, and by all his arts begs to share in the operation. And at any time if I say: "Come, where is Tiger's comb?" and put my hand towards where I keep it, he will come running, and jump up to my hand, and ask as plainly as he can for what he wishes.

'As a proof that cats also know time as well as dogs, I may mention the case of a cat belonging to the same coast-guard'sman already spoken of. Having been brought up as a kitten with his children, it was devotedly attached to one of his little boys, and when the child was at school, it always knew when it was four o'clock in the afternoon; and if they did not let it out at the door, would have flown through the window, to go up the lane, more than half a mile, to meet him returning from school.'

According to Mrs P——, it is owing to the refined and sensitive organisation of the cat, that its capability of attachment to persons has been so commonly denied. Its affection is a kind of hot-house plant; the least harsh usage, like ungenial weather, checks it in the bud. 'There is something refined and delicate in the love and affection of a cat; a harsh word, an unkind action, is enough to break their hearts, they are so sensitive. There is always to me a coarseness in the dog's affection; harsh words, blows even, do not seem to affect them much: it is not so with the *Felinæ*; their organisation and their feelings are more delicate. They are also retiring and secretive, and are shy in manifesting their affection, except when alone with those they trust. Nor is it mere cupboard love, as is often said; I will engage to make a cat love me without feeding. In any house I frequently enter, if there is a cat, it soon knows me, and takes to me. I never give my cats away, for fear of their having unhappy homes; but I have made one exception in the case of a neighbouring gardener here, who is fond of cats; he has had one of my cats from a kitten, and it knows his footstep, nay, more, his ring at the door-bell, or his knock at the door. If asleep on his master's chair, he jumps up the moment he hears either, although he does not stir if another person rings or knocks. This fact I vouch for.'

Long and careful observation has made Mrs P—— and her husband firm believers in the powers commonly ascribed to the cat

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

of forecasting the weather. 'No barometer can foretell changes of weather better than they do ; I never fail to know what is coming ; it is now blowing and raining, as I said it would do twenty-four hours ago. When the pussies fly about and jump and play, it is a sure sign of wind ; if they wash their faces, and lick their feet much, there will always be rain or snow before long ; if there is a great deal of electricity in their fur when you stroke or comb them—if it crackles and sparkles—then be sure, if it is summer, there will be a thunder-storm ; if winter, severe frost, hail, and stormy weather. No doubt it is their extreme sensitiveness of constitution that makes them so easily affected by changes in the atmosphere.'

The following incident, shewing remarkable sagacity in a cat, was brought to light at an inquest held, April 1869, at Hartlepool, on the body of Isabella Joyce, who met her death by drowning in the sea. The deceased, who was in her twenty-eighth year, had been living with a brother-in-law, named Charles Dent, a fitter. She left the house about nine o'clock on Tuesday night, saying that she was going into the yard, and as she did not return, her sister searched for her at some neighbours' houses, but without result ; and an hour later, when her husband came in from work, they renewed the search—at first without result ; but as they were re-entering their home, a favourite cat manifested peculiar evidences of affection towards Mrs Dent, and then ran off towards the sea—the cat all the way now and again returning to caress her mistress, as if to encourage her forward. They both followed their feline guide, who soon brought them to the object of their search, lying just on the brink of the waves, the sea washing over her.

THE RAT.

ALTHOUGH not a domestic animal in the sense that the cat is, yet the rat is intimately associated with man—more intimately, in fact, than is pleasant. Whatever man does, it has been observed, rat always takes part in the proceeding ; whether it be building a ship, erecting a church, storing a stackyard or a pantry, or planting a distant colony ; man and his gear can no more get transported from place to place without him, than without the ghost in the wagon that 'flitted too.'

There are a great many species of rats, but the only two found in Europe are the Black Rat (*Mus rattus*) and the Brown Rat (*Mus decumanus*). What is called the water-rat is not properly a rat at all ; it is more nearly allied to the beavers, and its right name is the water-vole. Widely spread and numerous as rats now are everywhere, their appearance in Europe took place in modern times.

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

Both species appear to be natives of the central parts of Asia, where other nearly allied species are also found. The black rat found its way to Europe about the beginning of the sixteenth century; the brown rat first appeared at Astrakhan in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and reached Britain and the rest of Western Europe about the middle of the century. The Jacobites of Britain were accustomed to delight themselves with the notion that it came with the House of Hanover, and chose to call it the *Hanoverian Rat*. It also received the name of *Norway Rat*, from a belief, unquestionably erroneous, that it was introduced from Norway, a country which it did not reach until long after it was fully established in Britain.

These two species are like one another, and very similar in their habits. The brown rat is the larger and more powerful of the two, and has waged war against the other with such success as to cause its total, or almost total, disappearance from many places where it was once very abundant; so that in many parts of Britain, where the black rat was once plentiful and troublesome, it would now be difficult, perhaps impossible, to obtain a single specimen. Rats, when pressed by hunger, do not scruple to devour the weaker even of their own kind. The extirpation of the black rat does not, however, always follow from the introduction of the brown rat, each probably finding situations more particularly suited to itself. In their native regions, they exist together; and in some parts of Europe the black rat is still the more plentiful of the two. Both infest ships, and are thus conveyed to the most distant parts of the world, some of them getting ashore at every port, and establishing new colonies, so that they are now common—and particularly the brown rat—almost wherever commerce extends.

The disappearance of the black rat before the brown, has been accounted for by a difference in their habits, conjoined with a change which has been gradually taking place in the circumstances of their existence. The black rat is hardly a burrowing animal, and in old-fashioned country houses used to live chiefly in holes of the thatch or turf, of which the roofs in those days were usually formed. The brown rat, on the other hand, burrows deep in the earth, and often seeks security for its nest beneath the very foundation-stones of houses. The quantity of earth, stones, and rubbish which they will cast up in forming one of these dens of refuge, is quite incredible; and it often seems impossible to eradicate them without taking down the wall. Their habits lead them also to take refuge in the sewers of towns, the drains made under gentlemen's houses, and other concealed places, particularly where there is foul water. The female occasionally brings forth nineteen at a litter.

In the style of building now generally adopted, and which extends even to the meanest farm-offices, there are none of those thatched roofs, stone and turf walls, or clay cottages, which were the favourite

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

haunts of the black rat ; and this species is therefore deprived of almost every resource for lodging. The same circumstance which has had this effect has been favourable to the accommodation of their congeners, the brown rat, who find additional sewers, drains, and conduits of water in every new erection, and who avail themselves instantly of them all to find lodging for their numberless progeny. This circumstance, together with the astonishing fertility of the brown rat, has decided the fate of the two races. We have thus an illustration of the Darwinian theory, that in the struggle for existence the possession of the field remains with the plant or animal best fitted to maintain itself on it.

Since the irruption of the browns, they have had a century and a half in which to increase and multiply, and have carried out that injunction at such a rate, that a rat-census for 1870 would make rather an alarming blue-book. The females breed at three months old, live in a state of polygamy, add to the vermin population five or six times in the year, and produce eight, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, and sometimes as many as eighteen young in a litter. It has been calculated that in three years there will spring no less than six hundred and fifty-one thousand rats from a single pair.

The voracity of rats is no less remarkable than their fecundity. Their taste is universal ; nothing comes amiss to their palate. Their love for free-trade in corn makes it necessary to floor our Thames granaries with concrete and glass, and panoply their walls in sheet-iron. They swarm in the sewers near the slaughter-houses, for the sake of the offal ; they undermine stacks of cheeses in warehouses, often falling victims to their unskilful engineering, by being crushed by them. To the careful housewife, rats are a perpetual annoyance ; supping off her best yellow 'or mottled soap, making light of her moulds and dips, defying her to save her bacon, or preserve her jams and pastry, poaching her eggs, licking her butter, dipping their tails in flasks of oil, and even devouring boots and shoes. In spring, the country rat, forsaking the stack in which he has been snugly housed during the winter, takes to the fields ; he burrows like the rabbit, and makes cruel war upon young leverets and game of all kinds. Not content with eating his fill of grain in the fields, he lays by a store for future use. With the arrival of autumn, the majority of barn-rats return to their old homes ; some, however, prefer the wild life of the woods, and become regular poachers.

The wholesale larceny with which the rat is too justly charged, is criminal enough, in all conscience, but worse remains behind. He has been known to make a meal of the fingers and toes of a living baby. There is one dish that is more tempting to the rat's palate than any other, and for which he will desert anything else in the eatable world, and that is, a defunct relative. Should two rats agree to settle their differences by a mortal combat, their friends and

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

acquaintances look on as complacently as distinguished amateurs contemplate a fight for the championship. But immediately the affair is concluded by the death of one of the combatants, the spectators break up the ring, and incontinently set upon victor and vanquished, and eat them up then and there. Woe, too, to any unfortunate meeting with an accident, or becoming infirm, for he is gobbled up without remorse. When a rat's leg is found in a trap, instead of its being a proof of his resolution in preferring to leave a limb behind rather than remain in captivity, the chances are that some of his kith and kin have eaten him alive. In consequence of this propensity for cannibalism, when Mrs Rat becomes a mother, she is obliged to hide her offspring, lest papa or some old gentleman of his acquaintance should make his dinner of them, which he would certainly do if he found them unprotected.

When rats once establish themselves in a ship, it is next to impossible to dislodge them. When the plague becomes intolerable, suffocation is had recourse to; the hatches are closed, and the hold is filled with the fumes of sulphur or of charcoal; steam is sometimes used. We have heard of an American captain who adopted a very ingenious but less creditable plan. Having been almost eaten up by these creatures in his ship for some years, he took an opportunity one voyage, after delivering his cargo in Holland, to lay a plank from his own vessel to that of a countryman, who had just finished loading a cargo of cheese; the greedy sagacity of the rats led them instantly to discover the communication, and before morning next day, there was not one of them remaining in his ship. By removing the plank, he of course took care they should not resume their old quarters; and so by a cruel trick he rid himself of this voracious colony of rats.

In justice to an object of such universal dislike, it is but fair to mention the good qualities of the rat. He is not quite devoid of all feeling and affection; both Mr Jesse and Mr Cotton attest having seen blind rats being led by their companions to a place of security. Nor are instances rare of the rat becoming tame, and shewing its attachment to those who pet and fondle it. An interesting case of this kind is given in the *Memoirs of M. de La Tude*, of whose cruel detention for thirty-five years in the Bastille and other prisons, an account will be found in another number of this series.

'For a long time I had enumerated amongst my greatest annoyances the presence of a crowd of rats, who came continually hunting for food and lodging in my straw. Sometimes, when I was asleep, they ran across my face, and more than once, by biting me severely, occasioned the most acute suffering. Unable to get rid of them, and forced to live in their society, I conceived the idea of forming a friendship with them.

'The dungeons of the Bastille are octagonal; the one where I was confined had a loophole two feet and a half above the floor. On

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

the inside, it was two feet long, and about eighteen inches wide; but it gradually diminished towards the exterior, so that on the outside wall it scarcely exceeded three inches in size. From this loophole alone I derived the only light and air I was permitted to enjoy: the stone which formed the base of it served me also for chair and table. When tired of reclining on a foul and infected pallet, I dragged myself to the loophole to imbibe a little fresh air. To lighten the weight of my chains, I rested my elbows and arms on this horizontal stone. Being one day in this attitude, I saw a large rat appear at the other extremity of the loophole; I called him to me; he looked at me, without shewing any fear; I gently threw him a piece of bread, taking care not to frighten him away by a violent action. He approached, took the bread, went to a little distance to eat it, and appeared to ask for a second piece: I flung him another, but at a less distance; a third, nearer still, and so on by degrees. This continued as long as I had bread to give him: for, after satisfying his appetite, he carried off to a hole the fragments he had not devoured. The following day he came again. I treated him with the same generosity, and added even a morsel of meat, which he appeared to find more palatable than the bread; for this time he ate in my presence, which before he had not done. The third day he became sufficiently familiar to take what I offered him from my fingers.

‘I have no idea where his dwelling-place was before, but he appeared inclined to change it, to approach nearer to me; he discovered, on each side of the window, a hole sufficiently large for his purpose; he examined them both, and fixed his abode in the one to the right, which appeared to him the most convenient. On the fifth day, for the first time, he came to sleep there. The following morning he paid me a very early visit: I gave him his breakfast; when he had eaten heartily, he left me, and I saw no more of him till the next day, when he came according to custom. I saw, as soon as he had issued from his hole, that he was not alone. I observed a female rat peeping from it, and apparently watching our proceedings. I tried to entice her out, by throwing her bread and meat; she seemed much more timid than the other, and for some time refused to take them; however, at last she ventured out of the hole by degrees, and seized what I threw half-way towards her. Sometimes she quarrelled with the male, and when she proved either stronger or more skilful, ran back to the hole, carrying with her what she had taken. When this happened, the male rat crept close up to me for consolation, and, to revenge himself on the other, ate what I gave him too far from the hole for her to venture to dispute it with him, but always pretending to exhibit his prize, as if in bravado. He would then seat himself on his haunches, holding the meat or bread between his fore-paws, like a monkey, and nibbling it with an air of defiance.

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

‘One day, the pride of the female conquered her shyness. She sprang out, and seized between her teeth the morsel which the other was beginning to munch. Neither would let go, and they rolled over each other to the hole, into which the female, who was the nearest to it, dragged the male after her. This extraordinary spectacle relieved, by contrast, the monotony of my ordinary sufferings and recollections. In the bustle of the world, it is difficult to conceive the pleasure I derived from such a trifling source, but there are sensitive minds who will readily understand it.

‘When my dinner was brought in, I called my companions : the male ran to me directly ; the female, according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me, and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintances. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came, accompanied by two others, who in the course of a week brought five more ; and thus, in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. When I called them, they came to eat with me, from the dish or off the same plate ; but I found this unpleasant, and was soon forced to find them a dish for themselves, on account of their slovenly habits. They became so tame that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared pleased when I did so ; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining in their gambols. Occasionally, I threw them a piece of meat scalding hot : the most eager ran to seize it, burned themselves, cried out, and left it ; whilst the less greedy, who had waited patiently, took it when it was cold, and escaped into a corner, where they divided their prize. Sometimes I made them jump up, by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air.

‘There was among them a female whom I had christened Rapino-Hirondelle, on account of her agility. I took great pleasure in making her jump ; and so confident was she of her superiority over all the others, that she never condescended to take what I held up for them ; she placed herself in the attitude of a dog pointing at game—allowed one of the rats to spring at the morsel offered to him, and at the moment when he seized it, would dart forward, and snatch it out of his mouth. It was unlucky for him if she missed her spring ; for then she invariably seized him by the neck with her teeth, as sharp as needles ; the other, yelling with pain, would leave his prey at the mercy of Rapino-Hirondelle, and creep into a corner to cure the wounds she had inflicted on him.

‘With these simple and innocent occupations, I contrived, for two years, to divert my mind from constantly brooding over my miseries ;

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

and now and then I surprised myself in a sensation of positive enjoyment. A bountiful Deity had no doubt created this solace for me ; and when I gave myself up to it, in those happy moments, the world disappeared. I thought no longer of men and their barbarities but as a dream. My intellectual horizon was bounded by the walls of my prison ; my senses, my reason, and my imagination were centered within that narrow compass. I found myself in the midst of a family who loved and interested me ; why, then, should I wish to transport myself back into another hemisphere, where I had met with nothing but oppressors and executioners.'

SAGACITY OF RATS.

In the indulgence of their predilection for eggs, rats display great judgment. It would appear almost impossible for them to carry off such fragile spoil without breakage, but they do contrive to do so. If the theft is achieved without a confederate, the rat stretches out its fore-leg underneath the egg, steadies it above with its cheek, and hops away cautiously upon three legs. To convey an egg from the bottom to the top of a house is a still more difficult affair, and probably an impossibility for a single rat to perform. With the aid of a partner, the operation is thus managed : the male rat stands upon his head, and lifts up the egg with his hind-legs ; the female taking it thence in her fore-paws, secures it till her lord ascends a step higher ; and so they proceed from stair to stair, till their booty is deposited safely in their hole. A London pastry-cook had some fine eggs which he prized highly, but the number of which was mysteriously diminished night after night. Suspicion of course fell upon the domestics. One of them, a maid-servant, hearing one night a noise on the stairs, stole out on the landing, fancying she might be fortunate enough to detect the egg-pilferer. She was not mistaken, although she was considerably astonished at discovering who the real offenders were. She saw two rats, one larger than the other, busily engaged in carrying the cherished eggs down-stairs, and felt too interested in watching their proceedings to think of disturbing them. The big rat stood on his hind-legs, with his fore-paws and head resting on the step above ; the lady-rat rolled the egg gently towards her spouse ; clasping it gently, but firmly, he lifted it carefully on the step upon which he stood, holding it there until she came and took charge of it, when he descended a step lower ; till the clever pair reached the lowermost floor with their prize uninjured.

The following we have on the authority of an eye-witness. Our informant observed several of them one morning gathered about a hen's nest where there were some eggs ; and imagining that they intended in some way to make these their prey, or perhaps to carry them off, as they are frequently said to do, he resolved to watch their motions : in a short time he saw one of them lay himself down

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

beside an egg, where, folding his body round it lengthwise, he held it as firm as he could ; after which, the better to secure his grasp, he took his tail between his teeth ; the others then approached, and, seizing him by the neck, fairly dragged off the rat and the egg together.

We know a gentleman who, in the summer of 1867, took quarters for his family for two months in a country manse. The first night of their arrival, various stores—rice, eggs, butter, loaves of bread, &c.—were left exposed in the kitchen ; in the morning, everything had utterly disappeared. A few days after, our friend, who is a fisher, brought home upwards of two dozen of good trout. The lid of the basket was fastened with a padlock ; and the whole was left standing on the kitchen floor. In the morning, the usual oblong hole in the lid was found gnawed into something of a round shape (we have seen it as the rats left it), and the trouts were gone—not a fin left. The basket would not have held enough rats at once to eat the fish ; had they waited and each taken a turn ? or had a slim rat entered and handed, or *mouthed* out the trouts to the others ?

Mr Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, relates the following anecdote, which he had from a person of the strictest veracity, who was a witness of the fact : ‘A box containing some bottles of Florence oil was placed in a storeroom which was seldom opened, the lid of the box having been taken away. On going to the room for one of the bottles, the pieces of bladder and the cotton which were at the mouth of each bottle had disappeared, and a considerable quantity of the contents of the bottles had been consumed. This circumstance having excited surprise, a few bottles were filled with oil, and the mouth of them secured as before. The next morning, the coverings of the bottles had been removed, and some of the oil was gone. On watching the room, which was done through a small window, some rats were seen to get into the box and insert their tails into the necks of the bottles, and then withdrawing them, they licked off the oil which adhered to them.’

What follows is illustrative both of the sagacity and courage of the rat. A medical friend of Mr Jesse’s ‘having entertained a great deal of surprise that the ferret, an animal of *such slow locomotive powers*, should be so destructive and obnoxious to the rat tribe, determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena, in order to judge of their respective powers ; and having selected a fine specimen of a large and full-grown male rat, as also an equally strong buck ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, accompanied by his son, he turned these two animals loose in a room void of furniture, in which there was but one window, determined to await patiently the whole process of their encounter. Immediately upon being liberated, the rat ran round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and, with the most prompt decision, took up his

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary (to use the language of pugilists) the advantage of the sun. The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way towards the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself with avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him, and in a violent attack inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck of the ferret, which soon discovered itself by the blood which flowed from it; the ferret seemed astonished at the charge, and retreated with evident discomfiture; while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window.

'The ferret soon recovered the shock he had sustained, and erecting his head, once more took the field. This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, that on the rush of the rat to the conflict, the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently shewed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy: the strength of the rat, however, was prodigiously great, and he again succeeded in not only avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also inflicted another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat again returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, generally ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eye whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had obtained.

'In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavoured to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing sight of his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from his more deadly foe. The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson, and prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that heretofore had baffled his attempts. The rat still pursued with the greatest energy his original mode of attack, namely, inflicting a wound, and avoiding at the same time a close combat; whilst it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of and grasping his intended victim in his murderous embrace.

'The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed, and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and, like the Swedish hero, had taught his frequently beaten foe to beat himself

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

in turn. At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally intended grapple; the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little further effort of resistance, but sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered himself quietly to his persevering foe.'

Many stories are told of rats migrating from places on the eve of danger; but they are seldom authenticated as they ought to be. In the following instance, this property is averred to have been shewn both by rats and a cat; and we consider the authentication to have been all that could be wished. At four o'clock in the morning of the 19th of October 1854, the mill of Peebles was found on fire, and it was completely burned down. Two hours before the conflagration, a man passing the neighbouring bridge over the Tweed observed a moving mass of something which appeared to him like a shoal of salmon taking a stream, and the sight was accompanied by a pattering as of small feet. He considered the mystery as cleared up next morning, when the mill was burned, and four stacks in a field near the far end of the bridge were found to have been taken possession of by a huge colony of rats! Eighteen months before, a female cat, declining to accompany its owner's family to another part of the town, and not choosing to remain with a new family in the house in which it had hitherto lived, volunteered itself as an inmate of the mill, where it had since remained, notwithstanding many attempts of its original owner to wile it to his new home. Invariably, when left free—even though one of her kittens was used as a decoy—she left his house, and returned to the mill. On the evening before the burning, and fully seven hours before it took place, she came up to her old master as he was standing with some friends on the street, accosted him with friendly rubbings on his ankles, and contentedly accompanied him on his return to his house, from which she never after attempted to remove.

EXTIRPATION OF RATS.

It has been calculated that, at the very moderate allowance of a wine-glassful of wheat a day for each, a thousand rats will consume nearly three hundred pounds worth a year. At this rate, what a bill of damages the agricultural and other produce destroyed in this way all over the United Kingdom would exhibit! How to extirpate, or, at all events, abate this wasteful nuisance, becomes thus a matter of serious import both individually and nationally. In a handbook on *The Rat*, by James Rodwell (Routledge & Co.), this subject is entered into at large, and a great variety of expedients are described; we can only give a few of the more general suggestions. For farm-steadings and large establishments, it is common to employ professional rat-catchers. When this is done, the man employed should get a sufficient yearly retaining fee, and not be

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.

called in for an occasional battue. If you tell him that you have no rats now, and therefore do not need his services more, he will take care that before six months are past you shall have plenty. He can lure the rats from all the farms round about on to yours, so that soon you will be swarming alive. Rat-catchers are popularly believed to have some mysterious power of bewitching rats. The charms in common use we are told are four—namely, a red herring, some old rags, a small bottle of the oil of aniseed, and a calf's tail. These are the witches! and the method of using them is simply thus: If you prefer the red herring, all you have to do is to tie it by the tail with a piece of string; but be careful to handle it as little as possible. Then, after dark, when all is quiet, just trail it on the ground round the barn or rick where the rats are, and then strike off, trailing it all the way to the place where you wish them to go, and there leave it; or, if you know the place where they drink, it is only necessary to trail it across their path to the place you would have them go, and that will have the same effect. The consequence is, when the rats come out to drink at the nearest pond, ditch, or river, they will catch the scent of the herring; off they will go, nosing it all the way like hounds; and when there, it is a hundred to one they do not go back, but quietly take up their abode where they are. This method of drawing them mostly proves successful; but either of the others I think better, which is, to fasten a string to the old rags or calf's tail; then pour some of the oil of aniseed upon them, and trail them the same as the herring to the place where you wish the rats should go.'

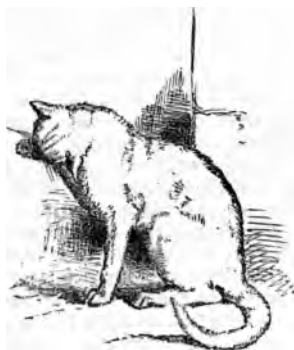
The principal agents in the destruction of rats are ferrets, dogs, traps, nets, and poisons; but the last should never be used where the others are available. The work should be set about in earnest, and a vigorous effort made at the outset. 'With ferrets, dogs, sticks, traps, and guns, kill all you can, and poison the remainder.' In setting a trap of whatever kind, never touch trap or bait with naked hands, as the scent has a repelling effect. The trap should be made clean with brush and water; then the bait—which may be a piece of cheese, herring, liver, or bacon—should be toasted on a fork, and put into the trap without touching it with the fingers. The trap itself should be handled only with a thick glove scented with two or three drops of the oil of aniseed. It improves the bait to put a single drop of the oil on a piece of writing-paper, and rub the bait on it; more than one drop would make it smell rank. If, while baiting a trap, you rub your hands from time to time with a handful of oatmeal scented with three or four drops of this oil, you may dispense with gloves, and even render the trap more attractive.

Of poisons for the destruction of rats, the most usual is arsenic, and one of the simplest ways of using it is as follows: At first put slices of bread and butter, sprinkled with lump-sugar, from time to time, near their holes or haunts; and then, when they have come to

ANECDOTES OF THE RAT.


devour this readily, sprinkle it with arsenic as well as sugar. With all precautions, however, the danger of accidents from arsenic is so great that it ought to be abandoned, and recourse had to phosphoric poisons, which human beings instantly detect by their smell. The following recipe is highly recommended: 'Melt hog's lard in a bottle plunged in water heated to about 150° Fahrenheit; introduce into it half an ounce of phosphorus for every pound of lard; then add a pint of proof-spirit or whisky; cork the bottle firmly after its contents have been heated to 150°; take it at the same time out of the water, and agitate smartly, till the phosphorus becomes uniformly diffused, forming a milky-looking liquid. The liquid, being cooled, will afford a white compound of phosphorus and lard, from which the spirit spontaneously separates, and may be poured off to be used again; for none of it enters into the combination, but merely serves to comminute the phosphorus, and diffuse it in very fine particles through the lard.

'This compound, on being warmed very gently, may be poured out into a mixture of wheat-flour and sugar, incorporated therewith, and then flavoured with the oil of rhodium or not, at pleasure. The flavour may be varied with the oil of aniseed. This dough being made into pellets, is to be laid in the rat-holes. By its luminousness in the dark, it attracts their notice, and being agreeable to their palates and noses, it is readily eaten, and proves certainly fatal. They soon are seen issuing from their lurking-places, in quest of water to quench their burning thirst, and they commonly die near the water. They continue to eat it as long as it is offered to them, without being deterred by the fate of their fellows, as is known to be the case with arsenical doses.'



THE SUN.*

I. THE SUN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

UR glorious luminary, the fountain of light and heat, and the source of all our energy, without whose beams the earth would be a frozen wilderness, is a star—the star nearest to us. Our earth, on the other hand, is one of many planets which, like so many children of the sun, depend upon him for everything; and these planets pursue their regulated courses round the central luminary at different distances. We may readily believe that very many other stars are thus accompanied.

Now, just as it is necessary, in order to get an idea of the earth's place in nature, to compare its mass, motions, &c. in the solar system with those proper to other planets, so, in order to gain an idea of the sun's place in nature, it is necessary to find out his position among the stars, and all those characteristics which distinguish him now from one and now from another among his compeers in the host of heaven. First, then, as to his position among the stars.

Imagine yourself carried away from earth and sun to the very confines of the visible universe. Gradually, as you are being carried along, the sun will grow dim in the distance; and probably, in your journey, you will in turn come near other suns, whose brilliancy will far surpass that of the luminary you had left behind. But on you will speed, until a time will come at which the last star of our galaxy will appear to have been left behind; and from this moment these stars will all appear to close up, until your eye, in the depths of space, will be enabled to regard our star system as a whole. You will see a cluster of stars of curious form, round and flat like a disc, with its edge very irregular, and doubled or split for about one-half of its circumference.

Such, then, would you find our own peculiar universe or firmament, the position of our sun in it being very near the centre of the disc, where the two surfaces, so to speak, begin to fork. The appearance of the galaxy is represented in fig. 1, where S denotes the place of the sun.†

* By Balfour Stewart, LL.D., F.R.S., and J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S.

† These remarks are based on the researches of Sir William Herschel. They have, however, been called in question.

THE SUN.

Astronomers have evidence that, compared with the other stars, our sun is by no means to be looked upon as either a large or a bright one. There is, for instance, reason to believe that Sirius is much larger than it. But although we cannot speak with certainty on the absolute quantity of light emitted by the sun as compared with other stars, the relative amount which reaches us

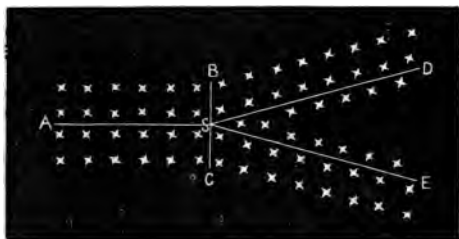


Fig. 1.

has been calculated with some approach to accuracy; thus α Lyræ gives us 10,000,000,000 less light than our sun does; and this brings us at once to another consideration. The light which reaches the eye from a luminous object varies with its distance; and α Lyræ, for instance, would give us as much light as the sun if it were as near, but it is more than a million times farther off; and, generally speaking, the distances of the stars from the earth, and therefore from the sun, are so inconceivably great, that the only wonder is that we can see them at all, not that they appear so faint and so different from our own luminary.

The earth travels round the sun once a year at a distance of 91,000,000 miles, more or less; and across this space light travels in eight and a half minutes, going, as we know, at the rate of 186,000 miles in one second of time. What, then, compared with this distance, is the distance from the sun to the nearest fixed star? Astronomers have been able to answer this question. If we take the average distance from, say, a dozen of the brightest stars in the sky, we find it to be such, that light travelling at the speed we have mentioned, would require fifteen and a half years to reach the sun, or what amounts nearly to the same thing, our earth! and this period is gradually increased for the fainter stars, until we reach the fearful one of 3500 years for the faintest.

Our readers ought by this time to have a pretty good idea of the sun's place in our universe: a word now as to its weight and size. When once we have determined the distance of a thing, it is easy to find its real size from its apparent size—that is, the angle it subtends at the eye in seconds of arc. It forms no part of our present

THE SUN.

intention to shew how the sun's distance has been measured, as the proceeding is complicated, and requires a detailed statement, although the method adopted is merely the extension of that used by an ordinary land-surveyor, who measures the breadth of a river which he cannot cross, or the distance of a tower which he cannot reach. We may, however, give the simple proportion by which the sun's diameter is determined when the distance and angular diameter are known, for the distance is nothing more nor less than the radius of the circle on which the angle is measured. There are 1,296,000 seconds of arc in an entire circumference; there are, therefore, $\frac{1,296,000}{3.1416}$ seconds in that part of the circumference equal to the diameter, and $\frac{1,296,000}{3.1416 \times 2} = 206,265''$ in that part of the circumference equal to the radius; so that we have—The diameter of the body in miles : the distance in miles :: the angular diameter : 206,265". Now, the diameter of the sun, at the earth's mean distance, is a trifle over 32'—that is, a little over half a degree, so that we have 206,265" : 91,000,000 miles :: 1920" : 842,702. More accurately, it is 852,584 miles.

Having, then, this diameter, we can determine the size or volume of the sun; it is 1,200,000 times greater than our earth. Thanks to Newton's universal law of gravitation, we can determine his weight or mass from the motions of the planets around him, their orbits being curved because they are continually being deflected from a straight path by the action of the sun's attraction, just as a projectile shot from a cannon is deflected from its straight path by the action of the earth's attraction. In this way it has been found that the *weight* or *mass* of the sun is 300,000 times greater than that of our earth. Here, then, it is at once evident that the materials of which the sun is built up are lighter, bulk for bulk, than those of which our earth is composed, for, otherwise, being 1,200,000 times as large, it would be 1,200,000 times as heavy; but as it is only 300,000 times as heavy, it follows that, bulk for bulk, it is only one-quarter as dense ($\frac{300,000}{1,200,000} = \frac{1}{4}$) as the earth. We shall shew further on how this great lightness may probably be accounted for.

Our account of the sun would be incomplete did we not refer to the system of bodies which revolve round it, including the earth. We find *planets*—of which the Earth is one—differing greatly in size, and situated at various distances from the sun. We find again a ring of little planets, clustering in one part of the system, called *asteroids*, or *minor planets*: and we already know of at least two masses or rings of smaller planets still, some of them so small that they weigh but a few grains; these give rise to the appearances called *meteors*, *bolides*, or *shooting-stars*. We find also *comets*, some of which break in, as it were, upon us from all parts of space, and then, passing round our sun, rush back again; we find others so

THE SUN.



Fig. 2.—General Sketch of the Solar System.

THE SUN.

little erratic that they may be looked upon as members of the solar household. We have then

Eight large Planets, as follow, in the order of distance from the sun : 1. Mercury ; 2. Venus ; 3. EARTH ; 4. Mars ; 5. Jupiter ; 6. Saturn ; 7. Uranus ; 8. Neptune.

One hundred and six small Planets revolving round the sun, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

Meteoric bodies, which at times approach near the earth's orbit, and occasionally reach the earth's surface.

Comets.

The Zodiacal Light.—A ring of apparently nebulous matter, the exact nature and position of which in the system are not yet determined.

Let us next inquire into the various *distances* of the planets from the sun, bearing in mind, that as the orbits are elliptical, the planets are sometimes nearer to the sun than at other times. The average or mean distances are as follow ; the *sizes* and *times of revolution* are also given :

	Distance in Miles.	Diameter in Miles.	Period of Revolution round the Sun.		
			D.	H.	M.
Mercury.....	35,393,000	2,962	87	23	15
Venus.....	66,130,000	7,510	224	16	48
EARTH.....	91,430,000	7,901	365	6	9
Mars.....	139,312,000	4,000	686	23	31
Jupiter.....	475,693,000	85,390	4,332	14	2
Saturn.....	872,135,000	71,904	10,759	5	16
Uranus.....	1,752,851,000	33,024	30,686	17	21
Neptune.....	2,746,271,000	36,620	60,118	0	0

Such, then, is the sun and his system, taken as a whole—a point of view not to be passed over in any general description of the sun. We now pass on to the telescopic appearance of the great central luminary.

II. WHAT THE SUN IS LIKE.

Having now got an idea of the sun's place in the universe, and his size, mass, and density, compared with our own earth, we may begin to scrutinise him somewhat more closely. One of the first triumphs of the telescope was the discovery of spots in the sun—a discovery which sent a thrill through the world of schoolmen, for they imagined that the fundamental Aristotelian doctrine of the immutability and incorruptibility of the heavens was thereby contravened. It is doubtful whether this discovery is to be attributed to the great Galileo, or to Fabricius, or even to our own countryman Harriot ; it is certain, however, that they observed sun-spots about the years 1610 and 1611. It is not surprising that the strangest explanations of these curious solar phenomena were hazarded in those early times with the imperfect instruments then

THE SUN.

in use. It was at length, however, suspected by Galileo that they really belonged to the sun, and were not planets revolving

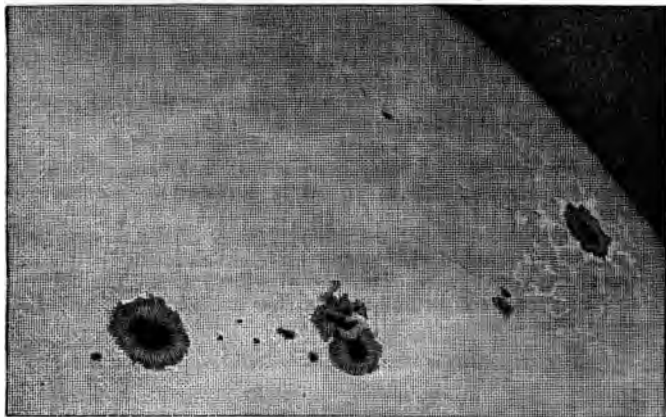


Fig. 3.—General Telescopic Appearance of the Sun, shewing spots and faculae.

round him; and from their motions he at once inferred that the sun turned on his axis like our own earth—some 25 days or so being required for a complete rotation. It needed, however, a period of

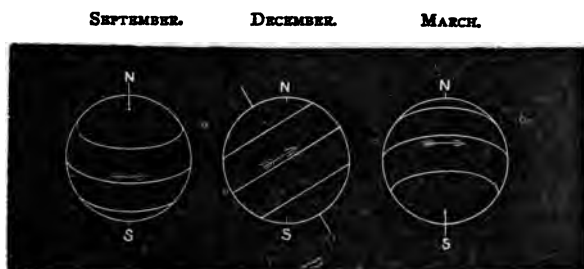


Fig. 4.—Position of the Sun's Axis, and apparent paths of the spots across the disc, as seen from the Earth at different times of the year. The arrows shew the direction in which the sun turns round.

150 years to make any great step in advance on the work done by Galileo and his contemporaries, and this step we owe to Dr Wilson of Glasgow, who in the year 1769 shewed it to be very probable

THE SUN.

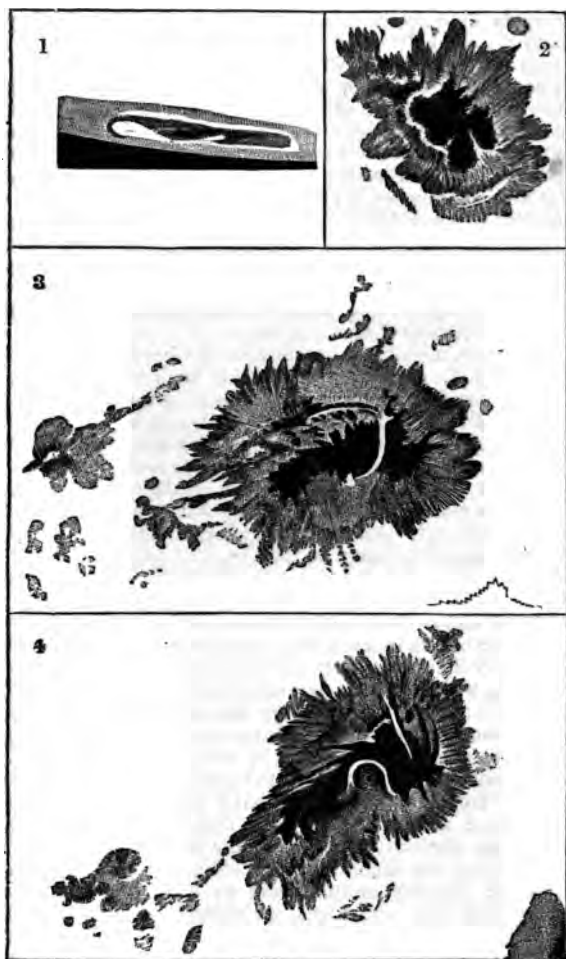


Fig. 5.—Sun-spots (the great sun-spot of 1865): 1. The spot entering the sun's disc, October 7 (foreshortened view). 2. October 10. 3. October 14, central view, shewing the formation of a bridge, and the nucleus. 4. October 16.

THE SUN.

that the spots were really cavities in the sun's outer shining surface, which is called the *photosphere*. This proof was based upon the change of appearance which a spot undergoes when seen near the sun's edge, called in astronomical language the *limb*, and when seen near the centre of the sun's disc ; for it will readily be perceived that, owing to the sun's rotation, a spot first appears at one side, then travels across the visible disc, and finally disappears at the other side. Now, when we observe a spot in the centre of the sun, what we generally see is this : in the centre of the spot, a more or less regular patch of blackness, called the *umbra*, or shade ; and surrounding this, and separating the umbra from the photosphere, a half-tone, called the *penumbra*. Sometimes in the umbra we get a still darker shade, called the *nucleus*, and surrounding the penumbra are often masses brighter than the general surface of the photosphere, which are called *faculæ* (Latin, torches).

When, however, a spot is seen close to the border or limb of the sun, we only see the *penumbra* on the side farther from the centre. Now, it is only possible to explain these appearances by supposing the umbra of a spot to be nearer the sun's centre than the penumbra ; and if our readers will take the trouble to look a common flower-pot or any similar object full in the face, and then look along the top of it sideways, first on one side of them, then on the other, they will see the force of this reasoning. The truth of Wilson's observations has been since abundantly confirmed by an examination of Mr De La Rue's solar photographs taken at Kew.

Spots are regions of incessant change ; sometimes in a day we may observe changes taking place which must have resulted from movements of almost incredible velocity, and, indeed, very careful observations reveal changes of less magnitude from hour to hour ; and when we recollect that spots 50,000 miles across are not uncommon, and that, with our most powerful telescopes, we can only see what is going on as if the sun were situated some 180,000 miles away, we at once recognise that changes, to be seen at all, must be of a stupendous magnitude, to judge by our planetary standard.

From the spots we next come to the general surface. In a good telescope, the *faculæ*, which, as we have already stated, often surround a spot, are seen to be irregularly distributed all over the sun, appearing most distinctly when near the limb. The whole solar surface, including the *faculæ*, but excluding, of course, the spots, appears to be coarsely mottled, and to be made up of bright roundish patches with soft edges, sprinkled, without any approach to regularity, on a less luminous background. These roundish patches, when they are observed near a spot and in the penumbra, are seen to be drawn out as if by currents (like our clouds sometimes) ; and one is driven to the conclusion that the photosphere of the sun is really of a cloudy nature.

In what has gone before, we have merely alluded to the sun as

THE SUN.

usually seen ; but there are other occasions—precious moments for the astronomer—when the sun is eclipsed, when the dark body of

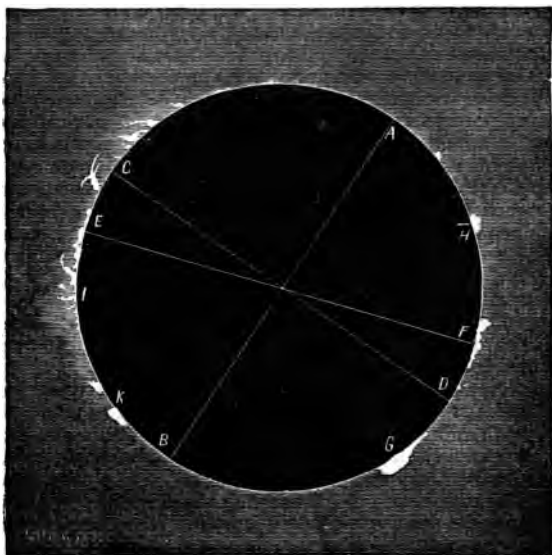


Fig. 6.—Total Eclipse : the Eclipse observed in America, August 1869.

the moon, interposed between us and the sun, cuts off all his light, and allows our eyes to observe his surroundings. 'A total eclipse of the sun is at once one of the grandest and most awe-inspiring sights it is possible for man to witness. All nature conspires to make it strange and unearthly. The sky first grows of a livid, or purple, or yellowish crimson colour, which gradually darkens, and the colour appears to run over large portions of the sky, irrespective of the clouds : the sea turns lurid red ; and finally the moon's shadow sweeps across the surface of the earth, and is even seen in the air ; all sense of distance is lost ; the faces of men assume a livid hue ; flowers close, cocks crow, the animal world sharing in the general excitement. Soon the stars burst out, and surrounding the dark moon on all sides is seen a glorious halo, generally of a silver-white light : this is called the *corona*. It is slightly radiated in structure, and extends sometimes beyond the moon to a distance equal to her diameter. Besides this, rays of light, called *aigrettes*, diverge from the moon's edge, and appear to be shining through the light of the

THE SUN.

corona. When the totality has commenced, apparently close to the edge of the moon, and therefore within the corona, are observed fantastically shaped masses, full lake-red, fading into rose-pink, variously called red flames and red prominences.' This quotation (*Macmillan's Magazine*, 1868, page 254) will give our readers a good idea of the eclipse teachings; their importance, and the great additions to our knowledge which have lately been gained by means of them, will come out fully in the next division of our subject; we shall in this content ourselves with a notice of the way in which the fact that they are really solar appendages has grown upon us.

The halo of light called the corona seems to have been observed from the earliest times, but our knowledge of the existence of the red prominences only dates from 1706, when they were seen by a Captain Stannyan at Bern; and they were at first attributed to the effect of a mirage produced by the moon's atmosphere. In the years 1842 and 1851, however, very careful observations of them were made by many astronomers in the total eclipses which happened in those years, the first in Italy and the south of France, the last in Sweden.

The observers seem to have been entranced with the exceeding beauty of these strange objects, which were likened in colour to that of the Alps illuminated by the setting sun, and of peach blossom, and in shape to such objects as 'cimeters' and boomerangs. In the latter eclipse, Mr Airy detected, besides the higher prominences, a lower level (scarlet in colour), which he termed a 'sierra.' This was situated along the sun's edge, where it was just covered by the edge

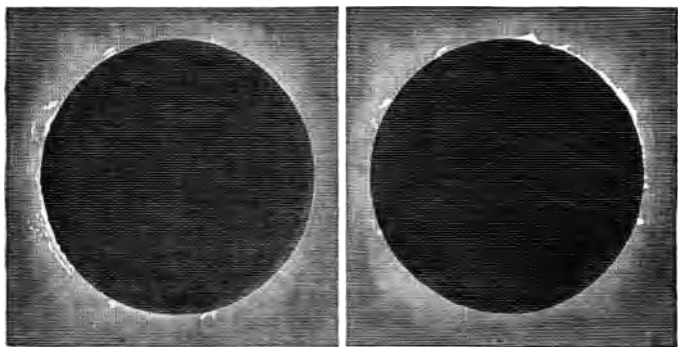


Fig. 7.—The Total Eclipse of 1860, shewing the prominences.

of the moon. The changes observed seemed so obviously connected with the passage of the moon over the sun—the prominences were

THE SUN.

eclipsed and uncovered in a way so closely resembling that in which the sun itself went through similar phases—that the astronomer-royal remarked: ‘It was impossible to see the changes which took place in the prominences, without feeling the conviction that they belonged to the sun, and not to the moon.’ Here, then, was a great point almost gained—we say almost, because the evidence that they really belonged to the sun was not accepted on all sides: but we had not long to wait. The year 1860 brought another total eclipse—this time visible in Spain—and an expedition of astronomers, sent by the government in the famous *Himalaya*, settled the question definitely, for the prominences were now *photographed* by Mr Warren De La Rue of this country, and Father Secchi, the director of the observatory attached to the Roman College; and there was no mistaking the evidence of the photographic plates taken near the beginning and end of the totality, the totality denoting the time during which the sun was covered by the moon. We reproduce two of the photographs in question (fig. 7), which will give an idea of the curious shapes of the prominences observed at such moments, and of the manner in which all round the sun, in regions where the part just beyond the edge is visible, the larger prominences are connected by a lower continuous level of the same class of objects, and how the moon travelled over them.

Here we may conveniently pause, and sum up what we have stated respecting the telescopic appearance of our great luminary. With an uneclipsed sun we see the shining photosphere darkened here and there by spots in which tremendous changes take place, and brightened here and there by faculæ. With an eclipsed sun, a new field of phenomena is laid open to us, and we know that these phenomena really indicate to us, that outside the sun, as ordinarily visible to us, strange red objects make their appearance, which, as will be shewn in the sequel, indicate an outer transparent envelope.

III. THE SUN'S PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION.

By the sun's physical constitution we mean the manner in which the sun is built up, what it is composed of, and what are the conditions under which matter exists on our great central luminary.

Long before the invention of the telescope, there was a very definite and wide-spread notion as to the sun's physical constitution. It was accepted on all hands as a globe of fire, and this ancient idea was not shaken till the time of Sir William Herschel, who, from his own observations and those of Dr Wilson of Glasgow, to which we have alluded, came to the conclusion that the sun, after all, might be a cool habitable globe like our own, with populous cities and vine-clad slopes, verdant valleys, and, in fact, everything to make life enjoyable upon it. He arrived at this conclusion in the following way. In a spot, said he, we have in the centre a dark region;

THE SUN.



Red.

Fig. 8.—Spectrum of Sun's Disc and of his Chromosphere.

Violet.

surrounding this we have another less dark than the region of the spot and less luminous than the photosphere, represented by the penumbra of a spot ; and, last of all, we have the photosphere itself. According to him, then, the photosphere was a region of light-and heat-giving cloud high up in the sun's atmosphere, radiating its light both earthwards and sunwards. The penumbrae were nothing more nor less than the indications of another highly reflecting stratum of cloud, which acted as a shield, and kept off the bright radiation of the photosphere from the sun, represented by the black portion of a spot. So a spot was nothing more nor less than the cool body of the sun duly seen through openings in these two cloudy envelopes, the opening in the outer envelope being larger than that in the inner reflecting one.

But just about the time when Mr De La Rue was photographing the total eclipse in Spain, Kirchhoff at Heidelberg was examining spectroscopically the light of the sun. Our readers are no doubt well aware that white-light or sun-light is composed of a great many differently coloured rays, so blended together as to reach the eye without impressing it with one colour more than another. They are also aware that the spectro-scope is that instrument whose office it is to separate all such rays from one another. Now, if we examine a slit illuminated by the sun's rays by means of a spectro-scope, we see the red of the light from this slit to our

THE SUN.

right, and the blue from it to our left; in fact, what we see is no longer a slit, but a band gradually passing from red at the right, through orange, yellow, green, and blue to indigo and violet at the left. The reason of this is, that the spectroscope enables us to see each individual component of the light from the slit in a different position, so that we have, as it were, a great multitude of differently coloured images of the slit placed side by side, forming a many-coloured band, which is called the spectrum. Now, Kirchhoff and Bunsen found that in general all solid or liquid bodies at a very high temperature give out almost every variety of light, being in this respect very much like the sun. But, on the other hand, metallic vapours at a high temperature give out only a very few definite rays of light—the position of these rays in the spectrum serving to distinguish one vapour from another, since no two vaporous elements give out the same rays. But there is yet another very remarkable law. It had been previously shewn by Stokes and Stewart, and it was independently discovered by Kirchhoff, that substances, when comparatively cold, absorb the very same rays that they give out when heated. Thus, the vapour of sodium, when highly heated, gives out two peculiar rays of yellow light, known spectroscopically as the double line D. But this same vapour of sodium, if comparatively cold, and placed in front of a highly heated solid or liquid substance (which, as we have seen, gives out all the rays of the spectrum), will absorb precisely those very two yellow lines which itself gives out—in such a case we shall have an otherwise continuous spectrum with the double line D comparatively dark. If, therefore, we have an otherwise continuous spectrum with a number of dark lines in it, we may conclude that, while the source of light is some solid or liquid body, there is placed between us and it certain comparatively cold vapours, which cause the black lines, and the position of which in the spectrum serves to determine the chemical nature of these vapours. Now, the solar spectrum is a continuous spectrum intersected by such black lines, and thus Kirchhoff was enabled to state that the sun itself was a solid or liquid body in a state of incandescence, thereby coming back very much to the original notion, and entirely negating Sir William Herschel's hypothesis; and furthermore, he could affirm that in the sun's atmosphere, which was supposed to be the corona seen in total eclipses, we have, between the source of light and ourselves, in a comparatively cold state (observe, only comparatively cold) the vapours of sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, iron, barium, and some other substances.

Let us now endeavour to realise the gain to science made by the German philosopher.

1. The photosphere of the sun no doubt consists of an incandescent solid or liquid body (most probably a liquid, according to Kirchhoff).

2. There is above it a comparatively cold absorbing atmosphere.

THE SUN.

containing hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, barium, iron, and other bodies in the state of vapour. This is indicated by the corona during eclipses.

It has been previously stated that the photosphere of the sun is always in a state of violent agitation, and we have thus great difficulty in believing that, if liquid or solid, it represents either an ocean or a continent. The natural alternative is to suppose it of the nature of a cloud. May it not, in fact, represent the cloud plane, or plane of deposition of solid and liquid particles, from an intensely heated gaseous medium?

Viewing the subject in this light, it will be seen that we do not know how much of the sun is solid or liquid, and how much gaseous, but we may readily believe that a comparatively large portion is in the latter state. If we add to this the fact, that the temperature is very high, we have an easy explanation of the comparatively small specific gravity of our luminary.

We shall now proceed to another part of our subject. It is hardly more than ten years since the attention of men of science began to be turned to the nature of sun-spots, or at least so turned as to afford some hope of the true explanation of these phenomena being arrived at.

Mr Carrington, in his large and remarkable treatise, shewed, among other things, that there was no doubt a proper motion attributable to spots; and from his observations, we may suppose that these phenomena have a greater or less forward motion of their own—that is to say, a motion in the direction of the sun's rotation—in addition to their motion owing to that rotation. It was afterwards shewn by Messrs Warren De La Rue, Stewart, and Loewy (the Kew observers), that the faculæ, or bright patches which accompany a spot, are for the most part found behind it (the word behind having reference to the direction of rotation). These gentlemen agreed that the lagging behind of the faculæ, taken in conjunction with the forward motion of the spots, observed by Carrington, might be accounted for by supposing that the faculæ denote an up-rush of matter from below, which, going from a region of smaller to a region of greater velocity of rotation, would thus fall behind. On the other hand, they conceived the spots to denote the down-rush of matter from above, which, coming from a region of greater velocity of rotation, would thus move forward. Now, Kirchhoff, as we have seen, had previously shewed that the upper atmosphere of the sun is lower in temperature than the photosphere; and it was therefore argued by the Kew observers, that where we have a down-rush of such an atmosphere, we ought to expect a deficiency of luminosity; so that probably all the gradations of luminosity on the sun's surface may be due to one and the same cause—namely, the presence, to a greater or less extent, of a *comparatively cold*, absorbing atmosphere. The evidence in favour of this hypothesis was shortly afterwards

THE SUN.

increased by means of an observation of Lockyer, who saw a piece of facula in the act of descending into a spot, during which process it gradually lost its brightness, becoming at last like the spot itself. Nevertheless, the above hypothesis, although probable, was not universally received; but the recent observations of Lockyer have gone far to complete the proof. In March 1866, this observer attached a small spectroscope to his telescope, and derived evidence in favour of the blackness of spots being due to a greater absorption being at work in a spot than elsewhere. Here we have an entirely new method of research, which we shall proceed to shew has already been fruitful of result. Kirchhoff questioned the sunbeam as a whole, regardless of the part of the sun from whence it came. Lockyer, on the other hand, questioned each part of the sun separately, and has even included the regions round the sun in which the red flames and corona are visible during total eclipses.

It should here be remarked that in the year 1865 two very important memoirs dealing with all the telescopic and photographic observations accumulated up to that time on the subject of solar physics were given to the world. One of them was privately printed in this country, the other appeared in the *Compte Rendu* of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

English science, represented by Messrs De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy, said that a spot is dark because the solar light is absorbed by a cool, non-luminous, absorbing atmosphere, pouring down there on to the photosphere. French science, on the other hand, represented by M. Faye, said that a spot is dark because the interior of the sun is composed of feebly illuminating gases, and because we have in a sun-spot a hole in the photosphere, through which these feebly luminous interior gases of the sun are there alone visible.

This was a clear issue, which probably the spectroscope, and possibly nothing else, could solve; for the spectroscope is an instrument whose special *métier* it is to deal with radiation and absorption. It tells us that the light radiated from different bodies gives us spectra of different kinds, according to the nature of the radiating body—continuous spectra without bright lines in the case of solids and liquids, and bright lines, with or without continuous spectra, in the case of gases and vapours. It tells us also that absorption dims the spectrum throughout its length when the absorption is *general*, and dims it here and there only when the absorption is *selective*, the dark lines—the Fraunhofer lines in the solar spectrum—affording an instance of the latter kind. So that we have general and selective radiation, and general and selective absorption.

Let us see how this applies to Lockyer's observation stated above. With regard to the English theory, if there were more absorption in a spot than elsewhere, we might expect evidences of absorption; that is, the whole solar spectrum would be visible in the spectrum of a spot, but it would be dimmed, either throughout the length of the

THE SUN.

spectrum or in places only. With regard to the French theory, having radiating gaseous matter only to deal with, we should, according to the then generally received idea, get bright lines only in the spot spectrum. What was seen was in favour of the English theory. There *was* abundant evidence of absorption in the spots, and there *was not* any indication of gaseous radiation.

The question which he next put to himself was the following one, to use his own words: 'Assuming an absorbing atmosphere to encircle the sun, in accordance with the general idea and Kirchhoff's hypothesis, what are those strange red flames seen apparently in it at total eclipses, jutting here and there from beyond the sun's hidden periphery, and here again hanging cloudlike?'

'The enormous atmosphere, which apparently the spectroscope had now proved to be a cool absorbing one, was supposed to be indicated during eclipses by a halo of light called the *corona*, in which corona the red flames are visible. Now, as the red flames are always observed to give out more light than the corona, they were probably hotter than it; and reasoning thus on the matter with my friend Dr Balfour Stewart one day, we came to the conclusion that they were most probably masses of glowing gas. Now, this being so, the spectroscope *could* help us, and in this way. The light from solid or liquid bodies is scattered broadcast, so to speak, by the prism into a long band of light, called a continuous spectrum, because from one end of it to the other the light is persistent. The light from gaseous and vaporous bodies, on the contrary, is most brilliant in a few channels; it is *husbanded*, and, instead of being scattered broadcast over a long band, is limited to a few lines in the band—in some cases to a very few lines. Hence, if we have two bodies, one solid or liquid, and the other gaseous or vaporous, which give out exactly equal amounts of light, then the bright lines of the latter will be brighter than those parts of the spectrum of the other to which they correspond in colour or refrangibility.

'Again, if the gaseous or vaporous substance gives out but few lines, then, although the light which emanates from it may be much less brilliant than that radiated by a solid or liquid, the light may be so localised, and therefore intensified, in the one case, and so spread out, and therefore diluted, in the other, that the bright lines from the feeble light source may in the spectroscope appear much brighter than the corresponding parts of the spectrum of the more lustrous solid body. Now, here comes a very important point: supposing the continuous spectrum of a solid or liquid to be mixed with the discontinuous spectrum of a gas, we can, by increasing the number of prisms in a spectroscope, dilute the continuous spectrum of the solid or liquid body very much indeed, while the dispersion will not seemingly reduce the brilliancy of the lines given out by the gas; as a consequence, the more dispersion we employ, the brighter *relatively* will the lines of the gaseous spectrum appear. The reason

THE SUN.

why we do not see the prominences every day in our telescopes is, that they are put out by the tremendous brightness of our atmosphere near the sun, a brightness due to the fact, that the particles in the atmosphere reflect to us the continuous solar spectrum. There is, as it were, a battle between the light proceeding from the prominences and the light reflected by the atmosphere, and, except in eclipses, the victory always remains with the atmosphere.

'You will see, however, after what I have said, that there was a possibility that if we could bring a spectroscope on the field we might turn the tide of battle altogether, assuming the prominences to be gaseous, as the reflected continuous spectrum might be dispersed almost into invisibility, the brilliancy of the prominence lines scarcely suffering any diminution by the process. The first attempt was made in 1866, a Herschel-Browning spectroscope being attached to my telescope, and the first and many succeeding attempts failed; there was not dispersion enough to dilute the spectrum of the regions near the sun sufficiently, and, as a consequence, the tell-tale lines still remained veiled and invisible. Nature's secrets were not to be wrested from her by a *coup de main*.*

While this observer was preparing a spectroscope of great power, having found his first insufficient, the total eclipse of 1868 took place in India; and it was shewn by the various distinguished observers who utilised the precious five minutes of totality on that occasion, that the red flames certainly consist of incandescent gas, as their spectrum consists of a few bright lines. One of the observers, M. Janssen, was so struck with the brightness of the prominences rendered visible during the eclipse, that he conceived the idea of looking for them during the ordinary state of the sun, and next morning put his design into execution with complete success. He was then sure that the lines of the prominences were those of incandescent hydrogen. But before the news of this discovery had reached our country, Lockyer's spectroscope had been completed, and the bright lines perceived by this observer.

We now proceed to the subsequent results obtained by this new method of research.

When Lockyer was first able to obtain results in this country similar to those previously obtained by M. Janssen, though unknown to him, his instrument was incomplete; when other adjustments had been added, he found that at whatever part of the sun's edge he looked, he could not get rid of the newly discovered lines; shewing that for some five thousand miles in height all round the sun there was an envelope of which the prominences were but the higher waves. This envelope he has named the 'Chromosphere,' as it is the region in which all the variously coloured effects are seen in total eclipses, and because it is of importance to distinguish between

* *Proceedings, Royal Institution, 1869.*

THE SUN.

its discontinuous spectrum and the continuous one of the photosphere. And now another fact came out. The bright line F took the form of an arrow-head, the dark Fraunhofer line in the ordinary solar spectrum forming the shaft, the corresponding chromospheric line forming the head; it was broad close to the sun's edge, and tapered off to a fine point, an appearance not observed in the other lines.

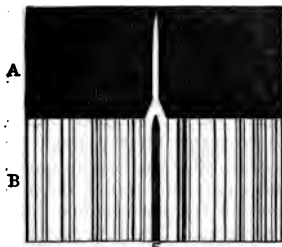


Fig. 9.—Shape of the F line in the Spectrum of Chromosphere: A, chromosphere spectrum; B, sun spectrum.

Nature is always full of surprises, and here was a surprise and a magnificent help to further inquiry lurking in this line of hydrogen; shewing, moreover, that in the largest questions progress in modern science depends upon careful observations of details. It had already been recorded that, under certain conditions, the green line of

hydrogen widened out; and it at once struck Lockyer that the 'arrow-head' was nothing but an indication of this widening out as the sun was approached.

Hereupon researches on the radiation and absorption of hydrogen and other gases and vapours were undertaken by Lockyer, in conjunction with the eminent chemist Frankland, and at once an important modification of Kirchhoff's theory presented itself. They soon came to the conclusion that the principal, if not the only cause of the widening of the F line was *pressure*; that the gaseous medium of which the higher prominences are composed exists in a condition of *excessive tenuity*; and that even at the lower surface of the chromosphere, that is, on the sun itself, in common parlance, the pressure is very far below the pressure of the earth's atmosphere. The determination of the above-mentioned facts obviously leads us necessarily to several important modifications of the theory which we owe to Kirchhoff, who based it upon his examination of the solar spectrum. According to his hypothesis, the photosphere itself is either solid or liquid, and it is surrounded by an extensive comparatively cool and non-luminous atmosphere composed of gases and the vapours of the substances incandescent in the photosphere. Lockyer and Frankland found, however, instead of this compound cool and non-luminous atmosphere outside the photosphere, one which is in a state of incandescence, is therefore luminous, and which gives merely, or at all events mainly, the spectrum of hydrogen; and the tenuity of this incandescent atmosphere is such *that they considered it extremely improbable* that any considerable atmosphere, such as the corona has been imagined to indicate, exists outside it.

THE SUN.

Here already, then, we find the 'cool absorbing atmosphere' of the theorists considerably reduced, and apparently much more simple in its composition than had been imagined by Kirchhoff and others; and the new method has rapidly accumulated facts which indicate that the absorption to which the reversal of the spectrum and the Fraunhofer lines are due, mainly takes place in the photosphere itself, or extremely near to it, instead of in an extensive outer absorbing atmosphere.

This theory of the sun's constitution is moreover strengthened by other facts. As a rule, the chromosphere rests conformably, as geologists would say, on the photosphere, but the atmosphere (as just defined) is tremendously riddled by convection-currents; and where these are most powerfully at work the *upper layers of the photosphere are injected into the chromosphere*. Thus the lines due to the vapour of sodium, magnesium, barium, and iron have been seen in the spectrum of the chromosphere, appearing there as very short and very *thin lines*, generally much thinner than the black lines due to their absorption in the solar spectrum. These injections are nearly always accompanied by prominences, in which tremendous changes are observed at such times, for the new method enables us to see the actual forms of the prominences every day. Lockyer attempted to accomplish this in the first instance by means of an oscillating slit—a method which has since perfectly succeeded—but hearing that Mr Huggins had succeeded in doing the same thing by means of absorptive media, using an open slit and a peculiar arrangement of his observing telescope, it struck him at once that an open slit was quite sufficient, and this he finds to be the case. By this method the smallest details of the prominences and of the chromosphere itself are rendered perfectly visible and easy of observation, so that now we are quite independent of eclipses, even in the matter of the *form* of these strange solar appendages. Lockyer writes: 'I have been perfectly enchanted with the sight which my spectroscope has revealed to me. The solar and atmospheric spectra being hidden, and the image of the wide slit and the part of the prominence under observation alone being visible, the telescope or slit is moved slowly, and the strange shadow-forms flit past, and are seen as they are seen in eclipses. Here one is reminded, by the fleecy, infinitely-delicate cloud-films, of an English hedgerow with luxuriant elms; here of a densely intertwined tropical forest, the intimately interwoven branches threading in all directions, the prominences generally expanding as they mount upwards, and changing slowly, indeed almost imperceptibly. It does not at all follow that the largest prominences are those in which the intensest action, or the most rapid change is going on—the action as visible to us being generally confined to the regions just in, or above, the chromosphere; the changes arising from violent up-rush or rapid dissipation—the up-rush and

THE SUN.

refrangibility of which is indicated by the F line of hydrogen. If any change of wave-length is observed in this line, *and not in the adjacent ones*, it is clear that it is not to the motion of the earth or sun, but to that of the hydrogen itself and alone that the change must be ascribed. If the hydrogen on the sun is approaching us, *the waves will be crushed together*; they will therefore be shortened, and the light will incline towards the violet—that is, towards the light with the shortest waves; and if the waves are shortened only by the $\frac{1}{1000000}$ th of a millimetre, we can detect the motion. If the hydrogen on the sun is receding from us, the waves will be drawn out; they will therefore be longer, and the green ray will incline towards the red.

We must next point out, that there are two different circumstances under which the hydrogen may approach or recede from the eye. If we take a globe, as representing the sun, and fix our attention on the centre of this globe, it is evident that an up-rush or a down-rush is necessary to cause any alteration of wave-length. A cyclone or lateral movement of any kind is powerless; there will be no motion to or from the eye, but only at right angles to the line of sight. Next let us fix our attention on the edge of the globe—the limb, in astronomical language: here it is evident that an upward or downward movement is as powerless to alter the wave-length as a lateral movement was in the other case; but that, should any lateral or cyclonic movement occur here of sufficient velocity, it might be detected. So that we have the centre of the disc for studying upward and downward movements, and the limb for studying lateral or cyclonic movements, if they exist.

Here is a diagram shewing the strange contortions which the F hydrogen line undergoes at the centre of the sun's disc. Not only have we the line bright, but the dark one is twisted in places,

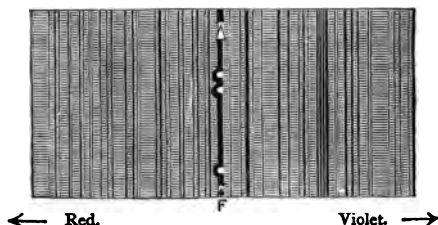


Fig. 10.

generally inclining towards the red; and often when this happens we have a bright line on the violet side. It is seen, sometimes, stopping short of one of the small sun-spots; swelling out prior to disappearance; invisible in a facula between two small spots; *changed into a bright line*, and widened out on both sides two or

THE SUN.

three times in the very small spots ; becoming bright near a spot, and expanding over it on both sides ; very many times widened out near a spot, sometimes considerably, on the less refrangible side ; and, finally, extended as a bright line without any thickening over a small spot. Now the other Fraunhofer lines on the diagram may be looked upon as so many milestones telling us with what rapidity the up-rush and down-rush take place ; for these twistings are nothing more nor less than alterations of wave-length, and, thanks to Ångström's map, we can map out distances along the spectrum from F in $\frac{1}{1000000}$ ths of a millimetre from the centre of that line ; and we know that an alteration of that line, $\frac{1}{1000000}$ th millimetre towards the violet, means a velocity of thirty-eight miles a second towards the eye—that is, an up-rush ; and that a similar alteration towards the red means a similar velocity from the eye—that is, a down-rush. The fact that the black line inclines to the red, shews that the less bright hydrogen descends ; the fact that the bright line—where both are visible side by side—inclines to the violet, shews that the more vivid hydrogen ascends ; and the alteration of wave-length is such that twenty miles a second is very common. Now, observations of the lateral motions at the limb are of course made by the chromospheric bright lines seen beyond the limb. Here the velocities are very much more startling ; not velocities of up-rush and down-rush, but swinging and cyclonic motions of the hydrogen. What we shall see will be this. The portion of the prominence at rest will give us no alteration of wave-length ; its bright line will be in a line with the corresponding black one in the spectrum. The portion moving towards the eye, however, will give us an alteration of wave-length towards the violet. We are now in a position to grasp the phenomena revealed to Lockyer by his spectro-scope, when at times the F line is seen double and even triple ! the alteration of wave-length being such that the motion of that part of the prominence giving the most extreme alteration must have exceeded 120 miles per second, if we are to explain these phenomena by the only known possible cause which is open to us. By moving the slit it is possible to see in which part of the prominence these great motions arose, and to follow the change of wave-length to its extremest limit.

In connection with this new method it may be remarked that we have two very carefully prepared recent maps of the solar spectrum, one by Kirchhoff, the other by Ångström, made a few years apart, and at different epochs with regard to the sun-spot period. In these maps we see a vast difference in the relative thicknesses of the C and F lines, and great differences in the relative darkness and position of the lines ; and in these different thicknesses of the lines we may be supplied with a barometer, so to speak, to measure the varying pressures in the solar and stellar chromospheres ; for every star has, has had, or will have a chromosphere. It was suggested

THE SUN.

by Lockyer in 1866 that possibly a spectroscopic examination of the sun's limb might teach us somewhat of the outburst of the star in Corona, and we now see that all that is necessary to get just such an outburst in our own sun is to increase the power of his convection-currents, which we know to be ever at work. Here, then, is one cataclysm the less in astronomy—one less 'World on Fire,' and possibly also a bright light thrown on the past history of our own planet. This new method, moreover, gives us a more or less firm hold on the strange phenomena presented by variable stars, and an application of the facts already referred to opens out generalisations of the highest interest and importance; and having at length fairly grappled with some of the phenomena of the nearest star, we may soon hope for more certain knowledge of the distant ones.

To recapitulate : (1) The upper layer of the sun's chromosphere consists of hydrogen. (2) Below this we have the photosphere, a region containing metallic vapours, along, probably, with numerous deposited cloud-particles of these vapours, which form, as it were, small centres of radiation. (3) The appropriate machinery by means of which the radiation of the sun is kept up would appear to be convection-currents carrying down the cooled particles, and supplying fresh ones. This perhaps explains the granulated or mottled appearance of the general surface of the sun. (4) Under certain circumstances, these convection-currents assume a larger size, and are rendered visible as faculæ and sun-spots. We have only now to ask the question, under what circumstances do convection-currents swell into sun-spots? and here we come to a region of the greatest interest, but also of the greatest obscurity. We shall briefly indicate the results which appear to be proved. In the first place, Hofrath Schwabe of Dessau has shewn, as the result of forty years' observations of sun-spots, that these phenomena attain a maximum of size and frequency (speaking roughly) every ten years. Next, General Sir E. Sabine has shewn that the years of maximum sun-spots are also years of peculiarly great disturbance in the magnetism of our earth and of frequent auroræ boreales. Thirdly, Carrington has shewn that sun-spots confine themselves to the equatorial region of our luminary, and are never found at its poles. Fourthly, Messrs De La Rue, Stewart, and Loewy have rendered it very probable that the behaviour and frequency of sun-spots are regulated by the position of the planets—the influential planets being, as might naturally be supposed, Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury. To test the truth of this hypothesis, these gentlemen have measured the area of every spot which has appeared on the sun's surface from the year 1832 to the present date, making use, for this purpose, of the observations of Schwabe and Carrington, as well as of those taken at Kew. From these measurements they have obtained the following table, which exhibits the excess or deficiency of the whole spotted area of the

THE SUN.

sun's surface, according to the relative positions of these three influential planets.

EXCESS OR DEFICIENCY.

Angular separation between	Jupiter and Venus.	Venus and Mercury.
0° and 30°	+ 881	+ 1675
30 " 60	— 60	— 139
60 " 90	— 452	— 1665
90 " 120	— 579	— 2355
120 " 150	— 705	— 2318
150 " 180	— 759	— 1604
180 " 210	— 893	— 481
210 " 240	— 752	+ 547
240 " 270	— 263	+ 431
270 " 300	+ 70	+ 228
300 " 330	+ 480	+ 1318
330 " 0	+ 1134	+ 2283

From this table it will be seen that the united result of 54 conjunctions of Venus and Jupiter exhibits an excess of 1134 when these two planets are together, and a deficiency of 893 when they are apart. And we see also that the united result of 90 conjunctions of Venus and Mercury exhibits in like manner an excess of 2283 when the two planets are together, and a deficiency of 2355 when they are apart. With these remarks, let us now proceed to the last division of our subject.

IV. RELATIONS SUBSISTING BETWEEN THE SUN AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SYSTEM.

1. *The sun is the centre of motion of the system.*—While the earth and the other planets move round the sun each in its period with a great velocity, the sun himself is fixed, or, to speak more precisely, has a very slight motion round the centre of gravity of the system. But the sun being by far the heaviest and most massive body in the system, the centre of this system is not far from the sun's centre; hence his motions are small, and he may with propriety be called a fixed body, compared to the planets, which are wandering or movable bodies. It is well known to our readers in what manner the motion of the earth round its axis in one day joined to its motion round the sun in one year procures us that pleasing and necessary variety of day and night, summer and winter, without something analogous to which we cannot imagine organised beings to exist. We need not, therefore, enter more largely into this relation between the sun and planets, but go on to consider the next.

2. *The sun is the source of light and heat of the system.*—Without the sun, everything on the surface of the earth would be dark and frozen. When we set ourselves to calculate the amount of heat.

THE SUN.

which the sun gives out, we are quite bewildered with the magnitude of the figures with which we have to deal. We have only to bear in mind that the amount of heat received by the earth in one year from the sun would be sufficient to melt a layer of ice 100 feet thick, covering the whole surface of the earth, to appreciate our own indebtedness; but we have further to reflect that the sun is supposed to give out *two thousand million times* more heat than that which reaches us, to obtain an idea, however inadequate, of the enormous radiation of light and heat from the surface of our luminary. Now, we have reason to believe that this light and heat are given out by cloud-like particles, forming what is called the photosphere of the sun, and we therefore see prominently the necessity for some machinery by which these particles may be constantly recruited.

The work which they have to do is so amazingly great, that we cannot wonder if they speedily become exhausted; and we are led to recognise the enormous convection-currents of the sun as the machinery by which one set of particles is withdrawn from view, while a fresh and hot set from beneath is pushed upwards to do duty: no wonder, then, that these convection-currents are so vast.

We ought here to say a few words regarding the heating of various parts of the earth by the sun's rays.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind, that when a beam of light and heat falls upon a surface in a slanting manner, it loses a great deal of its effect.

If a beam of light coming in the direction of the arrow-heads fall upon a surface, AB, at right angles to this direction, this surface will then receive as much as it possibly can of the beam of light; but if the surface is inclined to the beam, as at AB', it will evidently receive fewer rays; if still more inclined, as at AB'', it will receive still fewer; and so on, until the rays will merely graze the surface.

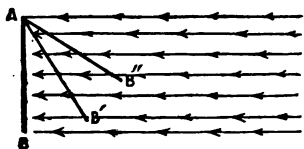


Fig. 11.

Applying these principles to the earth, it will be easily seen, by aid of the subjoined figure (fig. 12), which represents the position of our globe with reference to the rays of the sun at midsummer and at midwinter, that these rays will fall with most effect on the equatorial regions, and with least effect on the polar. In the one figure, the position of the earth indicates that it is winter in the northern hemisphere, in which the sun's rays are not able to reach the pole. But in the other figure it is summer in the northern regions, and winter in the southern, and the south pole is now in darkness.

Thus we see that the difference in climate between equatorial and polar regions is due to the obliquity of the sun's rays, and that the difference between summer and winter is due to the same cause.

THE SUN.

We may add that we can account in the same way for the manifest difference in the sun's strength between morning or evening and mid-day. At morning and at evening the sun's rays are very oblique, and the shadow of anything is greatly increased in size ;

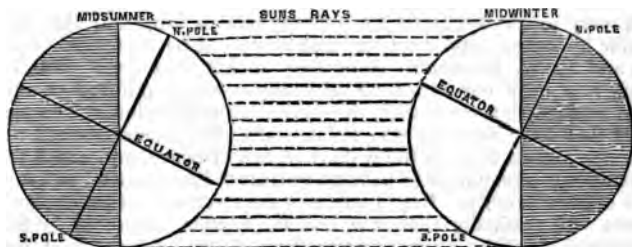


Fig. 12.

now the shadow covers that portion of ground which would be illuminated by the sun's rays if the object giving the shadow were removed ; we therefore conclude that at evening and morning a small vertical object receives as much light and heat as a long strip of ground ; in fact, the ground is then rather grazed than struck by the rays of our luminary.

Let us now describe an important property of our atmosphere, in virtue of which the sun's rays are economised. Its principle of action is the same as that of the forcing-frame, or glass-house. The glass which covers the house allows the rays of the sun to penetrate freely into the interior, which becomes heated in consequence ; but the rays are now converted into another kind of heat, which cannot pass through glass ; they can get in, but they cannot get out, and a frame of this kind is in fact a *trap to catch a sunbeam*. Now, the earth's atmosphere enjoys properties similar to the glass of the frame ; that is to say, it allows the sun's rays freely to reach and heat the earth, but it does not allow the heat which the earth gives out to pass freely away into empty space. It catches this heat on its way out ; and if it were not for this property of our atmosphere, the earth would probably be uninhabitable, and the nights would be intensely cold.

So much for the use we make of the heat and light of the sun ; now, whence has our luminary derived this enormous supply of heat ? The sun supplies us. What has supplied the sun ? One conceivable answer to this question is that the sun has been created hot, just as it is conceivable to suppose that a diamond or a nugget of gold has been formed originally as we find it. Nevertheless, the man of science, when he sees any appearance or state of being, endeavours, if he possibly can, to deduce it from some other previous state of

THE SUN.

being, acted upon by the operation of natural laws. We are therefore led to inquire if there be not some natural process going on possibly in other regions at the present moment, which might, ages ago, have acted upon our luminary, so as to generate in its mass the enormous amount of heat which it possesses. This question has been very much discussed by philosophers of late, and the only tenable hypothesis appears to be that advanced by Professor Helmholtz and Sir W. Thomson. According to this theory, the particles which now form our sun were originally a widely diffused chaotic mass, endued, however, with the power of gravitation. The sun might then have been not very unlike some of the nebulae which the telescope reveals to us in the distant realms of space, and which the spectroscope pronounces to be large masses of incandescent gas, in a state of great tenuity. But in virtue of the force of gravitation, such masses will gradually condense, and the motion generated by this condensation will be ultimately transformed into light and heat, just as by percussion or friction we may at any moment transform motion into light and heat. Conceive, for instance, that there is a large number of stones on the top of a mountain, and that they are all hurled downwards to the earth. They will acquire during their descent a great velocity, which will ultimately disappear, through friction and percussion, when the stones have reached the limit of their fall. An equivalent will, however, be left behind to represent this velocity, in the shape of heat, for the stones, by means of their friction against the earth, and by the final blow which they gave it, will generate heat. Thus we see how, through these stones having come nearer to the earth's centre, a certain measurable quantity of heat has been produced. Now, if the enormous number of particles which form our sun may be supposed to have fallen towards their present position from the extremities of space during the course of ages, or, in other words, to have become condensed, we have every reason to believe that in this case, just as in the former, the energy of motion towards the central mass will ultimately disappear as motion, and take the form of heat; and it has been calculated that this cause, and this only, is competent to account for the vast amount of heat possessed by our luminary.

We now see how, by the operation of the same law, the centre of motion of a system must also be the centre of light and heat; for the force of gravitation, which we have supposed to pull the outlying chaotic particles together, depends upon mass; hence, a large quantity of matter, such as that which forms a sun, will exert a very strong pulling force, and the quantity of heat ultimately generated will be very great. Add to this the fact, that a large body will retain its heat longer than a small one, and we see at once why the large masses of the universe, which are necessarily the centres of motion, are also the sources of light and heat. We may even expand this thought still further, for we can hardly imagine that the sun's surface

THE SUN.

could continue to give out for any length of time such an enormous mass of heat, unless its particles were constantly recruited by convection-currents. But in order that convection-currents may be strong, two things must happen together. We must, in the first place, have a substance which expands greatly through heat; and secondly, we must have a great gravitating force. The surface must, in fact, be gaseous, and the body of enormous size. Now, the gaseous nature of the sun's surface is due directly to his heat, and this heat, again, is probably owing to his great mass, while the great gravitating force is caused directly by his mass. To recapitulate, mass, according to the condensation theory, causes high temperature indirectly; it also causes great gravitation directly. High temperature causes a gaseous surface; a gaseous surface and great gravitation cause powerful convection-currents; and such currents, by bringing a continually varying set of particles to the surface, keep up the luminosity. *Mass* would therefore appear to be the indirect cause, not only of the great temperature of large bodies, but of that peculiar machinery which insures to them a continuously luminous surface. We have thus two classes of bodies in the universe: one we call suns, which may be characterised as large, hot, and fixed; and the other we call planets, which may be characterised as small, cold, and wandering.

Let us now pass on to the next relation subsisting between the sun and the planets.

3. *The sun is the origin of the energy which is displayed on the surface of the earth.*—Energy means the power of doing work, and work may be measured very conveniently thus: If we raise a one-pound weight one foot high, we may be said to do one unit of work; if two feet high, two units; and so on. Or, doubling the weight, if we raise a two-pound weight one foot high, we may be said to do two units; if two feet high, four units; and so on—the law of measurement being obvious. Inasmuch, therefore, as a man has the power of raising many pounds many feet high, and thus doing a large amount of work, he may be said to have stored in his frame a large amount of energy.

But the amount of energy is not unlimited, for, after the man has done a good day's work, he begins to feel tired and hungry. He must rest, in order to repair the machinery of his frame; but he must do something more—he must eat; and a man who does very little work will exist upon less food and worse diet than a man who does much. It is thus abundantly obvious that a man, in order to do work, must have food; and in putting so much food into his system, he is in reality putting into it so much energy, or capacity for doing work, whether that work be carrying a certain weight up a certain height, or any other recognised species of labour. Let us, therefore, go back a step farther, and endeavour to ascertain whence this food derives its energy. If the man has eaten vegetable

THE SUN.

food, we need not go back any farther; but if he has eaten animal food, say part of an ox, and has transferred the energy of the ox into his own system, we inquire whence the ox derives his energy, and answer clearly, from the food which he consumes—and that food is a vegetable. We are thus led to regard the vegetable kingdom as being the source of that energy which our frames possess in common with those of the inferior animals; and we have now only to go back one step more, and ask whence vegetables derive the energy which they possess.

The leaf of a vegetable is a laboratory in which chemical change is constantly going on. In the leaves, carbonic acid is decomposed, being changed into oxygen, which is given out, while carbon in some shape is retained and assimilated. Thus we see that the leaf of a vegetable does the very reverse of what we do in our fires: we burn carbon, or cause it to unite with oxygen, becoming carbonic acid gas; but the leaf of a vegetable decomposes carbonic acid gas back again into carbon and oxygen. Now, oxygen has a great attraction for carbon, and unites with it intimately; it therefore requires (as may well be imagined) the application of a great deal of energy to pull these two bodies asunder when once they have been united, or, in other words, to decompose carbonic acid; and we naturally ask whence the leaves of plants derive this energy. The reply is, from the sun's rays. The energy of certain rays from the sun is spent in producing this species of decomposition in the leaves of plants, throwing off the oxygen, and working the carbon into the tissue of the plant, where it forms food for man and beast, and also woody fibre. There has thus been a transmutation of the energy of the sun's rays into the substance of the plant, and from the plant into the substance of the ox, and from the ox into our frames; and our energy is thus seen to be ultimately due to the sun's rays.

But we can make another use of vegetable products—we can use them as fuel to our steam-engines, and by means of these we can accomplish a great deal of work without the necessity of expending our personal energy. But this does not lessen our obligation to the sun, for, as stated above, the woody-fibre of plants is formed through the intervention of his rays. Coal may be used as a substitute for wood, but coal was once woody fibre ages ago, and coal-beds form a store of energy upon which man may draw; not, however, without a sense of his indebtedness to the sun, whose rays in past ages have been influential in producing that woody fibre which has now assumed the shape of coal.

When we come to investigate our other sources of energy, we find them all, with the one exception of tidal energy, directly or indirectly due to the sun's rays. Thus, the force of the wind may be used in driving windmills and the sails of ships, but our atmospheric currents are caused by the sun; or a head of water may be used as in

THE SUN.

a water-mill, but this very water has been carried up to its present height by the sun's beams, first in the form of vapour, and then descending in the form of rain. We think that we have entered into this subject sufficiently to convince our readers that the energy which is displayed on the earth's surface is mainly due to the sun's rays, and we now pass on to the next head.

4. *The sun is the source of the delicacy of construction displayed in organised beings.*—An animal must be able to do work, and must therefore possess a store of energy, which, as we have seen, is derived ultimately from the sun. But something more than the mere power of doing work must be possessed, for in whatever way life, will, and intelligence act, there is, in the first place, and preceding every voluntary motion, some exceedingly minute change in the structure of the brain. It is there, so to speak, that the trigger is pulled, and an extremely small impulse communicated to a very delicate organism, which results in some visible motion. Our forms, and those of other animals, are, in fact, very delicate pieces of mechanism, and the smallest conceivable impulse at the nervous centre of the system may produce the most astonishing result. We think that this delicacy of organisation depends upon the fact, that the substances which enter into the structure of the body are in a chemically delicate or even unstable state. In our opinion, delicacy of structure is inseparably connected with liability to change, so that there may be a physical basis for that belief which associates together the beautiful with the evanescent. The poet no doubt spoke out a scientific truth, though he knew it not, when he said :

‘How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.’

Now, this delicate tissue which enters into the human frame, as well as into the frames of animals, is originally derived from the vegetable world. Plants are, in fact, the great manufacturers of organic tissue, but in order to do so they require the rays of the sun. An unstable substance is continually changing, in order to get into a more stable condition ; it requires, therefore, a continuous effort, involving an expenditure of energy, to keep up that constant supply of unstable forms which we behold, and this energy comes ultimately from the sun. But if the sun may be said to be in one sense the source of all life and vigour and delicacy of being, he is not himself exempt from the great law of evanescence. Sir W. Thomson, in his beautiful theory of the dissipation of energy, has shewn that while in *quantity* this constituent of the universe remains always the same, in *quality* it is gradually becoming degraded, so that the sun himself will in the course of ages grow old and unfit for work, as well as we who write this article and those who read it. The fire will die out. It matters not whether its diameter be 800,000 miles or the half-inch of a tallow candle. We must, however, here pause, otherwise we may

THE SUN.

be led into a train of thought foreign to the object of this paper, which is to look at things from the physical standpoint merely.

5. *Other relations.*—Late researches have pointed out that other very obscure but very interesting relations probably subsist between the head and the various members of our system. In the first place, the sun himself possesses very great molecular delicacy of construction. When we find that sun-spots are variable in amount, and have a period of maximum recurring every ten or eleven years, we are naturally led to associate this with some other phenomenon known to be periodical. This would point at once to planetary positions as somehow connected with spot-frequency, but the length of the spot-period is not yet known with sufficient accuracy to enable us to determine whether it corresponds with any evident planetary period. It would, however, appear, when investigating more closely the behaviour of spots, that they have a tendency, on the average, to break out on that part of the sun's disc which is removing by rotation from the immediate neighbourhood of Venus, and to attain their maximum on that portion of the disc which is farthest away from that planet. Jupiter and Mercury have also, it has been conjectured, a similar action; but that of Venus appears to be more marked, probably because she remains for a longer time closer to the earth, or point of view, than any other planet. It has also been shewn by General Sir Edward Sabine, who has investigated the magnetic state of our own earth, that disturbances in terrestrial magnetism take place to a greater extent in those years which are also the epoch of maximum sun-spots. These magnetic disturbances are again accompanied by displays of the aurora borealis, and by earth-currents making their appearance in our telegraphic wires. We have thus a proof that the earth is so bound to our celestial luminary as to respond to the changes which take place on its surface. Hofrath Schwabe, who has watched the sun for about forty years, imagines that the appearance presented by the planet Jupiter has some relation to sun-spots. In virtue of all these things, we must conclude that there is some relation between the sun and the other members of the system, the nature of which is not yet understood, but the reality of which can hardly be ignored. The whole subject is yet in its infancy, and presents a very fertile field for future research.



STORY OF COLBERT.*

IN the shop of a woollen-draper in Rheims, an ancient provincial town in France, an apprentice boy, of slim personal appearance and handsome intelligent features, stood within the counter, poring over the pages of a well-thumbed volume. His name was Baptiste, or, more properly, Jean Baptiste Colbert.

‘What day of the month is this?’ asked M. Certain, a thin, withered old man, the master of the establishment, looking out from his green leathern arm-chair, at the further extremity of the shop, and addressing Baptiste.

‘The 30th of October 1632,’ replied the youth.

‘Not altogether correct,’ cried the old woollen-draper briskly: ‘you are right as to the day and month, but wrong as to the year. This is 1634, my lad, and that you should know, for you are now fifteen years of age, and should be able to reckon correctly.’

‘And so I should, godfather; and I am sure I am fond enough of ciphering. But my mind was a little engaged with history; and at the moment you spoke, I was’—

‘Oh, I see; reading, as usual. I am afraid you will never be good for anything. But what kind of a book is it? What interests you so much?’

* This truthful and graphic account of the rise of the distinguished Colbert has been translated and partly adapted from the French for the present work. A more suitable title could not be offered to British youth.

STORY OF COLBERT.

‘Why, sir, I am reading the trial of the Duke of Montmorency.’

‘The Duke of Montmorency! What have you to say to him? You think yourself a great man, I suppose, my little fellow, because you have among your ancestors the barons of Gasteril.’

‘Castlehill, godfather: the Castlehills are the common ancestors of the Colberts of Scotland and of France; we have the same coat-of-arms.’

‘Bah! what is that to me? When your mother, Madame Colbert, came to ask me to stand sponsor for you, in compliment to my poor sister, with whom she had been educated, do you think I asked who were your ancestors? Here, at the sign of the Golden Fleece, we do not mind such things. All we have to do with is to sell cloth.’

‘I am quite aware of that, sir,’ modestly answered the young man: ‘I will do my best, I am sure.’

‘Oh, I daresay you will, by and by. However, since you are reading about the Duke of Montmorency, pray tell me what he was tried for.’

‘You know, godfather, when Louis XIII. set out from Paris in 1629, and notwithstanding the extreme cold, went in person to assist the Duke of Nevers, and defend him against the claims which the Duke of Savoy made upon Montferrat’—

‘I declare the little fellow is born a statesman; it is wonderful how he strings it all together,’ said the old woollen-draper, staring up at his godson, whose student-like paleness and expression of profound thought seemed little suited to the softness of his childish features, and the fair silken hair which fell in large curls on his shoulders, rivalling in whiteness those of a young girl.

‘Well, godfather,’ continued Baptiste, his face glowing with just indignation, ‘when the young king had forced the pass of Suze, conquered the army of the Duke of Savoy, pursued the Spaniards of Casal, seized upon Pignerol, and, according to the treaty of Querasque, concluded three years before, put the Duke of Nevers in possession of the duchy of Mantua—when, with the title of *Deliverer of Italy*, which this treaty gave him, he returned with the Duke of Richelieu to the capital, he found there a thousand intrigues. His brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, had revolted; several nobles had joined his party, the principal of whom was the Duke of Montmorency, who had stirred up Lower Languedoc, of which he was governor; but being taken with arms in his hands at the battle of Castelnaudary, he was beheaded by order of the Duke of Richelieu, at Toulouse, on the 30th October 1632.’

‘There was probably in all that a little of the Cardinal de Richelieu’s intrigues and machinations,’* observed the old woollen-

* Cardinal de Richelieu (born 1585—died 1642) was prime-minister of Louis XIII., and although a revengeful, cruel, and unprincipled man, has been reckoned by historians one of the greatest statesmen of the old French monarchy. His successor was Mazarin, who is noticed in the present story.

STORY OF COLBERT.

draper, who, as you may perceive, my young readers, did not dislike politics, although he appeared as if he did.

'Ministers are too arbitrary, too harsh, too despotic,' replied Baptiste with animation; 'and if ever I am prime-minister'—

A roar of laughter from the old woollen-draper, from the apprentices, nay, even from the shop-boy, who was sweeping the front part of the shop, interrupted poor little Baptiste, and made the blood mount to his temples.

'There are no longer any children!—there are no longer any children!' cried Moline laughing.

'If—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er,' repeated the master of the Golden Fleece, drawing out each syllable; 'if—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er!—Do me the favour, sir,' added he, abruptly changing his tone, 'first to be useful in your godfather's shop, and to learn to be thankful for having got into so respectable a means of earning a livelihood.'

'Pardon, my good godfather; I spoke on the spur of the moment, and will endeavour to be all that could be desired of me.'

'Well, well, no more of that. Lay aside your paper, and listen to what I am going to say. Here is an invoice, directed, you see, to M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani, bankers of Paris, Set off now to the banker, and take the invoice to him, and at the same time shew him those cloths, to make hangings for a country-house that he has purchased in the environs. Come here, sir, and remember the prices of these cloths: No. 1 is marked three crowns a yard; No. 2, six crowns; No. 3, eight crowns; and No. 4, fifteen crowns. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony.'

'Am I to make any abatement, godfather?' asked Baptiste, taking a card to which little patterns of cloth were fastened, while Moline the porter loaded himself with several pieces similar to the specimens.

'Abatement!' cried the woollen-draper; 'not a farthing. The full price, and ready money. Not a penny less. Remember.'

Baptiste, followed by Moline with a large parcel of cloth, quickly measured the distance which separated M. Guillaume Certain's shop from the hotel where the banker Cenani was staying.

'You will recollect what your godfather said to you, will you not, Master Baptiste? No. 1, three crowns; No. 2, six crowns; No. 3, eight crowns; and No. 4, fifteen crowns: that's your story. Why, what is the matter with you? What are you thinking of, with your eyes on the ground? One would think you were looking for pins.'

'To tell you the truth, Moline, I do not think my godfather understands me. I wish to be a good shopkeeper, if that is to be my destiny; but surely a man may not be the worse tradesman for taking pleasure in a book, when it does not interfere with his profession.'

STORY OF COLBERT.

'Perhaps so, Baptiste, my good lad; but I am afraid you are a little too much given to forgetfulness; but no doubt you will do well in time. Come, cheer up; here is the hotel.'

'I wish to see M. Cenani,' said Baptiste to the person in attendance.

'The first staircase to the left, Nos. 8 and 10,' said the waiter. And still followed by Moline, the young woollen-draper knocked at the door to which he was directed, and was soon ushered into the presence of a very young man, in a dressing-gown of bright-green damask, richly flowered with red.

'I come from M. Certain,' said Baptiste, bowing.

'Here are several pieces of cloth for your honour to choose from,' added Moline, placing his parcel on a table.

The young banker merely said: 'Let me see,' at the same time carelessly approaching the bales, which Moline eagerly opened; and scarcely looking at them, as he touched each piece successively with the tip of his fingers, he put one aside. 'I like this best; what is its price?'

'Fifteen crowns a yard,' answered Baptiste. Moline made a grimace which neither seller nor buyer remarked.

'Very well,' said the latter; 'it is for making hangings for my study in the country. How many yards are in this piece?'

'Thirty yards,' said Moline, looking at the mark; and if you wish me to measure it before you, sir,'—

'It is quite unnecessary, my friend; I may trust M. Guillaume. Thirty yards at fifteen crowns make four hundred and fifty crowns: here they are;' and going with the same negligent air to an open desk, he took out a handful of money, which he gave to Baptiste.

'Do you know how to write, my little friend?' said he to him.

'Yes, sir,' said the young apprentice, blushing deeply, so mortified was he by the question.

'Well, give me a receipt.'

Baptiste gave the required receipt, and took the money; Moline made up the three other pieces of cloth; both then bowed and retired.

If Baptiste had not been at the time a little absent in mind, he might have remarked, when he reached the street, that his companion was more than usually jocose, and saying as much as that they had had a good day's work.

'Well?' said the master of the Golden Fleece, perceiving, from his station on the step before his door, the approach of his godson and his shop-boy—'well?'

'Here we are at last,' said Moline, throwing his bale upon the counter.

M. Certain opened it eagerly. 'You have made no mistake, I hope,' said he.

'I don't think I have,' said Baptiste quietly.

STORY OF COLBERT.

'But I think you have,' said Moline with a smothered laugh.

'Do you think so, Moline?—do you think so?' cried the old woollen-draper, throwing down the cloth, and examining the tickets. 'But indeed I might have expected this; the little rascal could not do otherwise. But I warn you, if you have made a mistake, you shall go to M. Cenani to ask from him the surplus money, and if he refuse to give it, you shall pay it out of your wages. No. 3 is wanting; No. 3 was worth—it was worth six crowns; no, eight crowns. I am quite puzzled.'

'Eight crowns!—eight crowns!' cried Baptiste, astounded. 'Are you sure of that, godfather?'

'Perhaps you would like to make out, you little rascal, that it was I who made the mistake. I tell you No. 3 was worth eight crowns. I am half dead with fear. I will lay a wager that the fellow sold it for six.'

'On the contrary, godfather, stupid creature that I am, I have sold it for fifteen; but'—

'Fifteen!—fifteen!' interrupted the woollen-draper, trying to disguise the joy which his faltering voice alone would have betrayed—'fifteen! You are a fine boy, a good boy, Baptiste; you will one day be an honour to all your family. Fifteen!—and I, your godfather, congratulate myself on having stood sponsor for you. Fifteen!—I could cry with joy! Fifteen crowns—fifteen crowns for a piece of cloth not worth six! Thirty yards at fifteen crowns instead of eight—seven crowns profit; thirty yards, two hundred and ten crowns—six hundred and thirty francs profit. O happy day!'

'How, godfather; would you take advantage?' said Baptiste, drawing back instead of advancing.

'Oh, perhaps you want to go shares,' said the dishonest shopkeeper. 'Certainly; I agree to let you have something.'

'Godfather,' interrupted young Colbert in his turn, composedly taking up his hat, which he had put down on entering, 'I cannot agree to any such thing'—

'Bravo! bravo! my boy. Well, give it all to me.'

'And I will go,' continued Baptiste, 'to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, to beg of him to excuse me, and to return him the money he overpaid me.'

And with these words, Baptiste, who had, while speaking, been gradually approaching the street door, cleared the threshold with a single bound, and rushed out.

The knavish old woollen-draper stood in amazement and wrath at this unforeseen occurrence; but we shall leave him for a moment, to follow the conscientious lad, who was on his way back to the hotel of M. Cenani.

'Can I see M. Cenani?' asked the breathless Baptiste of the *valet-de-chambre* who had opened the door to him a quarter of an hour before.

STORY OF COLBERT.

'He is not yet gone out; but I do not think you can see him,' replied the valet: 'my master is dressing.'

'I beg of you, sir, to let me see him immediately,' said Baptiste, his looks as urgent as his tones; 'it is absolutely necessary I should see him.'

'I will go and inquire,' said the valet; and he opened his master's door, without perceiving that Baptiste had closely followed him.

'What is the matter, Comtois?' asked the young banker, without turning his head, as, standing before a mirror, he was trying to give a becoming fold to the frill of his shirt.

'It is the young woollen-draper, who was here just now, who wants to see you, sir,' replied the valet.

'He cannot see me now,' said M. Cenani. 'My sword, Comtois.'

'Oh, pray, sir, one word,' said the imploring voice of Baptiste.

'What brings you here? What do you want? I paid you, did I not?' asked the banker, turning angrily to Baptiste. 'I am engaged. Go.'

With that fearlessness which is given by extreme youth, and the consciousness of doing right, Baptiste, instead of retiring, advanced a few steps into the room.

'Sir,' said he to the banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment checked the order already on his lips to turn him out, 'I have imposed upon you—unintentionally, it is true—but that does not make you the less wronged.' Then taking advantage of the extreme surprise caused by this preamble, the young woollen-draper advanced still further into the room, and emptying his pocket on a table, added: 'Here are the four hundred and fifty crowns that you gave me just now; be so good as to return me the receipt I gave you, and to take your money. The cloth that I sold to you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns make only two hundred and forty crowns. You are to get back two hundred and ten crowns. There they are, sir. Will you see if it is right?'

'Are you quite sure of what you say, my friend?' said the banker, quickly changing his tone. 'Are you certain there is no mistake?'

'You have the piece of cloth still, sir; is it not marked No. 3?'

'It is,' said Comtois, going to examine.

'The No. 3 is marked at eight crowns, sir; I do not mistake. I beg your pardon, sir, for having made my way to you in spite of you; but if you had found out the mistake before I did, I should never have forgiven myself. Now, I have the honour of wishing you good-morning.'

'Stay a moment, one moment!' cried Cenani to Baptiste, who was retiring with a bow, and whom this command brought back from the door. 'Do you know that I am no judge of cloth myself?'

'I can assure you, sir, that this piece of cloth is not worth more than eight crowns.'

STORY OF COLBERT.

Smiling at his simplicity, the young banker continued: 'And you might have easily kept this money for yourself.'

'I never thought of that, sir,' replied the young apprentice with artless simplicity.

'But if you had thought of it?' again inquired the elegant Parisian.

'It was quite impossible, sir, that such an idea could ever have come into my head. You might as well ask me if I had thought of carrying off all that you have here;' and a smile, as if at the absurdity of the idea, lighted up the ingenuous countenance of the boy.

'Suppose I were to make you a present of this money that you have returned to me with such admirable integrity?'

'What right have I to it, sir? and why should you give it to me? I would not take it, sir,' said Baptiste without hesitation.

'You are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow,' said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking him by the hand—'you are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow,' repeated he. 'What is your name?'

'Jean Baptiste Colbert, at your service,' replied Baptiste, blushing at this condescension.

'And how old are you, Baptiste?'

'Fifteen, sir.'

'Colbert, Colbert,' repeated M. Cenani, as if endeavouring to recall something to his memory. 'Is it possible that you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?'

'The barons of Castlehill are the common ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir.'

'And how comes it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family, is a woollen-draper?'

'My father is not a woollen-draper, sir; but he is very poor; and it is to relieve the family of the burden of my support that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain.'

'Poor little fellow; so much artlessness, integrity, and amiability, and so unfortunate! What a pity!—what a pity!'

'Your carriage is ready, sir,' said the *valet-de-chambre*, reappearing.

The young banker let go the hand of the boy with regret; he seemed divided between the wish of making him accept the sum still lying upon the table, and the fear of again calling up the blush of mortification to that face of such noble, yet childlike beauty. The latter feeling undoubtedly prevailed, for he contented himself with saying: 'We shall meet again, Baptiste; we shall meet again.' And with gestures and looks of kindness, he dismissed him.

Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was bounding into the street, when he was seized by the collar with a powerful and threatening grasp. It was that of his enraged master, who had followed him, and now abused him in a frantic manner for

STORY OF COLBERT.

having returned the money. All remonstrances from poor Baptiste were in vain. M. Certain was, on the whole, not a bad man ; but he was greedy, and had a hasty temper, and these two evil qualities led him into a momentary and sinful forgetfulness of his duty.

‘Get from my sight and from my employment,’ said he in answer to Baptiste’s explanations. ‘Go, I say, and follow the advice that I now give you—it is my last. Never come within reach of either my arm or my tongue. There is my blessing for you ; take it, and good-bye to you.’

Much as Baptiste had expected his godfather’s rage, and fully as he was prepared for it, the idea of his dismissing him had never entered his head ; nevertheless he did not repent his conduct, feeling that, in the circumstances, he had had no alternative. Bowing his head to his sponsor’s unchristianlike farewell, Baptiste slowly bent his steps to his father’s house.

It was seven o’clock in the evening, and M. Colbert was already seated at supper with his wife and youngest son, a child of six years of age, when the parlour-door opened, and Baptiste appeared. A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both father and mother, alarmed by the confused and sorrowful air of the boy. ‘What is the matter? Why have you left the shop on a week-day? Is your godfather ill? Or are you—— Speak! What is the matter?’

These questions from both father and mother followed each other so rapidly, that the young apprentice could not find a moment to answer them ; but a sigh having followed the last word, he took advantage of it. ‘I have been dismissed by M. Certain,’ said Baptiste.

‘You have been about some folly then, sir,’ said M. Colbert, for a moment losing the parent in the severe censor.

‘I will leave it to you to decide, father,’ replied Baptiste modestly.

Madame Colbert’s anxiety deprived her of utterance.

‘What do you mean?’ demanded M. Colbert.

‘With your permission, my dear father, I will relate to you all that occurred to-day, and then you can tell me if I have done wrong : but I do not think I have ; for, notwithstanding the grief that I feel in appearing before you, after being dismissed, yet, if it were to do over again, I would act as I have done.’

‘Go on,’ said his father, while his mother looked encouragingly at him, and his little brother blew kisses to him. Baptiste related all that you already know, my young readers ; he did so simply and candidly, without a word of exaggeration or of reproach ; nay, the amiable boy seemed to seek palliations for his godfather’s conduct, which, though repugnant to his every feeling, he endeavoured to excuse. ‘My godfather is so fond of money,’ said he, ‘and then, as a woollen-draper, perhaps he did not understand my conduct. To sell a little over the value, or a great deal, is the same thing to him,

STORY OF COLBERT.

perhaps. If one may charge twopence profit on the yard without being called a rogue, and punished as such, why may not one as well charge a hundred francs, if one can? What do you say, father? It is very much to be regretted, but so it is.'

'Come and embrace me, my son,' said M. Colbert, extending his arms to Baptiste, who threw himself into them—'come; you are indeed my son: you have behaved well, and have my full approbation.'

'Yes, you have indeed behaved well, my beloved Baptiste,' added Madame Colbert, also holding out her arms to her son; 'you have done right. Sit down here near me; you must be hungry! You shall never return to that man, I promise you.'

'I cannot remain a burden to you, however,' observed Baptiste, seating himself by his mother's side.

'We will think of that to-morrow,' replied M. Colbert; 'to-day we will only think how we can best entertain the welcome guest that God has ordered that the woollen-draper should send us.'

'Sir,' said the one solitary servant of the house, quietly opening the parlour-door, 'a gentleman in a post-chaise wants to speak to you.'

'His name, Janon?'

'He says that as you do not know him, it is useless to tell his name; but he is very anxious to see you.'

'And I have no reason to refuse to receive him, stranger though he be: let him walk in, Janon,' said M. Colbert, rising from table to meet the visitor.

At the first glance of the stranger, as he entered with all the Parisian air of fashion which distinguished him, Baptiste coloured deeply.

'Sir,' said the stranger, bowing to Baptiste's father, and stopping to bend almost to the ground before Madame Colbert, 'I beg a thousand pardons for having thus forced my entrance; but I leave to-morrow, and the business which brings me to you would not admit of delay. I am M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani of Paris.'

'In what can I serve you, sir?' asked M. Colbert, offering a chair to the stranger, who seated himself.

'This youth is your son, is he not, sir?' inquired he, pointing to Baptiste, who blushed still more deeply.

'Yes, sir, thank God.'

'You have cause to thank God, sir: this child acted towards me this morning in a manner truly noble.'

'Only as he ought, sir—only as he ought,' said Madame Colbert hastily; fearing, with maternal anxiety, that her son might be rendered proud of having done his duty.

'Nobly, madame. I see that you know the history; but as you have probably heard it from your son, his modesty has undoubtedly

STORY OF COLBERT.

left you ignorant of that which has most delighted me. I went to M. Guillaume's for a second piece of cloth, and was informed of all the details by the shop-boy. Your admirable child, madame, refused to divide with his master the overcharge on the cloth.'

'Excellent, excellent! Quite right, quite right! O my dear, dear boy!' said Madame Colbert with happy pride, embracing Baptiste, who stammered—

'It would not have been honest.'

M. Colbert looked upon his son with all a father's delighted approval.

'You are aware, sir,' said he, addressing the banker, 'that on account of his conduct, a conduct which makes a father's heart palpitate with joy, my son has been dismissed from M. Guillaume's.'

'I know it, sir; the shop-boy told me so; and on that account I determined to come here, and to ask you, since you have already suffered your child to enter into trade, if it would suit you to place him, honest and honourable as he is, in our banking-house, where, in a larger sphere, he must make his fortune? I tell you, madame, your child will make his fortune.'

'God bless you, sir,' said Madame Colbert with emotion.

Baptiste, who had hitherto listened in silence, and who now only began to understand M. Cénani's intention, cried suddenly: 'If to make a fortune I am to leave my father and mother, I must decline it, sir.'

'But I do not decline it for you, Baptiste,' said his father tenderly but seriously. 'We are very poor, my son; and I should think myself culpable did I bury a mind like yours in the narrow and confined sphere in which I move. Since this gentleman has appreciated you so far as to come to seek you here, he deserves my fullest confidence. I give him to you, sir; I intrust to you the flower of my family. Oh, in that great city, whither you are about to take him, watch over him—I will not say like a father, you are too young, but like a brother. And you, Baptiste, go with this gentleman; in all that concerns the business of your calling, listen to his advice, and follow it; but when the principles of integrity, of honour, and of virtue are involved, take counsel but of your own heart.'

Baptiste wept while he listened to his father, but he no longer made any objection; the desire to relieve his parents, and to be useful to his family, soon dried his tears; nevertheless, the adieus were sorrowful.

Baptiste's young heart was wrung at the thought of leaving that home whose every corner recalled to his mind some sport of his childhood, or some fond caress of his parents; whose every article of furniture was connected with some sweet and tender association. Even down to old Janon, there was nothing that did not bring with it a regret.

Soon, however—thanks to the natural buoyancy of his age, and

STORY OF COLBERT.

also to the change of scene and place—Baptiste felt a new life spring up within him, as he was whirled along in a comfortable carriage, with a young and cheerful companion.

Let us follow him to Paris, my young readers, and see in what manner the little woollen-draper climbed, step by step, to the pinnacle of earthly greatness and glory.

Having arrived in Paris, young Colbert found himself in a new world. All was brilliant and delightful. But though highly interested with all that he saw, he had the good sense to remember that he must, to enjoy what surrounded him, diligently pursue the line of duty chalked out by his kind-hearted employer. With ears and eyes open to all he heard and saw, he still closely adhered to his occupation as a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs Cenani and Mazerani. By this diligence and his general skill, he speedily rose in estimation. No accounts baffled his scrutiny. He mastered the details of his profession while still a youth; and on attaining manhood, he might have been pronounced a thorough financier. The most important duties were now intrusted to him; and at length he obtained the great object of his ambition, the office of traveller for the firm.

The taste for the arts and sciences which he possessed was still more developed in his travels. He made the circuit of all the French provinces; and commerce being his principal study, he was already devising means to render it flourishing. It was while on these journeys that he formed those great projects, the execution of which, in later years, adorned his ministry. In 1648, when he was about thirty, Saint-Pouage, his near relation, placed him with his brother-in-law, Letellier, then Secretary of State, by whom he was introduced to Cardinal Mazarin, prime-minister of Anne of Austria, regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV. At this period, commenced the factious intrigues which marked the regency of Anne. Mazarin, who had more penetration into character than any other man of his time, understood and appreciated the young and studious Colbert. He begged him of Letellier, who yielded him to him. Mazarin created him privy-councillor, and associated him with himself in all public business. Having proved his zeal in the wars of the Fronde in 1649 and 1650, he soon admitted him into his full confidence. At this epoch, Mazarin, pursued by public hatred, and an object of distrust and dislike to the highest in the kingdom, was obliged to retire to Cologne. Colbert was about to marry Marie, the daughter of Jacques Charron, Baron de Menars. He remained at Paris as comptroller of the cardinal's household, and the secret agent of his correspondence with the queen-regent. He it was who was the bearer of the minister's despatches to that princess, and who received hers in return for the minister. He acquitted himself of this delicate commission in a manner which did equal honour to his head and heart, his prudence being only equalled by his zeal; and

STORY OF COLBERT.

when Mazarin returned to France, he enabled him to be useful to his family.

Colbert's father was not forgotten by his son ; he was created a baron, and placed in a situation suitable to his abilities. His mother's father, Henri Passort, was made privy-councillor. The latter afterwards drew up that famous civil code known under the name of the code of 1667. To one of his brothers he gave several appointments ; procured a lieutenancy in the regiment of Navarre for the second ; caused the third to be appointed director of sea-prizes ; and for his fourth brother, who was an abbé, he obtained a benefice worth six thousand livres. Thus Colbert, now a great man at court, shewed himself not unmindful of his relatives, and these were worthy of his esteem. The following extract from a letter written by Colbert to his patron the cardinal, proves also that he had not obliged one who was ungrateful for his favours :

'I entreat,' he says, 'that your Highness will not think me insensible to the many favours that you have lavished on me and my family, and that, by your permitting a public acknowledgment of them, I may be allowed to offer the only kind of return for them it is in my power to make.'

Colbert, created Marquis de Croissy, continued to give such proofs of rare merit and conscientiousness in all affairs confided to him by the cardinal, that the latter, when dying, said to Louis XIV. : 'I owe everything to you, sire ; but I think that I acquit myself in some degree to your majesty in giving you Colbert.'

Louis XIV. appreciated Colbert's merit so highly, that in 1661 he created him comptroller-general of finance. At this era, France carried on no regular trade but that of some of its provinces with the capital, and even this trade was confined to the produce of the soil. France was still ignorant of her own resources and the mine of wealth that national industry can open. The principal roads were impassable ; Colbert had them repaired, and also opened new ones. The junction of the two seas by which France is bounded, had before been proposed under Louis XIII. ; Colbert had it put into execution by Riquet. He projected the Canal de Bourgogne, and established a general insurance-office for the benefit of maritime towns. He founded a chamber of commerce, where the most skilful merchants were called upon to discuss the sources of national prosperity ; and not trusting to his own judgment, he addressed himself to every European court for information, not merely as to the branches of commerce, but as to the means of making that commerce flourishing. By a skilful stroke of policy, he taught the nobility that trade might be engaged in without losing caste. Nantes, St Malo, and Bordeaux are still inhabited by merchants who belong to the noblest families of their respective provinces. At this period, the English and Dutch divided between them the empire of the sea. *Colbert*, who had learned how much power lay in the trade between

STORY OF COLBERT.

the two worlds, disputed this empire with them. Dunkirk was in the possession of the English ; he redeemed it, in 1662, from Charles II. at an expense of five million livres. The two India companies were established ; a colony was sent out from Rochelle to people Cayenne ; a second took possession of Canada, and laid the foundation of Quebec ; a third settled in Madagascar ; the same month, sixty-five large ships sailed from St Malo. The seas were infested by the corsairs of Algiers, of Tunis, and of Tripoli ; the French vessels pursued the pirates, and stormed their strongholds, so that they could never afterwards see the French flag without terror. The harbours of Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort were opened, and those of Havre and Dunkirk fortified. Naval schools were established ; and more than a hundred ships-of-the-line, with sixty thousand sailors, commanded by D'Estrée, Tourville, Jean-Bart, and Forbin, gave to the French flag, hitherto unknown upon the seas, a brilliant triumph.

It was this able minister who established glass-works in the Faubourg St Antoine, which article had previously been purchased in Venice at enormous prices. In 1667, he founded, in another part of Paris, the celebrated Gobelins manufactory—an establishment in which was produced the most beautiful tapestries, and which remains till this day as one of the greatest wonders in the French metropolis.

In short, you cannot go a small distance in Paris without finding a trace of the great Colbert. The observatory, the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, laid out by Lenôtre, the triumphal-arch of St Martin's Gate, that of the Rue St Denis, that benevolent and noble institution, the Hôtel of the Invalids, many of the quays and boulevards, and several other things which we forget, attest the genius which shed such brilliancy and glory upon the age of Louis XIV. ; and it is only unfortunate that that monarch, by his desire for military conquest, failed to realise for France the solid benefits of Colbert's peaceful policy. Nothing was beyond the range of this great and noble intellect—not even agriculture. Remembering the axiom of Sully, the friend and minister of Henri IV.—'Pasturage and tillage are the two nurses of the state'—he encouraged the breeding of cattle, and rendered land more easy of acquisition.

In the midst of so many labours, the fine arts, the fair dream of his early years, were not forgotten. In 1664, he founded the Academy of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, and the French Academy at Rome ; and was also greatly instrumental in the establishment of the Academy of Science ; and that of Inscriptions took its rise from an assembly held in his own house, for the purpose of furnishing designs and devices for the king's medals.

It was not until the 6th September 1683 that Colbert, who might have said with Corneille, 'I owe all my renown to myself,' terminated, at the age of sixty-four, a career no less useful than brilliant.

HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS.

He left nine children, six sons and three daughters. His three daughters married the dukes of Chevereux, Aignau, and Mortemar. Such was the end of the illustrious Colbert, once a woollen-draper's apprentice, and whose first step to distinction was *an act of honour and honesty*.

HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS.

IN walking through London, we may occasionally observe a crowd of persons collected round a large cage, containing a variety of animals usually considered as opposite and irreconcilable in their natures—such as cats, pigeons, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, owls, canary birds, and other small creatures. The men who exhibit these collections of animals call them *Happy Families*, from the perfectly good temper and joyous happiness in which they appear to dwell together.

What is it that produces such a harmony among different natures? *Kindness*. The animals, individually, are treated with great kindness by their proprietors, and trained, by the prospect of little rewards, to conduct themselves meekly towards each other. By this mode of treatment, birds may be trained to perform very remarkable feats; and we shall mention a case in which a boy was enabled to excite in a strong degree the affections of these animals.

Francesco Michelo was the only son of a carpenter, who resided at Tempio, a town in the island of Sardinia; he had two sisters younger than himself, and had only attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke out in the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and consumed the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were left destitute, and forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the urgent necessities of each succeeding day.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindness of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in want before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with laths, and with some little difficulty, a cage of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was skilful at the task, and of great activity, it was not long before he became tolerably successful: he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with *chaffinches*, linnets, black-birds, wrens, ring-doves, and pigeons.

HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS.

Every week Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sussari, and generally disposed of those which were most attractive and beautiful.

The object of their desires was to be able to support their helpless parent ; but still, all the assistance they were able to procure for her was far from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains ; necessity is the mother of invention, and he meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, whom he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all manner of tricks with her ; and never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions.

He went even further : for, not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part : and after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep : the cage was then opened, and the little tricky birds rushed out upon her, and endeavoured to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks ; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction ; the birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them at the fair of Sussari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bound when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers.

Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally ; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months.

This ingenious boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became exceedingly attached to him. This partridge, which he called Rosoletta, on one occasion brought back to him a beautiful goldfinch, that had escaped from its cage, and was lost in an

HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS.

adjoining garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, Rosoletta, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her, along the top of the linden-trees towards home. Rosoletta led the way by little and little before him, and at length getting him home, seated him in apparent disgrace in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph for her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very common in the southern countries of Europe; but not having sufficient discrimination to separate those which are nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of them to excess, and died in a few days, along with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed! some lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all taking scarcely any nourishment.

The death of Francesco shewed in a remarkable manner what affections may be excited in animals by a course of gentle treatment. Francesco's birds appeared to be sensible of the loss of a benefactor; but none of his feathered favourites manifested on his decease such real and disconsolate grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his interment she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here she died, about four months after the death of her beloved master.





THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

I.

ON a September afternoon in the year 1705, a funeral of one of the poor cottagers of the little village of Anthenay, in Champagne, a district in the north-east of France, wound its way to the cemetery. The curé and five young children followed the melancholy procession: the eldest was about ten years of age, and the only one of the little family who wept not; but the look of anguish with which he gazed on the coffin which contained the remains of his father, told how much he suffered.

'Valentine,' said the curé to him, ceasing for a while to chant the service for the dead, and not comprehending the boy's silence, 'why do you not weep? Did you not love your father?'

The boy raised his eyes with a look in which grief was so plainly written, that the good man immediately added: 'Poor child! you cannot weep—it is indeed sad.'

Wishing, at all risks, to cause those tears which, in flowing, might soothe the fevered mind of the boy, he continued: 'He was a good father to you, though very poor; and his last

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

moments must have been embittered at the thought of leaving a wife and five children without means of support. Is it not true, Valentine ?'

The boy, making a painful effort to speak, replied : ' God is good, sir : he concealed the truth from my mother, who did not suppose that he was dying.'

The curé, without making any further observation, resumed the chant, and Valentine again fell into a gloomy and thoughtful silence. When the body had been committed to the earth, and the curé concluded the service, the little cortège prepared to depart. It was then that Valentine found relief in tears, and throwing himself on his knees, exclaimed : ' My father ! my father !'

The curé beckoned to the peasants to remove the other children, and, kneeling by the side of Valentine, he said in a tone of commiseration : ' Pray for comfort, my son : God is merciful.'

Having waited until he perceived the boy getting more composed, he added : ' It is time to return home. Come, Valentine, let us be going.'

Without making any remark, for there is in grief a passiveness to the will of others, Valentine rose, and walking side by side, they quitted the cemetery. Not far from the place of repose was an aged elm, at the foot of which a raised bank had existed for centuries. Valentine seated himself on it ; and seeing that the curé regarded his movements with surprise, he said to him : ' Don't think of me, sir, but continue on your way home.'

' And why will you not come with me ?' asked the curé.

' Where would you have me go, sir ? Home ?—why should I go there ? My father has left nothing—nothing : our neighbour Maclaire this morning sent my mother a loaf of bread ; she has to-day at least something to eat.'

' And are the sufferings of the family, then, so very great, that your mother has not sufficient food ?'

' I would rather not have spoken of it, sir, for my mother would starve rather than make a complaint. Almost everything she gets she gives to her children ; and she certainly hurts herself for their sake. This morning my sister found her lying on the ground in a kind of faint, from hunger ; and as she was not able to raise her, she put a cloth over her, and fed her with a little warm milk till she recovered. Oh my poor, poor mother !' And here the fulness of Valentine's heart overcame him, and he burst into tears.

' Come, cheer up, cheer up, Valentine,' said the curé ; ' I will, as is my duty, see about something being done for your mother. In the meanwhile, as you say she has something to eat, there is no immediate need for my calling ; and as there does not seem to be any danger of your not getting a share of food, had you not better go home ?'

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

'No, sir, I should prefer not to go back just at present. I am not hungry.'

'Not at present, perhaps ; but in an hour or two you will be so, Valentine.'

'What would you have me do, sir ? I am accustomed to suffering. I will suffer.'

'But your mother will be uneasy at not seeing you return.'

'It is not the first time that I have been absent, sir.'

'And always from the same motive ?' asked the curé, greatly moved ; 'always to leave your portion to be divided amongst the family ?'

'Always, sir !' replied Valentine artlessly.

'Oh, why am I myself so poor ?' exclaimed the good man ; and taking, almost with a degree of respect, the hand of the poor boy, whose tattered clothes scarcely screened him from the weather, he added : 'Noble and generous child, come share with me my dinner to-day : it is frugal and simple, as the repast of a poor curate ought to be, who is poorer than the poorest of his parishioners ; but it will be sufficient for us both. Come, and we shall afterwards devise as to the best means of relieving you. Not to eat would be to shorten your days, and that would be against Providence—it would be a sin, Valentine.'

'Oh, sir, I do not look for much ; I ask but the means of earning a livelihood,' said Valentine, kissing the hand of the curé, who forced him to rise and accompany him.

In passing by the abode of Maclare, one of the richest farmers of Anthenay—he who had that morning sent the loaf of bread to the poor widow—they perceived him seated before the door of his cottage, busily engaged fastening a hoop on a cask.

'Good-day, reverend sir,' said Maclare, raising his cap to the curé. 'How is your mother, Valentine ? Poor woman !'

'Good-day, Maclare,' said the curé, while a sigh was the only reply Valentine gave. 'How is it that for the last month your son has not come either to school or catechism ?'

'You are very good, reverend sir, and I shall tell you the reason of his absence : it is that our turkeys are obliged to be taken care of, and the boy has been occupied in minding them.'

'You ought to get a servant to look after the turkeys, and send your boy to school to continue his studies.'

'Nay, I am not so rich, sir, as people say : twenty-four francs a year, which I give you to educate my son, besides a fagot each week, and a loaf of bread each month—the bread, I am sure, you do not regard much, for you give it to the most necessitous of your parishioners ; but still it is so much out of my pocket ; and as to get a servant to take care of my turkeys, I could not afford it—what purse in France could support that ?'

'There is a way in which you may arrange all this, Maclare. Do you wish to know it ?'

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

'Provided that you do not ruin me, reverend sir, I ask no better ; but let me hear your plan.'

'All that you would give for educating your son, you are to give to Valentine for taking care of your turkeys, and I shall educate your son without charge. Do you agree to it?'

'Do I agree to it ! You ask me do I agree to it, sir ? to have my son educated and my turkeys taken care of also at the same price ! Certainly I do ; and willingly, I assure you.'

'It is a bargain then, Valentine,' said the curé, turning towards young Jameray. 'How do you like the arrangement?'

'Oh, you have saved my life, sir !' said Valentine with emotion. 'My mother shall now have something to eat.'

'And when the turkeys have gone to roost,' said the curé, still addressing Valentine, 'with the permission of Maclare, you will come to the presbytery and repeat your catechism ; for it would not be right that you should forget what you have already learned.'

'You are a good man, sir !' exclaimed the child in a tone of thankfulness.

'It is but right that I should look after my flock,' said the curé smiling.

'Oh, my good sir !' said Maclare, 'if Valentine has such anxiety about my turkeys, there is no fear but they will be well tended.'

II.

'What, Valentine ! is it because you are not hungry that you have not eaten your supper ?' said Maclare, perceiving that the boy had hidden on a shelf the portion of bread and cheese which his wife had given him for supper.

'Pardon me, master,' replied Valentine, confused at being detected ; 'but'——

'I see that you do not like cheese,' replied the farmer roughly ; 'for a care-taker of turkeys, you are very particular.'

'Oh, master,' said Valentine, getting more and more confused, 'you must not believe'——

'What one sees—is that it?' said the wife. 'I did not wish to be the first to make an observation ; but since my goodman has seen you, why, then, I must speak. Valentine is squeamish, and requires to be pampered. It is no use to tell me that you are not so, Valentine ! During the two years that you have been in our service, every time I gave you for your supper, instead of soup, either cheese, bacon, or butter, I have seen you lay it aside—to feed your turkeys, I think. I do not wish to say more, Valentine ; but as it is so much loss to me, since you did not like cheese, you might have returned it to me, and eaten dry bread.'

'But I do like it, mistress ; and I pray you not to mistake me—do not be angry with me. I wish to eat it ; but'——

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

And Valentine, willing to prove what he had said to be true, mounted on a chair to reach the shelf where he had placed the remains of his supper; but, in his anxiety to do so, the chair fell, bringing the boy with it.

'There; you have nearly broken your neck! I do not wish you to be standing on the chairs,' said the farmer's wife petulantly. 'Stay, and I shall give you the cheese myself.'

Speaking thus, she put her hand upon the shelf, and took the first thing she found—it was an apple.

'Well, well, who could have placed this here?' Not attaching much importance to it, she a second time put up her hand, and brought down a piece of bacon. 'I wonder what next! The shelf is surely bewitched!' But her astonishment was indeed great when, reaching up for the third time, she seized the leg of a boiled fowl, and, turning her eyes towards Valentine, she saw that he was weeping.

'Oh mother, mother!' cried he in a voice broken by sobs.

'Will you tell me what this means?' said she, still searching on the shelf. 'I am not much surprised at your dislike to the cheese or the bacon, but this fowl—such a nice piece of a pullet as this—if you had stolen these things to eat, I should say nothing; but to steal for the sole purpose of concealing them! Again—another apple, some more cheese, and a pot of butter, and crusts upon crusts: as sure as my name is Jacqueline, here are provisions enough to feed a regiment!'

'Steal!' repeated Valentine, his grief changed into indignation; 'and do you suppose I stole these things, mistress?'

'They were not placed on the shelf without hands,' observed Maclare, looking at Valentine with severity.

'I placed them there,' said Valentine.

'Why did you place them there?' asked Jacqueline.

'I will tell you all, mistress,' said Valentine, 'lest you should suppose that I have acted wrong.'

'That is right, my boy; be frank,' said Maclare; 'to avow a fault is half the pardon.'

'Alas, master,' said Valentine, throwing a wistful glance at the provisions which Jacqueline had placed on the table after taking them from the shelf, 'if you suppose that I do not like the cheese, nor the fowl, nor the butter, but particularly the fowl, you are indeed mistaken; but if you had a mother and four brothers who were hungry, and who had but a morsel of dry bread to eat each day, would you not have a bad heart if you could refuse to share these good and nourishing things with them? Well, it is to give them to my mother that I have kept them out of my own supper.'

'Poor child! And so you have deprived yourself of your supper to give it to your mother?'

'Oh, it was no hardship, Madame Jacqueline, if you knew how happy and contented I felt when I placed something additional on

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

the shelf. "This bacon will be for my mother," I said, "and this apple will be a treat to Paul; and then James, who loves butter, will have some on his bread;" then, when the Sunday comes—for, as you wished me not to go out during the week, I never do, and I never see them but on Sunday—when you are gone to the dance, and I am left alone, how happy I feel when I take all that I have saved during the week, and, putting them in a basket, return home. Oh to see the joy that my coming always brings! and then they all crowd around me. "What have you brought, Valentine? Oh how happy you must be to regale yourself all day on good things like these!" The poor little fellows do not know how they have been obtained, and I often wish I could carry them more. My mother sometimes—my poor mother!—says to me: "Are you not depriving yourself to give to us, Valentine?" but I say: "No, mother, indeed I am not;" and I tell truth.

'You are a brave fellow, Valentine,' said Maclare, taking the boy's two hands in his; 'you are a good son and a kind brother, and be assured that God will love you for it. But I do not wish that you should lose your supper, do you understand? at your age it is right to eat. You must eat to get strong, and grow big. Wife, you can add the remainder of the turkey we had for dinner to the provisions for the poor widow; and, do you hear, you may as well give a crock of butter to Valentine to take with him; and, wife, the weather is cold enough to freeze a wolf, and this child must not suffer: you know the vest which I have not worn this long time—give it to him, and his mother can alter it for him.'

'Is it the red vest, Maclare?' asked Jacqueline, who had already placed the things indicated by her husband amongst Valentine's provisions.

'The red vest!—to frighten my turkeys! No, no; the blue one,' said Maclare.

'Those are all stories, are they not, master, that red will frighten turkeys?' asked Valentine, all his good-humour returning.

'Stories! Certainly not, my boy.'

'It is true, then. Explain that to me, master.'

'He is a queer child,' said Jacqueline, laughing; 'he wishes to have everything explained to him—he must know the why and wherefore of whatever he sees. This summer he destroyed my best apple-toaster that he might examine the heavens, and yesterday he thought to poison himself with some herbs which he had boiled to find out their virtue. Red frightens turkeys because it frightens them: there is no other cause than that.'

'But that is not a reason, Dame Jacqueline; *why* are they afraid of red?'

'You do not understand that my wife wishes to say that they are afraid of red—therefore they are afraid,' said Maclare. 'Why, there is no other reason: be satisfied with our explanation.'

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

'But answer me one question—only one, master : when a person is afraid of anything—when you are afraid—you know why.'

'That is because I am a man, and I have reason, Valentine ; but the turkeys are afraid without knowing why.'

'Tis very strange,' said Valentine, 'not to know why turkeys have such a fear of red ; but,' added he, speaking to himself, 'I shall know before long, no matter what master says.'

The next morning his thoughts were still engaged in ruminating on the previous evening's conversation ; and he never ceased until he had procured a piece of red cloth, which he hid inside his coat ; then driving the turkeys before him, he reached the border of the pond where it was usual for him to remain with them each day. Waiting until the hour had arrived at which the inhabitants of Anthenay went to chapel, leaving him at liberty to make his experiments without being perceived, he commenced his operations. He chose the finest of the turkeys, and having attached the piece of red cloth to its neck, he let go the bird, and, quietly folding his arms, watched the result.

In an instant the turkey puffed himself up, regarding with terror the red colour mingled with his feathers, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts to disengage himself from the annoyance, became furious. Valentine was delighted at these essays ; but his joy was soon over. After struggling for some time with the piece of cloth, and finding that the annoyance was not to be removed in this manner, the silly turkey, believing that by flying he could escape the enemy, spread its wings, and hurried away ; Valentine following its movements with anxiety. The turkey continued flying ; but, unused to such fatigue, soon fell : the boy ran and took it up—it was dead !

Valentine then felt all the danger of his experiment. It was the most beautiful turkey of the entire flock. What would Maclare say, or what excuse could he give him ? Alas ! he had not to wait long in suspense. As he returned, sad and pensive, with the dead bird in his hand to where the remainder of the flock were feeding, he met his master.

'My turkey !' exclaimed Maclare ; and seeing the piece of red cloth around the neck of the fowl, he added in anger : 'Mischievous urchin ! you have been again trying your experiments ; but as I have no idea of being any longer the victim of such a thirst for knowledge, get away with you, and never let me see you again.'

So saying, he snatched the turkey from Valentine, and pointing to the road, made a sign which could not be misunderstood, and walked towards his cottage.

III.

It was in the year 1707, at the commencement of one of the severest winters on record ; and notwithstanding the sharp frost,

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

and the snow which commenced to fall, Valentine remained motionless by the side of the pond where his master had left him.

'Come, exert yourself, Valentine!' said he at length, speaking to himself, after a burst of grief at the thought of his forlorn situation. 'But where shall I go? To whom shall I present myself? Who will receive me, now that the farmer Maclare has turned me away? What shall I say to my poor mother? Who will now give her anything to eat? And the curé—the good curé—who always defended me when I was in trouble? I am an unfortunate; and I have deserved it all. I did not think any harm would come of my experiment. I have done wrong, and must suffer for it—and all my weeping will not restore the turkey. Anthenay is not the only village in France! God did not desert me when my poor father died, and when I thought I was lost: perhaps he will not abandon me now: where there are villages there will be farmers—where there are farmers there will be turkeys—and where there are turkeys a keeper will be required.'

Animated by this reflection, Valentine took the road lying before him, and without looking back, or turning either to the right hand or the left, quitted his natal village.

Alas! how much suffering would he have been saved had he but known that the farmer, ere he reached home, had regretted the haste with which he had dismissed the poor boy, and had gone in pursuit of him—had he but known that his mistress, Dame Jacqueline, had gone in search of him to his mother's, not forgetting to take the week's provisions with her; and so certain was she that he would seek his friends, that she had left injunctions to send him immediately to her cottage, where everything would be forgiven. But Providence, without doubt, inspired the boy to take the route he did.

After travelling some days, passing through several villages and hamlets, and in each offering his services, and being always refused, as the night closed he found himself on the road leading to the province of Brie. He was attacked with violent spasms in the head, and his limbs becoming almost stiff with the cold, he knocked at the first door he came to. It was that of a poor farmer whose wife had died a year previously, and who earned a scanty subsistence by cultivating a little plot of ground, and feeding some sheep, a number of which had been destroyed by the frost.

'For charity, sir,' said Valentine in a feeble voice, his body nearly bent double, and shivering, 'allow me to remain a short time in your cottage to rest and warm myself, for I am nearly frozen. Oh! I suffer so much, I believe that I am dying.'

He could say no more, and fell insensible at the feet of the farmer, who for a moment appeared uncertain how to act.

'Poor child!' said he, raising him, 'you are indeed a wretched object; but no matter; it shall not be said that old Michael left an *unfortunate* being to perish at his door.' As Valentine had not the

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

power to raise himself, the old farmer took him in his arms into the stable where he kept his sheep, and laying him down amongst the heat of the peaceful animals, soon restored his frozen limbs. The next morning when the farmer rose, he went to look after the poor boy, but was shocked at the state in which he found him. On examination, he perceived that the boy was attacked with the malady which had caused his wife's death the previous year.

'Poor boy!' said he, 'you have the small-pox, and I know not how to serve you. What can I give you; I that have scarcely enough to eat myself? These taxes and imposts have ruined me; they have taken all that I possessed, even the very beasts that assisted me in tilling my ground. If the cottage were my own, that too would have been taken, but it belongs to the proprietor of the farm. But no matter; I shall do what I can—God will take pity on me.'

The eyes of the sick boy spoke the thanks which his tongue could not, and Michael, leaving him for a short time, soon returned with a bundle of old linen. Having taken off the clothes which Valentine wore, he enveloped him in the linen, and collecting a quantity of the manure which lay about the stable, he placed Valentine in the centre, and completely covered his body with it. Believing that he left him to die in peace, the farmer sought his daily occupations.

Morning and evening he visited the child, each time expecting to find him a corpse; but the manure, by causing copious perspiration, had brought the eruption to the exterior, with no greater injury than a number of blotches, which ever after left their indelible marks on his body. Though Valentine escaped from the effects of the frost and sickness, he ran a great risk of dying of hunger.

One morning the farmer, with tears in his eyes, told Valentine that even this addition, little as it was, surpassed his means.

'Then I have no other hope but to die!' said Valentine in a mournful voice, and throwing a look of desolation upon the filthy covering about him.

'Though I am not able to give you food,' said the farmer, 'there are others who, I am sure, will do so. The curé, who lives a few miles from this place, is a good and charitable man, and I have no doubt will consent to receive you.'

Freeing him from his unique covering, and wrapping wisp of hay around his limbs, he placed him on an ass, and taking care that he should not fall off through weakness, led him to the presbytery. He was there placed in bed, and by the attention of the curé was soon restored to health. Unhappily, the good man was not rich; and when he found Valentine completely recovered, he gave him to understand that he wished him to go, and leave his place to be occupied by others who were even more unfortunate than he.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

IV.

Valentine recommenced his journey, going from door to door asking for work, or at least a morsel of bread. Alas! both his demands were alike unheeded: the misery which reigned throughout the entire province was frightful. At length a farmer of the village of Clesentine offered him the care of his flocks, which Valentine at once accepted. Possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, idleness did not suit him; and an anxious wish to be instructed, induced him, at the end of two years, to seek other employment. Accident conducted him to the farm of La Rochette, near Deneuvre, at the foot of the Vosges mountains, which was inhabited by a hermit or friar named Palemon.

'My father,' said Valentine, 'you are alone; receive me, and I will assist you in your work; I will serve you as a domestic; I shall be satisfied to live on bread; and all that I ask in return is, that you will teach me to read.' The good man willingly accepted the offer of a young companion, and they lived happily together for some time; until the arrival of a second hermit, bearing an order from their superior, obliged brother Palemon to receive him as a companion.

Valentine was again thrown on the world; but the good hermit gave him a letter of recommendation to the hermits of St Anne, at some distance from La Rochette, and one league from Luneville. Four old men resided in this retreat; all their fortune consisted of six cows, and the produce of twelve acres of land. These they found sufficient for all their wants and their charities. They received Valentine with pleasure, and confided to him the care of the cows. It was while amongst these religiously-disposed men that Valentine commenced seriously to instruct himself. But he shall tell his own tale, as recorded in his memoirs.

'I commenced,' says he, 'a new career: I began to learn to write; one of the old men traced my copies with a trembling hand—bad copies were of course the result of so imperfect a model. Not to give the old man trouble, and to get over my lesson, I detached a pane of glass from my window, and placing it upon the copy I had received, traced exactly the letters written underneath. By the repetition of this exercise, in a short time I acquired facility in writing, though it was ever so bad. By means of an old abridged arithmetic, which I had found in the library attached to the hermitage, I learned the first four rules. This was to me a source of amusement and pleasure. In the neighbouring wood I chose a fitting place to study, to which, during the long nights of summer, I frequently retired. One night, while gazing on the number of stars which studded the immensity of the heavens, I recollected having read in an old almanac that on certain days of the year the sun entered into certain signs, which

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

were distinguished by the names of animals. Not knowing what these signs meant, but presuming that there were perhaps in the heavens assemblages of stars which these figures represented, I made it the object of my speculations. Accident furnished me with the means of forming more just notions. Having been sent to Luneville on a fair day, I perceived a number of pictures exposed for sale, fastened against the walls. I found amongst them a planisphere, in which the stars were marked with their different names and magnitudes. The purchase of this planisphere, a chart of the terrestrial globe, and maps of the four divisions of the earth, exhausted all my finances, which amounted to four or five francs. The avaricious and the ambitious may well be excused if the passions by which they are swayed cause a pleasure as real and as lively as I experienced from the possession of these six sheets of paper. A few days sufficed to learn the situations of the greater number of the constellations. But to make use of this knowledge, it was necessary to fix upon a point in the heavens to serve as a base for my observations. I had heard it stated that the polar star was the only one in our hemisphere which was immovable, and that its situation determined that of the arctic pole. But how to find this star, and to be certain of its immobility! After many inquiries, I was told of a steel needle which had the power of turning itself to the poles of the earth—a prodigy I could scarcely believe, yet fain would see. To my great joy, the eldest of the hermits told me he had a compass with a dial, which he had the goodness to give me. By the aid of this marvellous instrument I soon found out the four cardinal and the subordinate points; but as I was still ignorant of the elevation of the polar star, I employed the following means to find its situation: I chose a star which appeared to be of the third magnitude; then with an auger I pierced a hole in the branch of a tree of such a size that, looking through, I might perceive that star alone. This done, as a true follower of Ptolemy, I reasoned thus: This star is either fixed or movable; if fixed, my point of observation being also stationary, it will be always seen through the aperture, and in that case it will be the one I wish to find; if it is movable, the contrary will be the case, and I can repeat the operation of boring; and this I did frequently, without other success than breaking my auger. The accident made me have recourse to another expedient. I took a straight slip of elder, and having slit it, and taken out the pith, I joined the two parts with thread, and fastened the hollow cane to one of the branches of an oak, which served me as an observatory. By this means I was able to direct the tube with facility towards the different stars which I wished to observe, and at length succeeded in finding the one I sought. After this, it was easy to find the situation of the principal constellations, by drawing imaginary lines from one star to another, and following the projection of the planisphere, and then I knew what to think of this quantity of animals

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

with which the ancients had peopled the skies, perhaps for want of the same number of men worthy of the honour.'

You, my young friends, who have books and masters to explain all these things, can you comprehend all the difficulties which Valentine Duval had to surmount before finding what he sought without assistance, and to what a high degree his desire for information must have arrived, to give him the courage to brave all the obstacles opposed by his ignorance, and the patience to surmount them? Well, he had this patience and courage, and with them, as a recompense, a satisfaction both sweet and agreeable. All the days were to him full of delight, for self-instruction was his enjoyment; and at each step that he advanced in science, he found pleasure and profit.

After studying and learning, imperfectly no doubt, the chart of the heavens, he next essayed to gain a knowledge of that of the earth. He imagined to himself that he needed but to follow the track of some one of those of whom he read in Plutarch's *Lives of Illustrious Men*, the *History of Quintus Curtius*, which he had read by accident; or the route taken by the army of the Paladins—books with which the library of the monks was replete. But having no other introduction to geography than the maps which he had purchased at Luneville, he could not, with all his efforts, comprehend what could be the meaning or the use of the circles traced upon the map of the world, such as the meridians, the tropics, and the zodiac. You may laugh at this, my young friends; but recollect that Duval had no one to whom he could apply for the desired information, and which was necessary for him to know, yet the use of which he almost guessed. You know the little black lines upon the map which divide the equator, and which are 360 in number. Valentine Duval, by the force of reflection, imagined that they were so many leagues; and one day, during a conversation with one of the hermits, he affirmed that the terrestrial globe was 360 leagues in circumference.

'I can scarcely think that, my child,' said the good father, who was himself no geographer; 'for in my voyage to Calabria, I had to traverse more than three hundred and sixty leagues, and I did not, to a certainty, make the circuit of the globe.'

This observation, so just, yet so simple, was felt in its full force by Duval, at once overthrowing all his fondly-cherished theories; and might have been the means of his renouncing self-instruction altogether, had not accident again favoured him.

Every Sunday he attended at the Carmelite church of Luneville; and on one occasion, having sauntered into the garden attached to it, he perceived one of the monks occupied in reading. On inquiring the name of the book, he was told that it was a guide to the study of geography, by the *Sieur Lannay*. The interest which the boy evinced, prompted the monk to ask him some questions, the result of which was, that, before leaving, he gave Duval the book. To

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

Valentine such a work was in itself a treasure ; and on his return to the hermitage, he lost no time in studying its contents. He there saw the manner in which the degrees of the equator were applied to the measurement of the different portions of the earth ; and in making him comprehend the littleness of our globe in comparison to the vast space with which it was surrounded, filled him with wonder.

The wish to become the possessor of a larger stock of books, made him turn over in his thoughts various expedients ; and at length his active mind suggested the means. He made war on the denizens of the forest—foxes, polecats, &c.—and then, selling their skins at Luneville, was enabled to purchase books. He also snared birds, and disposing of them likewise, he, in less than a month, gathered up a little capital of forty crowns.

Forty crowns ! one hundred and twenty francs amassed thus, sous by sous, with an industry which increased each day. If you can imagine this, my young friends, you may conceive the happiness of Duval. He immediately ran to the town of Nancy—yes, ran is the word—as fast as his feet could carry him, and the first question he asked on entering the town was, to demand the address of a library. He was directed to a bookseller named Truan.

‘Sir,’ said he, the moment he entered the shop, ‘I have a hundred and twenty francs which I wish to expend with you. I should thank you to tell me the books best suited to my age and instruction.’

The frank and ingenuous countenance of Duval, and the artlessness with which he had told his wishes, interested the kind-hearted Truan so much, that he would willingly have placed the contents of his shop at the disposal of the amiable boy. The bookseller shewed him a number of books which he thought would answer ; but when their price was calculated, it was found to amount to a much larger sum than Valentine possessed.

‘What shall I do?’ said he, completely overwhelmed.

‘You can owe me the overplus, my little friend,’ said the librarian.

‘But you do not know me, sir,’ objected the boy, divided between the wish to take the books and the disinclination to contract a debt. ‘But upon what is your confidence in me founded?’

‘Upon your countenance, and the wish you appear to have for learning, my child : I read in your face that you would not deceive me, and that you will pay me before long.’

‘Well, sir, since your good opinion is taken on such equivocal foundation, I willingly accept your offer ; and I assure you that I shall, as far as possible, try to merit that good opinion.’

When he had his books arranged in his little cell, with the planisphere attached to the wall over his bed, he would not have exchanged his dormitory for the grandest chamber of the Louvre. The walls were covered with maps of provinces and kingdoms—a little world in themselves—and Valentine seldom retired to rest without having first

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

traced, by their assistance, the route of some traveller whose footsteps he longed to follow.

A happy adventure which occurred to him at this time, was the means of increasing his treasure—the number of his books—for to him they were the only things regarded as such. One day, while watching his cows, he found an armorial seal, and immediately announced the circumstance at the hermitage: the next day an Englishman presented himself in his little chamber.

‘The seal which you have found is mine—I come to reclaim it.’

‘If it is yours,’ replied Valentine, ‘you can of course describe the arms.’

‘You wish to joke with me, young man,’ said the Englishman, regarding the mean dress and the heavy shoes of Duval with a scornful look; ‘as if you were able to understand heraldry.’

‘That matters not, sir,’ said Valentine in a quiet tone; ‘if you desire to get your seal, you must describe it fully.’

Not to prolong the discussion, the stranger obeyed; and Valentine being assured that the Englishman was the real owner, restored it to him.

‘Who attends to your education?’ asked he, already conceiving a high opinion of the poor youth.

‘Myself,’ replied Valentine artlessly.

‘Yourself alone?’

‘With the aid of my books, sir: you can see that I have a good number of them.’

The Englishman smiled. ‘You have but these?’ said he; ‘and how have you procured them?’

Valentine recounted the manner in which he had waged war on the birds and beasts of the forest, and the way in which he had applied the profits.

‘Poor child!’ said the stranger, after listening with attention to him; ‘come to my lodgings, and, since you love books, I shall give you some.’

Thanks to the generosity of the Englishman, his library got an increase of over a hundred volumes. The education which he acquired by their perusal, aided in giving him a wish to better his condition, and Providence assisted him in this desire.

The wood in which the cattle were pastured, by the quantity of books and charts he each morning took with him, presented the appearance of a cabinet of study. One day, while seated at the foot of a tree, thinking over the best means of changing a position in life which had become irksome to him, with his eyes fixed upon an open map, an individual happened to pass, and astonished at the sight of a boy watching cows, and at the same time studying, he approached him.

‘What are you engaged at, my boy?’ asked the stranger.

‘I am studying geography, sir,’ replied Valentine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

'Do you understand such things?' asked the unknown, more and more astonished.

'I never occupy myself about things I do not understand,' said the young student.

'What are your studies at the present moment, my young friend?' asked the stranger with affability.

'I am seeking the route to Quebec, sir.'

'Might I ask the reason, my child?'

'That I might go there to continue my studies at the university, sir. I have read in my books that it is famous.'

'There are other universities much nearer to you, and equally good. Tell me one that you would like, my young friend.'

This proposition made Duval raise his eyes to the person who spoke. He was a young man of engaging countenance, and the hunting-dress which he wore indicated high rank. Before the boy had time to reply, a numerous retinue issued from various parts of the forest, evidently in quest of the stranger, and, by their livery, he at once knew that he who spoke was one of the princes of the house of Lorraine.

It was no other than the Duke Leopold, who, perceiving Valentine's confusion, by the kindness and affability of his manner soon engaged him in conversation; and so well pleased was he with the answers of the poor boy, that he finished by proposing that he should continue his studies at the Jesuits' College of Pont à Mousson. Without hesitation, Valentine accepted the kind offer of the duke; and bidding adieu to the hermits, he and his books were soon transported thither. His progress in learning was as rapid as might have been expected, the study he preferred being geography, history, and the ancients. His masters at length declared that they had nothing more to teach him.

The Duke of Lorraine, who had declared himself the protector of Duval, took him to Paris in 1718, and gave him funds to travel through Holland and the Low Countries. On his return, the duke nominated him his librarian; and a chair of history was founded for him at Luneville.

The presents which he received on his elevation, and the economy with which he lived, enabled him to gratify the generous impulses of his heart. The remembrance of the kindness shewn him by the hermits of St Anne was not forgotten. He not only built a more extensive and commodious house, but bought a large tract of land for them, by which means they were enabled to extend their charity. Finding that all his family were dead, he purchased the cottage at Anthenay in which he was born, and on its site built a house for the reception of a schoolmaster, where the children of the village who were unable to pay were educated.

When the Duke of Lorraine died, in 1729, his son the Duke Francis removed to Tuscany; and, notwithstanding the endeavours made to

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

retain Duval at Luneville, he followed the fortunes of the young prince, and continued to hold the office of librarian. When the Duke Francis was raised to the throne of Germany by his marriage with Maria Therese, Duval still remained near him, and had apartments in the royal palace. All these favours did not render him either vain or proud. His dress and his habits were alike plain and unostentatious : dividing his time between study, walking, and the society of a few select friends, his life glided on peacefully and agreeably.

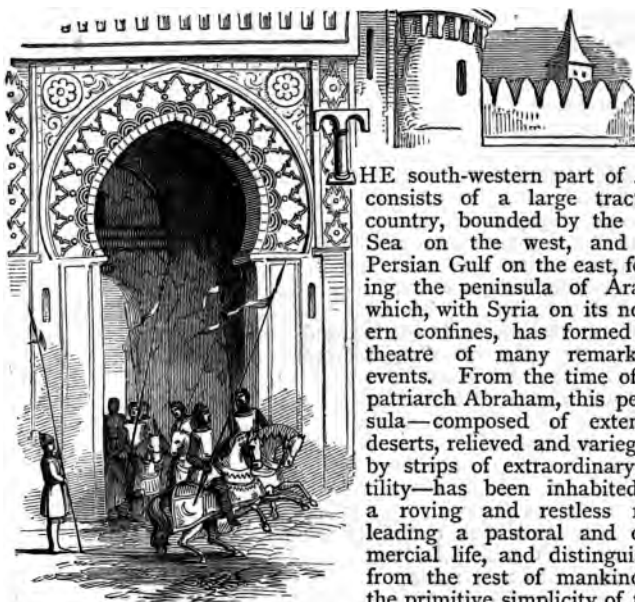
Never wishing to make a parade of his knowledge, his frequent reply when questions were asked was : ' I know nothing.' On one occasion, while conversing with some ignorant person, he made use of this expression, to which the other replied : ' The emperor pays you for your knowledge.'

' The emperor,' said the librarian, ' pays me for that which I know ; if he paid me for that of which I am ignorant, all the treasures of his empire would not suffice.'

His life, sober, active, and accustomed to fatigue, was prolonged to an advanced period, and he died on the 3d of September 1775, at the age of eighty years. Amongst many other charitable bequests which his will contained, was one in which he gave 10,000 florins for the endowment each year of three poor children of Vienna.



THE MOORS IN SPAIN.



THE south-western part of Asia consists of a large tract of country, bounded by the Red Sea on the west, and the Persian Gulf on the east, forming the peninsula of Arabia, which, with Syria on its northern confines, has formed the theatre of many remarkable events. From the time of the patriarch Abraham, this peninsula—composed of extensive deserts, relieved and variegated by strips of extraordinary fertility—has been inhabited by a roving and restless race, leading a pastoral and commercial life, and distinguished from the rest of mankind by the primitive simplicity of their manners and their unconquerable love of independence. Through all the dynasties and revolutions of ancient history, these wandering sons of Ishmael preserved their freedom, defying every attempt made to subjugate them. Their deserts even afforded a hospitable asylum to refugees from other nations. On the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, thousands of the scattered Jews spread themselves over Arabia; and during the first centuries of the Christian era, many European Christians, either fired with missionary zeal, or expelled from their own countries on account of their Arian tenets, mingled with the Arab population. Hence arose a strange and chaotic condition of society, and an inextricable jumble of discordant customs and creeds. The Arabs, a poetical and imaginative people, professed originally that oriental kind of paganism which is so frequently described in the Old Testament: they worshipped

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

the heavenly luminaries, nowhere so beautiful as when shining silently at night over the Arabian desert. Upon this star-worship were ingrafted a multitude of Jewish ceremonies and Christian ideas; and the consequence was, that, in the seventh century, the prevailing religion of the Arabs was a mongrel system of polytheism, fatal alike to political unity and to individual morality. In the beginning of the seventh century, however, Mohammed effected his astounding revolution among the Arabs. Born at Mecca in the year 570, this extraordinary man commenced in his fortieth year, and, before his death in 632, accomplished, an entire social and religious reorganisation of his countrymen—binding together the various scattered tribes which occupied the peninsula, shattering the old polytheism, and setting up a new religion, compounded of various elements, the central idea of which was: ‘There is only one God, and Mohammed is the last and greatest of all his prophets.’ Under the impulse of Mohammedanism, the Arabs suddenly began to perform a conspicuous part in the world’s history. One of the prophet’s doctrines was that of the duty of conquest—of propagating and extending the true religion by the edge of the sword. Mohammed set the example of obedience to this precept before his death; and his successors, the califs, followed it up by a remarkable series of conquests. Before the beginning of the eighth century, the whole of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia on the one side, and the whole of the northern coast of Africa, from Egypt to the Strait of Gibraltar, on the other, had been overrun by Mohammedan armies, and annexed to the Arabian empire. This vast extent of territory was governed by numerous officers or lieutenants, dependent on the calif or supreme head of the Mohammedan empire, whose seat of government was Damascus, in Syria.

Having pushed their conquests along the coast of Africa, as far as the district to which the Romans had given the name of Mauritania, the Arabs next attempted to invade Europe by crossing the Mediterranean. The point at which they entered was the Spanish peninsula, lying so invitingly near to their own country. Invading Spain in the year 711, these Arabs—known usually by the name of *Moors* or *Mauri*, denoting that they came immediately from Mauritania in Africa, sometimes also by the name of *Saracens*, marking their Eastern origin—kept partial possession of the peninsula for eight centuries. As a preliminary to our narrative of their proceedings there, it will be necessary to glance at the condition of Spain at the date of their invasion.

SPAIN PREVIOUS TO THE INVASION OF THE ARABS— DOMINION OF THE VISIGOTHS.

At a remote period of history, Spain was inhabited by a population called Iberians. Another race, called Celts, mingling with

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

them, the two together received the name of the Celtiberians. Both were ultimately conquered by the Romans, and Spain became one of the most important provinces of the Roman empire. Like other portions of this great empire, Spain was overrun by Alans, Suevi, and Vandals, in the beginning of the fifth century. This great invasion, in 404, was followed by an invasion of Visigoths, who finally attained the ascendancy. The kingdom of the Goths or Visigoths thus established in Spain lasted for more than two centuries and a half, ruled over by a series of monarchs whose names it would be useless to mention. The only circumstance worth noticing with respect to the period of the Gothic rule in Spain, is the remarkable struggle which was then carried on between Catholic Christianity and that form of belief which was called Arianism—a struggle which then divided the whole Christian world, but of which Spain, in particular, seems to have been the principal scene. Yet even this great struggle it would be tiresome and profitless to describe; and it need only be stated that the Arians were subdued, and Spain became, what it has continued to be ever since, a stronghold of the Roman Catholic faith.

Passing over this fierce religious commotion, we come to the year 673, when a noble Goth named Wamba ascended the Spanish throne. It was in his reign that the Moors or Arabs of Mauritania first began to harass the Spanish coasts. This formidable enemy attempting to land in his dominions, Wamba assembled a great naval force, attacked their fleet, and after a desperate engagement, defeated them, taking a vast number of prisoners, and, it is said, no fewer than two hundred and seventy vessels of all sizes. This was the first collision between the Moors and the Visigoths. The fourth in succession from Wamba on the Spanish throne was Roderic, the last of the Goths. It was in his reign, in the year 711, that the Arab invasion took place.

Our readers will now perceive that the history which we are about to relate is the history of a conflict of two conquering races rushing against each other from opposite directions, and fired by opposite sentiments—of the Visigoths from the north, a German race recently converted to Christianity; and of the Arabs from the east and south, a people of hot Asiatic temperament, burning with zeal for the religion of Mohammed. The issue which depended on the struggle was the possession of Europe, and the arena on which the shock took place was the peninsula of Spain.

INVASION AND COLONISATION OF SPAIN BY THE MOORS.

Roderic, the last of the Goths, ascended the throne of Spain in 709, in consequence of a popular revolution against Witiza, whose conduct had rendered him odious to his subjects. While a civil war was going on in Spain between the superseded sovereign and

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

his rival, the Saracens of Mauritania were eagerly watching for an opportunity to revenge themselves for the defeat they had sustained from Wamba, and to effect a landing in the peninsula. The calif who then ruled over the immense Arabic empire, residing generally at Damascus, in Syria, was Walid I., a man who inherited the spirit of conquest which had distinguished more or less all the successors of Mohammed. His lieutenant in the African province of Mauritania was Muza Ibn Nosseyr, and to him was committed the trust of superintending the invasion of Spain. It was not long before Muza found an opportunity of executing his master's intentions. A Gothic nobleman, Count Julian, whose daughter had suffered a grievous insult at the hands of Don Roderic, entered into a conspiracy with the Saracen viceroy to admit his troops into the southern promontory of Spain, where he held command. Having once effected a landing, their own indomitable courage, their superiority in arms, assisted by the distracted state of the Spanish kingdom, and especially by the co-operation of the Jews, who had suffered too much persecution under the Christian Goths not to be willing to welcome a change of masters—these causes would insure their progress in the peninsula. Accordingly, on the third day of the moon of Rejeb, in the year of the Hejira 92—corresponding to the 28th of April 711 of our calendar—Tarik Ibn Zeyad, a freedman of the Mauritanian viceroy, sailed, by his master's orders, with a small band of followers for the Spanish coast. He landed at the foot of the rock of Calpé, to which, accordingly, was given the name of Gebel Tarik, or the Mountain of Tarik, a name softened by time into Gibraltar.

Sleeping at the foot of the rock the night after his landing, Mohammed, say the Arabian historians, appeared in a vision to Tarik, and assured him of the conquest of Spain. Indeed victory had so constantly attended the Mohammedan arms wherever they had yet appeared, that Tarik and his followers must have anticipated the subjugation of Spain as a matter of course. Reinforced by fresh troops sent over from Mauritania, they gradually spread themselves over the country adjoining Gibraltar, taking possession of all the villages and places of strength. Their arrival had been so unexpected, that Roderic and his Visigoths were at first quite unprepared to repel them. At length, however, seeing the land so rapidly filling with Moors, Roderic assembled all the forces he could command, and staked his kingdom on a great battle with the Moors, fought at Xeres de la Frontera, on the banks of the Guadalete, a few miles from Cadiz, on the 17th July 711. It terminated the rule of the Visigoths in Spain. The Moors gained a complete victory. Roderic and his Goths were totally defeated. The fate of the Visigoth king remains to this day a mystery. His horse and cloak were found after the battle, the saddle ornamented, it is said, with gold and emeralds; but his body could not be seen. The Arab historians

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

indeed say that he was killed by Tarik's spear, and that his head was cut off and sent to Muza, and by him to the calif at Damascus, preserved in camphor : the Spaniards, however, maintain that he escaped ; and the adventures of Don Roderic subsequent to the battle of the Guadalete form the theme of many a fanciful legend.

Tarik and his victorious army now ranged at large through Spain, meeting with almost no resistance. Seville, Cordova, and other towns quickly yielded, and in a short time the Moors were masters of Spain as far north as Toledo. Meanwhile, Muza, wishing to reserve for himself the honour of having added such a fair country as Spain to the dominions of the calif, had left Mauritania to superintend the new conquest in person. He and Tarik, once his freedman, but now his rival, pursued their career of glory together, not without mutual animosity ; and before the year 715, the entire peninsula, as far as the Pyrenees, with the exception of the mountainous district of Asturias, was reduced under the Moorish yoke. The only opposition of consequence which the conquerors experienced was in the district since known as the kingdom of Murcia, where a Gothic baron named Theodomir kept possession of the town of Orihuela against the Moslem army, and only yielded after obtaining from Abdalaziz, the son of Muza, very favourable terms.

Probably few conquests that have ever taken place, certainly not the Norman conquest of England, and much less the conquest of America by the Spaniards, have been conducted with so much moderation and so little wanton cruelty as the Moorish conquest of Spain. Miseries, doubtless, inseparable from a conquest, were experienced by the Gothic-Roman population, and scenes of atrocity may have occurred during the progress of the Mohammedan armies over the peninsula ; but the sufferings endured by the conquered were not, upon the whole, greater than those which necessarily resulted from the forcible addition of so many souls to the population. Tribute was exacted to the amount of one-tenth, or in some cases one-fifth, of the annual income of the conquered classes ; but they were left in the peaceable enjoyment of their own laws, without any other restriction than that every sentence of death should be submitted, before being executed, to the Mohammedan authorities for their sanction ; they were also permitted to practise religious worship according to their own forms, provided, however, the doors of their churches were regularly closed during the ceremony, and provided also that no new churches should be built. Such were the conditions awarded to the Christian portion of the Spanish population by their Saracen masters. To the Jews, who, if they had not directly assisted the invasion, had at least welcomed it, conditions still more favourable were granted, and sentiments of mutual good-will sprang up between the followers of Moses and those of Mohammed, which were not extinguished during the whole period of the Moorish dominion in Spain.

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

To return now to Tarik and Muza. Information of the addition of a new province to his vast dominions—a country rivalling Syria in beauty and fertility, Yemen the Happy for its balmy air, India for its flowers and perfumes, Hejaz for its fruits, and China for the riches of its mines—reached the Calif Walid at Damascus. He was told also that this was but the opening of a path into the rest of Europe. Pouring northward through Spain, the followers of Islam would cross the Pyrenees, overrun Gaul, descend into Italy, plant their mosques in Rome, and met perhaps on the shores of the Adriatic by another conquering army of the Faithful, despatched into Europe through Asia Minor, the two armies would unite in the centre of a new continent, which their valour had added to the empire of the calif, and make the firmament ring with the name of Allah and his Prophet. Such were the splendid visions which the conquest of Spain might have suggested to the imagination of a zealous Mohammedan. Muza, the Mauritanian viceroy, appears to have been a man who delighted in such daring schemes. The Visigoths of Spain having been subdued, he was preparing, it is said, to carry his victorious arms across the Pyrenees, to try his strength against the Franks of Gaul and the Lombards of Italy, when he received a peremptory summons from the calif to return to Damascus in company with Tarik. Rumours which had reached the calif of the differences between Muza and Tarik, and which represented the former as aiming at an independent sovereignty in Spain, were the cause of their recall. Muza dared not disobey. Committing the government of Spain to his eldest son, Abdalaziz, and that of his Mauritanian provinces to his younger sons, he departed in great state, taking Tarik along with him, and a number of noble Visigoths, of both sexes, to grace his appearance at the calif's court. Before he reached Damascus, however, the Calif Walid had died, and his brother Soliman sat upon the throne. By the new calif, the brave Moor was ill received. After being publicly whipped, he was exposed to the sun for a whole day before the gate of the calif's palace, and then thrown into prison; while Tarik and the Visigoths who had come to Damascus in his train were treated with honour. Muza's family likewise shared the calif's displeasure. Secret orders were despatched to Spain to put Abdalaziz to death. It was with difficulty that these orders could be executed. Abdalaziz, who, on his father's departure, had assumed the government, and taken up his residence at Seville, had made himself popular by his just and wise measures both with Moors and Spaniards, and had given a pledge of his good-will to the latter by marrying the Christian princess Egilona, the widow of King Roderic, a woman of great beauty and of a noble spirit. When, therefore, the calif's letters reached the two Moorish chiefs who were intrusted with the office of putting Abdalaziz to death, and who were old and intimate friends of Muza, *they* were grieved at the contents. 'Is it possible,' said they, 'that

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

Muza's enemies should have so speedily effaced the memory of his great actions? But,' continued they in the true Mohammedan spirit, 'God is good, and He commands implicit obedience to the calif.' They therefore set about devising some plan for putting Abdalaziz to death without raising a popular tumult. They caused a rumour to be spread that he was entertaining designs of revolt against the calif; that, under the influence of his Christian wife Egilona, he was falling from the true faith; and that, to save the new conquest, and fulfil their duty to God and the calif, it was necessary to kill him. These reports produced the intended effect. Abdalaziz was assassinated while engaged in his devotions at the mosque of Seville; and his head, preserved in camphor, was sent in a precious casket to Damascus, where, with oriental cruelty, Soliman caused it to be uncovered in the presence of Muza. 'Do you know that face?' said the calif. 'I know it well,' said the wretched father, turning away his eyes; 'and may the curse of God rest upon him who has put to death a better man than himself!' The conqueror of Spain was then permitted to go where he pleased, and, like a true Mohammedan, he retired to Mecca, where grief soon ended his days.

The assassination of Abdalaziz took place in the year 716; and for a period of forty years after that event, Spain, as one of the most remote provinces of the califate, was governed by as many as eighteen different emirs or viceroys, some of whom only retained office for a few months, being either assassinated or deposed by a rival faction. Far removed from the centre of the empire, and therefore not overawed by the idea of the calif's sovereignty—filled with fiery and restless spirits of mixed blood and various nations, although connected by the bond of a common language and a common religion—Mohammedan Spain was distracted by continual broils and dissensions among its emirs. Taking advantage of these differences among their conquerors, some of the Visigoths rose in rebellion. Gathering round a chieftain of the name of Pelayo, they took refuge in the mountains of Asturias, where they were able to bid defiance to the Moors, and to found a little Christian sovereignty on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, the capital of which was Oviedo, and its first king Pelayo. It is probable that this movement of the Christians would have been crushed at the beginning, had not the Moorish emirs, the successors of Muza and Abdalaziz, been more intent upon pushing their conquest beyond the Pyrenees, than upon consolidating their power within the peninsula which they had already conquered. Othman, who was emir in 725, became such a scourge to the Gallic provinces, that Central Europe began to dread being overrun by the Infidels. At length, however, after the Moorish conquest had been advanced as far beyond the Pyrenees as the river Loire, it sustained a final check in the year 732, when the famous Charles Martel encountered the Saracen hosts, under

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

the Emir Abdelrahman, on the field of Poitiers, and gained the great victory which placed the Carolingian dynasty on the throne of France.

The tide of Moorish invasion was now rolled back to the Pyrenees. No longer attempting to extend the dominions of the calif farther into Europe, the emirs turned their attention to the means of retaining permanent possession of Spain. The little Christian kingdom of Asturias, founded by Pelayo, had extended itself considerably; but more than nine-tenths of the whole peninsula, and these by far the richest and best portions of the territory, were thoroughly reduced under the Moorish yoke. To plant and settle these nine-tenths according to the directions of the calif, was now the business of the emirs. It was upwards of twenty years since Tarik had landed in Spain, and, in the interval, thousands of Mohammedans had poured in to share the prize with the original conquerors. To distribute the lands equitably among so many various claimants, was a task of some difficulty. The following was pretty much the arrangement adopted. The royal legion of Damascus was planted in Cordova and its neighbourhood; that of Emessa at Seville; the natives of Palestine were settled in Algesiras; those of Arabia Felix and Persia in Toledo and the central district of Spain; the Egyptians on the west coast, in what now constitutes the south of Portugal; while the fertile province of Granada was bestowed on ten thousand horsemen from Syria, the purest and noblest of the Arab invaders. These several colonies settled down as a superior class of the community among the Christians, just as the Normans in the eleventh century settled down among the Anglo-Saxons in the British island. The tawny Moor was master of the white Christian; the mosque rose by the side of the church; Arabic was spoken as the language of the wealthier and more powerful classes; and the Romano-German population was obliged to acknowledge itself inferior in culture and civilisation to the invading race. The seeds of disunion, however, existed among the Saracens; they were too motley a population to agree cordially among themselves.

SPAIN AS AN INDEPENDENT MOORISH KINGDOM.

Such was the condition of the Spanish peninsula in the middle of the eighth century—nine-tenths of it a Mohammedan province, governed by officers under the calif of the Arabic empire; the remaining tenth a weak little Christian kingdom, maintaining itself with difficulty. In the year 750, however, an extraordinary revolution occurred at Damascus, which materially changed the prospects of Spain. The califs for a long period had been of the race of the Omeiades—so called from their founder Omeiah, the first of the family who had obtained the califate. The Omeiades, however, had of late become unpopular in Syria, and cabals had been formed

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

for their overthrow. Merwaun, the reigning calif, had been frequently warned of his danger. 'I have seen,' said one of his counsellors, addressing him poetically—'I have seen sparks among the ashes ; I fear they will kindle a flame. That flame, if it be not extinguished in time, will consume trees and forests, and the lives of men. All this I saw ; and I said to myself : "Oh ! is the son of Omeiah awake, or does he sleep ?"' Merwaun at last awoke, and signified the fact in the usual oriental manner. He caused the leader of the discontented party of his subjects, a descendant of Abbas, the uncle of Mohammed, to be put to death, by having his head tied up in a bag of quicklime. In revenge for this, he was himself deposed and put to death by Abul Abbas Asefah, the brother of his victim. With Merwaun the dynasty of the Omeiyades came to an end, and Asefah ascending the throne, became the founder of a new dynasty, called the dynasty of the Abbasides. To secure the new dynasty in the califate, all the relatives of the late calif, and all the partisans of the House of the Omeiyades, were extirpated ; no fewer than six hundred thousand persons, it is said, being massacred throughout Syria. It is related that ninety of the deceased calif's relatives were beaten to death at a banquet to which they had been treacherously invited at Damascus, by Abdallah Ben Ali, a kinsman of the new calif. The very graves in which the members of the hated race of the Omeiyades were buried were opened, and their bones disinterred. From these enormities, Abul Abbas, the first of the Abbaside califs, received the name of Asefah the Bloody.

This dreadful revolution taking place in the metropolis, affected the Arabic empire to its remotest extremities. In Spain, especially, its consequences were important. Yusuf Alfehri, who was emir of Spain at the time, declared himself on the side of the new calif ; but Yusuf himself was unpopular in Spain, and the majority of the Moorish chiefs formed themselves into a party hostile to the interests of the Abbasides. The latter party resolved to revolt from the usurping calif, and to erect Spain into an independent Moorish sovereignty. Their difficulty was, whom they should choose as the head of the new kingdom. This difficulty, however, was soon obviated by the intelligence that Abderrahman Ben Moaviah, a young scion of the race of the Omeiyades, had escaped the slaughter which had extirpated most of his relatives in Syria, and was living concealed on the Barbary coast of Africa. By the invitation of the Moorish chiefs, Abderrahman crossed into Spain with a band of Arabs ; and there he speedily found himself at the head of an army large enough to conquer Yusuf and the Abbaside faction, and to place himself on the throne. Thus ended the first period of the Moorish history of Spain—that of its dependence on the Arabian califs. The title assumed by Abderrahman, to signify the independence of himself and his kingdom, was that of Calif of Cordova—that town having embraced his cause most warmly. Spain, under

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

Abderrahman, became a place of refuge for the persecuted friends of the Omeiades ; and, by his skilful and wise government, the califate of Cordova became a worthy offshoot of the great Arabic sovereignty of his ancestors. The Moorish historians of Spain dwell with affection on the virtues of this prince, and the gentle melancholy which characterised his disposition. A little poem of his composition is still preserved, which, it is said, was once in the mouth of every one. It is an address to a palm-tree which he had caused to be transplanted from Africa to the garden which he had made at Cordova, the tree being the first of its kind introduced into Spain, and being regarded by him as a type of his own fortunes. 'Fair palm-tree,' the poem runs, 'thou also art a stranger here. The gentle airs of Algarba court and kiss thee. Thy roots are fixed in a fertile soil ; thy head is erected towards heaven ; but thou, too, wouldst shed tears of bitterness if, like me, thou couldst look back ! But thou feelest not, as I do, the calamities of fortune. I wept under the palms which the Forat waters, when my unhappy fate and the cruelty of the Abbaside compelled me to forsake what I so dearly loved. The trees and the river have forgotten my sorrows ; and thou, my beloved country, retainest no remembrance of me. But never shall I cease to lament thee.'

During the reign of Abderrahman, Mussulman Spain made great advances in civilisation. His predecessor, Yusuf, had set him the example, by appropriating one-third of the revenues of the country to purposes of internal improvement—the construction of roads, bridges, &c., and the maintenance of the mosques. Abderrahman made it one of the great objects of his life to embellish the city of Cordova. He planned and commenced there the famous mosque, with its 4700 lamps, which was to outlast the Moorish dominion in Spain, and which he intended to excel that of Damascus in magnificence. He also founded schools and hospitals in the city, and in many other ways shewed himself a wise governor. Towards his Christian subjects, the Muzarabes, as they are called in Moorish histories, he conducted himself mercifully, reducing considerably the rate of tribute which they were required to pay to the government. Nor was his reign exempt from the disturbances of foreign war. Profiting by the confusions arising in the Moorish part of Spain from the revolution in the califate, Alfonso the Catholic, and his son Fruela—the third and fourth sovereigns of the little Christian kingdom of Asturias—had been able to extend the limits of their sway. Under Fruela, who had ascended the throne in 757, the north-western district of the peninsula, known by the name of Galicia, had been added to the Asturias. About the same time a second Christian kingdom was establishing itself in Spain among the fastnesses of the Pyrenees. The founder of this kingdom, the origin of which is involved in obscurity, but which ultimately grew into the important *kingdom* of Navarre and Aragon, was Don Garcia Ximenes, a

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

wealthy Spanish noble. Abderrahman, however, if he could not absolutely suppress these kingdoms, was able at least to check their extension, and to compel Fruela, the sovereign of the one, to become his tributary. Indeed, during Abderrahman's reign, these Christian kingdoms were all but dependent for their existence on the Moorish one; as may be judged from the fact, that Mauregato, one of Fruela's successors, was obliged to purchase Abderrahman's favour by paying him an annual tribute of a hundred Christian virgins, one half of noble, and the other half of mean birth. A more formidable enemy to Abderrahman was Charlemagne, the grandson of Charles Martel, who, in 778, after extending the Frankish dominion into Italy and Germany, turned his conquering eye in the direction of Spain. Crossing the Pyrenees, he overran Catalonia, Aragon, and Navarre, as far as the Ebro; but on his way back to France, he was attacked by a joint army of Moors and Spanish Christians, and sustained a great defeat, celebrated in many Spanish ballads as the defeat of Roncesvalles, where the famous Roland was slain.

Abderrahman died in 787. The period of two hundred and seventy-five years which elapse between the commencement of his califate in 756, and the death of the last of his dynasty in 1031, is usually regarded as the second era of the Moorish domination in Spain, and is known in history as the Califate of Cordova, or the rule of the Omeiyades in Spain. About twenty sovereigns, all of the race of the good Abderrahman, occupied the throne in succession during these two hundred and seventy-five years, some of them celebrated for their virtues, others for their vices. To go over their names, and detail their acts in succession, would, considering our limits, be a dry and uninteresting labour; all that we shall attempt is to give our readers as vivid a general view as possible of the condition of Spain during the period over which their reigns extend—a period by far the most splendid in the Moorish annals of that country, and of much greater consequence in the history of Europe than most people are in the habit of conceiving. The remainder of this section, therefore, shall be devoted to an account of the condition of society in Moorish Spain from the year 756 to the year 1031, including notices of the progress, during that period, of Arabic literature, art, and science.

It has been well observed, that the advance of the Arabs to what is called a state of civilisation was much more rapid than that of the Greeks, the Romans, or any other people of whom we have distinct records. Before the time of Mohammed, they were noted only for their fiery energy, and a wild imaginativeness of character, delighting in the vast, the sublime, and the mystic, but totally innocent of what is denominated culture. In 641, Omar, one of the conquering successors of Mohammed, had set fire to the library of Alexandria, and in the magnificent contempt for literature of a great uneducated soul, had consumed in the conflagration the written

11

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

wisdom of ages. No sooner, however, was the career of Arabic conquest at an end, no sooner had the califs of Damascus begun to feel the instinct of government and repose becoming stronger in them than the hereditary instinct of conquest, than a demand arose for the productions of intellect and taste. The foundation of an Arabic literature already existed in the Koran, which had not only given a direction to the literary genius of the Mohammedans, but had also established a literary idiom. During the sovereignty of the Omeiyade califs, considerable advances had been made in the arts of civilisation, the development of native genius being assisted by intercourse with the Greeks; so that the Mauritanian Arabs, who subdued Spain in the beginning of the eighth century, were decidedly superior in culture to their ancestors of the times of Mohammed.

It was not, however, till the accession of the dynasty of the Abbasides to the califate, that the genius of the Arabs began freely to develop itself in civilising studies. The Abbasides removed the seat of the califate from Damascus to Bagdad, which thenceforth became the capital of oriental luxury. Almansur, the second of the Abbaside califs, distinguished himself as a patron of letters; and in his reign a Greek physician named George introduced the rudiments of medical science into the Arabic empire. But the golden age of Arabic culture and refinement was during the reigns of the Calif Haroun al Raschid, so celebrated in the *Arabian Nights*, who ascended the throne in 786, and his son and successor, Almamoun, who reigned from 813 to 833. 'Bagdad,' says Dr Crichton in his *History of Arabia*, 'then became the resort of poets, philosophers, and mathematicians from every country and of every creed. Ambassadors and agents in Armenia, Syria, and Egypt, were ordered to collect the most important books that could be discovered. Hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with volumes of Greek, Hebrew, and Persian literature; and such of them as were thought to be adapted to the purposes of instruction, were, by the royal command, translated by the most skilful interpreters into the Arabic language, that all classes might read and understand them.'

Within a short time the genius of the Arabs had embraced the whole range of human culture. In speculative science, they acknowledged as their great master the Greek philosopher Aristotle; and it was through the Arabs that the influence of this extraordinary intellect was transmitted into modern Europe. In mathematics and astronomy, they seemed to be in their peculiar element; and it is needless to mention that our beautiful system of numeral notation and our glorious algebra came to us, if not from, at least through the Arabs. Chemistry is a science which they may be said to have originated; and many of the most ordinary chemical terms now in use—as, for instance, *alkali* and *alembic*—are of Arab birth. In the arts they were no less proficient. Agriculture and horticulture were practised by them on ascertained principles. To architecture they

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

gave the impress of their peculiar genius; and what we call the Gothic style is generally believed to be a modification of their invention. Prohibited by the Koran from using images of men or animals for the purposes of embellishment, lest the practice should give rise to idolatry, they invented that style of ornament which is denominated the *arabesque*, and which consists in the use of imaginary plants, flowers, and foliage for ornamental purposes. In music they made great progress. Many admirable processes for working metals, weaving silk, dyeing and preparing leather, were discovered by them; and lastly, many of the drugs which for centuries have been administered to Christians all over Europe, were first prescribed for Mussulman patients by Mussulman physicians. In literature, the Arabs had their hundreds of thousands of authors: poets, historians, critics, and, above all, writers of fiction.

All that has been said above of the progress of Arabic culture, applies in an especial manner to the Arabs of Spain; for although, on the accession of the Abbasides to the califate of the Arabian empire, Spain had ceased to be a dependency of it, yet no province of the empire felt so immediately the influence of the civilising forces which were at work in Bagdad. 'In Spain,' says Dr Crichton, 'Arabian learning shone with a brighter lustre, and continued to flourish to a later period, than in the schools of the East. Cordova, Seville, and Granada rivalled each other in the magnificence of their academies, colleges, and libraries. Casiri has enumerated the names and writings of nearly 170 eminent men, natives of Cordova alone. Hakem founded here a college, and a royal library containing 400,000 volumes: he had carefully examined every work, and with his own hand wrote in each the genealogy, birth, and death of its respective author. The academy of Granada was long under the direction of Shamseddin of Murcia, so famous among the Arabs for his skill in polite literature. Casiri has recorded the names and works of 120 authors—theologians, civilians, historians, philosophers, and other professors—whose talents conferred dignity and fame on the university of Granada. Toledo, Malaga, Murcia, and Valencia were all furnished with splendid literary apparatus. In the cities of Andalusia alone, seventy libraries were open for the instruction of the public. Middeldorpf has enumerated seventeen distinguished colleges and academies which flourished under the patronage of the Saracens in Spain, and has given lists of the eminent professors and authors who taught and studied in them.' Arabic art and magnificence, too, were carried to their highest pitch in Spain. The Alhambra, or palace of the Moorish kings, remains to this day the wonder of travellers. 'While little attention, comparatively, was bestowed by the Moors on the exterior of their mansions, on the furniture and accommodation within, everything was lavished that could promote luxurious ease and personal comfort. Their rooms were so contrived that no reverberation of sound was heard. The

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

light was generally admitted in such a manner as, by excluding external prospects, to confine the admiration of the spectator chiefly to the ornaments and beauties of the interior. Their arrangements for ventilation were admirable; and by means of caleducts, or tubes of baked earth, warm air was admitted, so as to preserve a uniform temperature. The utmost labour and skill were expended in embellishing the walls and ceilings. The tiles had a blue glazing over them. Their paving-bricks were made of different colours—blue, white, black, or yellow, which, when properly contrasted, had a very agreeable effect. Nothing is more astonishing than the durability of the Moorish edifices. The stucco composition on their walls became hard as stone; and even in the present century, specimens are found without a crack or flaw on their whole surface. Their woodwork also still remains in a state of wonderful preservation. The floors and ceilings of the Alhambra have withstood the neglect and dilapidation of nearly 700 years: the pine-wood continues perfectly sound, without exhibiting the slightest mark of dry-rot, worm, or insect. The coat of white paint retains its colour so bright and rich, that it may be mistaken for mother-of-pearl.' Again: 'The *fontanos* or reservoirs of Spain were either erected or restored by the Moors. Their palaces and mosques were furnished with capacious cisterns. The gardens of the Alhambra contained sheets of water, on the surface of which the buildings were reflected; and in most of the principal cities, fountains played in the streets, as well as in the courts of the houses, by which the atmosphere was attempered during summer. In the famous palace of Toledo was a pond, in the midst of which rose a vaulted room of stained glass, adorned with gold. Into this room the calif could enter untouched by the water, and sit, while a cascade poured from above, with tapers burning before him.' Many other proofs of the progress of the arts of convenience and luxury among the Moors of Spain might be adduced.

Some of the remarks above quoted apply to the whole period of Moorish domination in Spain; but it is admitted that the period of the califate of Cordova, during which the Omeiyades swayed the sceptre, was the most brilliant. 'Cordova, the seat of the califs,' it is said, 'was scarcely inferior in point of wealth and magnitude to its proud rival on the banks of the Tigris. A space of twenty-four miles in length and six in breadth along the margin of the Guadalquivir, was occupied with palaces, streets, gardens, and public edifices; and for ten miles the citizens could travel, by the light of lamps, along an uninterrupted extent of buildings. In the reign of Almansour, it could boast of 270,000 houses, 80,455 shops, 911 baths, 3877 mosques, from the minarets of which a population of 800,000 were daily summoned to prayers.' The culminating point of the glory of the califate of Cordova was the reign of Abderrahman III., *who ascended the throne in the year 912, and is accounted the*

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

greatest of all the Moorish sovereigns of Spain. The annual revenues of the califate during his reign are calculated at £5,500,000 sterling—a sum which was probably equal to the united revenues of all the other monarchies of Europe at the time. This vast revenue was derived from various sources: from taxes on produce, on exports and imports, on sales of goods, and, lastly, on the property of Jews and Christians. Its magnitude is only to be accounted for when we consider the immense size of the population, the number of large and small cities, and, above all, the extent of the traffic which the Arabs of Spain carried on in all sorts of manufactures and commodities both with the states of Europe and with those of Asia.

Spain, therefore, was the medium of communication, during the middle ages, between the Arabic race and the rude Romano-German populations of Europe. The conquest of Spain by the Moors thus assumes a singular importance in connection with European history. It was, as it were, the breaking open of the door through which there rushed a flood of new knowledge and new ideas into Europe. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of civilisation which flowed into Europe along with the Moors, or to calculate how much would have been lost to us, the white inhabitants of these northern nations, had not that handful of tawny Moors under Tarik leaped ashore, in the spring of 711, at the foot of the rock which we now name Gibraltar. They gave us astronomy, our system of numeral notation, and algebra; they gave us our first notions of Aristotle's philosophy, and a new style of architecture; they gave us a system of national police; they gave us the notion of public libraries; they gave us the telegraph—some say also gunpowder, paper-making, the pendulum, and the mariner's compass; they gave us morocco leather; they gave us the principle of rhyme in verse, which did not exist among the ancients; and lastly, to conclude a list which might be extended to much greater length, they gave us that spirit of chivalrous devotion to the fair sex which, although, since the time of the Crusades, it has attained such strength as to be regarded as innate in European society, is yet in reality an importation from the East, and had only a very modified existence among the Greeks and Romans of antiquity. The conquest of Spain by the Moors was, as we have said, the opening of the door for all these influences. As soon as they had fairly entered, the door was shut; or, in other words, the Moors were expelled from Europe. The action of those causes which ultimately led to their expulsion, and which had begun to manifest themselves even while the Omeiyades held the califate of Cordova, we now proceed to describe, in giving an account of the internal condition of society in Spain under the Moorish dominion.

The population of the Moorish kingdom of Spain consisted of course of two classes—the Mohammedans or Moors, and the conquered Spaniards, known by the name of the Muzarabic Christians. The Christians in Spain enjoyed a much greater degree of toleration

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

than the followers of Mohammed were in the custom of allowing, in other countries, to those whom they had conquered, or indeed than it was customary at that period for people professing any religion to allow to individuals professing any other. The church was permitted to stand side by side with the mosque; the bells were allowed to ring to summon the Christians to their religious ceremonies; and the whole ecclesiastical apparatus of bishops, monasteries, nunneries, &c. was left untouched. To a certain extent, also, the Christians enjoyed an independent civil jurisdiction, having courts of their own, where all cases, except those of a very important description, were decided between Christian and Christian. So friendly were the relations at first subsisting between the Moors and the Christians, that intermarriages became frequent between them; Christian ladies entering the harems of the Mussulmans, and, what was an exception to the usual practice of the Mohammedans, Christians being permitted by law to marry Moorish wives.

All this, however, could not prevent religious animosity from displaying itself between the Christian and the Mohammedan parts of the population, especially the lower orders of both. An ill-bred Moor would sometimes shew his dislike to a Christian by calling him a dog of an unbeliever, or by crying out that he was defiled when he chanced to brush against a Christian's clothes; and mischievous Moorish urchins would exhibit their zeal for Mohammed's religion by throwing stones and filth at the mourners at a Christian funeral, or by ostentatiously stopping their ears in the street with their fingers, that they might not hear the chimes of the idolatrous Christian bells. On the other side, of course, there was a reaction. Prevented from giving vent to their feelings by public reproaches against the Moslem prophet, the Christians took ample revenge in private.

For some time no serious consequences resulted from these little outbursts of feeling between the Moors and the Christians; and it was not till the califate of Abderrahman II., who ascended the throne in 821, more than a century after the conquest, that anything like persecution was experienced by the Spanish Christians. In the early part of his reign, two Christians are said to have been put to death in Cordova for their faith; but no authentic account remains of the circumstances of their martyrdom, so that we do not know the precise character of their offence. About twenty-five years afterwards, some Moors of Cordova, after having a friendly and confidential discussion with a Christian priest named Perfectus regarding some points of their faith, were so piqued by some observations of his to the discredit of Mohammed, that they denounced him to a Moorish judge as a blasphemer of the prophet. Perfectus tried to explain away his obnoxious remarks regarding the prophet, but was thrown into prison. Here his courage increased; and, full of self-accusation for having recanted his sentiments before

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

the judge, he reiterated them with fresh vehemence. Apparently from a reluctance to take away life in such a cause, he was detained in prison for a considerable time; but, still proving firm and immovable, he was at last brought out, and beheaded according to law. About two miles from Cordova, in the monastery of Tabanos, was a monk named Isaac, who had formerly filled a civil office of distinction in Cordova, but had been led by his enthusiasm to embrace the monastic life. He had a great reputation among the Christians, and various prodigies were reported concerning him—as, for instance, that he had spoken three times before he was born; and that he had been seen, in a vision, to take up a ball of fire which had descended from heaven, and eat it. The martyrdom of Perfectus inspired this man with a strange resolution. Coming to Cordova, he went to the *cadi*, and said he wished to become a Mohammedan, and was desirous to hear the *cadi* explain certain points of the prophet's religion. The *cadi*, although the matter was not strictly in his department, very cheerfully consented; and expounded to Isaac, at considerable length, the chief doctrines of the Koran. What was his astonishment when, at the end of his discourse, his apparent pupil burst out in a torrent of abuses against the prophet, as a man who was possessed by the devil, and taught the devil's doctrine. In the first movement of his rage he struck Isaac, for which the other Moors present reproved him, reminding him that by law no previous punishment could be inflicted on a person whose offence subjected him to death. The monk still continuing to utter reproaches against Mohammed, and to protest that he was no madman, but in the perfect possession of his senses, was sent to prison, from which he was shortly afterwards taken by Abderrahman's orders and beheaded, his body being fixed on a stake after death.

The desire of martyrdom became contagious, and, within a week, seven additional persons had gone purposely to blaspheme the prophet before the Moorish judges, and be put to death for the offence. The following story, illustrative of the state of feeling which now prevailed, is told in Condé's *History of Arab Domination in Spain*, drawn from Arabic manuscripts: 'Maria, the sister of one of the martyrs, was a nun in the convent of Cuteclara. Shortly after her brother's death, one of her sister-nuns told her that she had seen her brother in a dream, and that he had commissioned her to tell his sister not to lament his death, for she would speedily rejoin him in heaven. Maria received this as a summons to martyrdom; and she immediately left the nunnery, in order to appear before the *cadi* and testify her zeal. On her way to the *cadi*, she turned aside to offer up a prayer in the church of St Aciscus. Strange to tell, at the shrine of this martyr she found kneeling a young maiden, who, like herself, was seeking the crown of faith. This girl's name was Flora; she was the daughter of a Moorish

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

father and a Christian mother; her parents were dead, and her brother, who was a Mohammedan, persecuted her on account of her being a Christian. Her brother had accused her before the judge of having apostatised from the Moorish religion; and although she denied the charge, and maintained that she had been a Christian from her childhood, she had been scourged by the judge's orders, and recommitted to her brother's care, to be instructed in the principles of the Koran. She had escaped, however, and was now resolved, like Maria, to brave death in the cause for which so many were gloriously suffering. The two maidens, thus romantically brought together, proceeded in company to the house of the cadi. Flora spoke first. "I," she said, "am the person whom you punished with stripes, because, being the child of a Moorish father, I would not renounce my faith in Christ. I have concealed myself till now, because the flesh is weak; but now, through the strength of God's grace, I am willing. I come here, with more courage than I had before, to proclaim that Christ is the true God; and I curse your prophet for an impostor, an adulterer, and a magician." "And I," exclaimed Maria, before the cadi could collect his ideas for a reply, "am the sister of Walabonso, whom you caused to be executed, because he confessed the Saviour and cursed your prophet. What he confessed, I confess too; and what he cursed, that do I also curse." The cadi was perplexed. To put the two brave girls to death, was a proceeding for which he was not prepared; and to dismiss them, after what they had said, was impossible. They were therefore committed to prison. At length, however, they were executed.'

In the meantime the Calif Abderrahman, anxious to put a stop to such needless waste of life, called upon the metropolitan bishop of Cordova, Recafred, to use his spiritual authority to prevent the Christians from so wantonly insulting the faith of their fellow-citizens. Neither he nor any of the well-informed Moors, he said, could regard those persons as martyrs who needlessly rushed upon death, when they enjoyed full liberty of worship according to their own forms. In this opinion most of the sober part of the Christian community acquiesced; and many of the clergy used their utmost influence to check the dangerous spirit which was spreading among their flocks.

The spirit of martyrdom, however, spread far and wide; and at length the Moorish authorities became so provoked at the incessant demand made upon their cruelty, that a general arrest of the Muzarabes was proposed, and permission was given to any Moor who might hear a Christian blaspheme the Prophet, to put him to death on the spot without trial. The affair having thus assumed the appearance of a general social ferment, many Muzarabic Christians began to quit Cordova, and even Spain itself; and others, for the *sake of peace*, were persuaded to abjure their faith. The remainder

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

of Abderrahman's reign was a continued scene of disorder and persecution. The death of Abderrahman took place in the year 852. Mohammed, Abderrahman's son and successor, continued, and even increased, the persecutions of the Muzarabic Christians. The description we have given of the state of society during the reign of Abderrahman II. must be regarded as applying with less or more strictness to the reigns of all his successors of the Omeiyade line. We pass now to a consideration of

SPAIN BROKEN UP INTO SEPARATE KINGDOMS.

Two Christian kingdoms, as our readers already know, had been founded in Spain subsequently to the Moorish conquest: the one in the north-west, called the kingdom of Asturias and Galicia, originally founded by Pelayo in 718; the other in the north-east, called the kingdom of Navarre, founded, according to the general account, by Don Garcia Ximenes in 756. These kingdoms, originally small and weak, had slowly extended themselves, till, about the beginning of the eleventh century, Spain may be considered as having been divided into two parts by a line passing through it east and west from the mouth of the Ebro, or a little farther south, to the mouth of the Douro. All north of this line—a territory of considerably large extent, but the least fertile and wealthy part of the peninsula—belonged to the Christians; all south of it—the larger and by far the richest part of the Peninsula—belonged to the Moors. The northern or Christian part of Spain had hitherto consisted of but two kingdoms—the kingdom of Leon and Castile (an enlargement of the kingdom of Asturias and Galicia), and the kingdom of Navarre and Aragon (an enlargement of the original kingdom of Navarre). In the beginning of the eleventh century, however, each of these kingdoms was divided into two—the kingdom of Leon and Castile splitting into two distinct sovereignties in the year 1027, and that of Navarre and Aragon undergoing a similar process in the year 1035. About the year 1035, therefore, the Christian part of the Spanish peninsula consisted of four little kingdoms—the kingdom of Leon, the kingdom of Castile, the kingdom of Navarre, and the kingdom of Aragon. It sometimes happened afterwards, that one or more of these kingdoms were temporarily held together by the same sovereign, in consequence of intermarriage between the different royal families; but in reality the sovereignties were distinct.

Exactly at the same period the Moorish kingdom—which, for nearly three centuries, had remained whole and entire under the name of the Califate of Cordova—underwent a similar process of subdivision. In the year 1031, Hixem III., the last of the glorious line of the Omeiyade califs, was deposed by a revolutionary party, and in him the califate of Cordova became extinct. A perfect crop of kings sprang up at this juncture, struggling with each other for

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

the sovereignty of Moorish Spain; and failing that, for the possession of some little bit which they could erect each into a snug kingdom for himself. Not to mention smaller territories, Almeria, Denia, Valencia, Saragossa, Huesca, Tudela, Lerida, Seville, Malaga, Granada, Algesiras, Toledo, and Badajoz had all their separate kings. Every day one or other of these multitudinous sovereigns was getting killed by a stronger neighbour, and the smaller kingdoms were soon amalgamated with the larger; still, even at the end of the eleventh century, there were at least four different Moorish sovereigns or califs in Spain—the calif of Seville, the calif of Toledo; the calif of Saragossa, and the calif of Badajoz and part of Portugal.

The decline of the Moorish power in Spain is therefore to be dated from the beginning of the eleventh century, when the califate of Cordova was disintegrated. For three hundred and twenty years, as we have seen, the impulse of the spirit of conquest had been sufficient to maintain the Moors in their position as the dominant race in the Peninsula; now, however, its force was spent, and the tide began to ebb. Conquered as the Christians had been, and either reduced to the condition of an inferior layer in the population, or else cooped up to enjoy their independence in the worst and least fertile districts of Spain, there still remained in them that slow vitality which no conquest could extinguish, and which began to develop itself with vigour at the very time when the Moorish organisation began to shew symptoms of decay. As the beginning of the eleventh century is the date of the commencement of the decline of the Moorish power in Spain, so it is of the dawn of the Christian fortunes; and the history of the two centuries which elapse between 1031 and 1238, constituting properly the third period of the Moorish domination in Spain, exhibits the Christian power gradually enlarging and extending itself at the expense of the Moors, reconquering the Peninsula, as it were, acre by acre. To detail the progress of this struggle, to describe the long series of battles and sieges which took place during these two centuries between the Moors and the Christians, or even to give a list of all the famous champions who distinguished themselves among the ranks of the Christians, and whose heroic feats against the Moors form the theme of many a tale of chivalry, and many a ballad still sung in Spain, is of course impossible. It is sufficient to indicate the general course of the progress of the Christian triumphs.

As, of the four Christian kingdoms, those of Castile and Aragon were nearest to the Moorish part of Spain, it was under the auspices of their sovereigns that the process of reconquering the Moorish territory was conducted. Of the kings of Castile, one of the most distinguished for his successes against the Moors was Alfonso I., who, already in possession of Leon, was crowned king of Castile in 1072. This sovereign is known indiscriminately as Alfonso I.

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

of Castile, or Alfonso VI. of Leon. In his reign flourished that most renowned of all the Spanish heroes, Rodrigo, styled Cid Campeador (Arabic *sīd*, lord; Spanish *campeador*, champion). The monarch and his subject gained many victories over the different Moorish sovereigns against whom they directed their enterprises. In 1085, Alfonso took, after a desperate siege of three years, the city of Toledo, the ancient capital of the Gothic monarchy, and with it the whole Moorish kingdom of New Castile was recovered from the Moslems. No sooner was this conquest over, than Alfonso prepared to attack the kingdom of Seville and Cordova—the most powerful of the sovereignties into which the califate of Cordova had been split. To assist him against this formidable invasion, Mohammed, king of Seville, after deliberating with his allies, the smaller Moorish kings, invited over from Africa a new Moorish tribe called the Almoravides, founded by one of those Mohammedan enthusiasts, imitators of the Prophet, who were so frequently springing up in various provinces of the Mussulman empire. These Almoravides—‘men devoted to the service of God’—had overrun and conquered the whole of Northern Africa. The old spirit of conquest seemed to be revived in them; and in inviting them over to fight against the Christians, the Moorish sovereign of Seville was apparently adopting the only measure that could save his kingdom. Yusef, the leader of the Almoravides, eagerly accepted his proposal; and crossing the strait with a large army, he united his forces with those of the king of Seville. Alfonso, finding himself too weak to conduct an invasion against such a coalition, obtained succours from his brother-monarchs the kings of Aragon and Navarre. A great pitched battle took place between the two armies in the month of October 1086 at Zalaca, near Badajoz. The enthusiasm of the Almoravides gained the day for their allies, and the Christians were totally defeated. This defeat proved a temporary check to the progress of the Christian arms.

The king of Seville, however, had reason to repent having invited such formidable guests as the Almoravides into his dominions; for, tempted by the prospect of possessing such a fine country in perpetuity, they refused to return to Africa when their services were no longer required. To such extremities was Mohammed reduced by his visitor Yusef, that at last he was obliged to beg the assistance of his enemy Alfonso, that he might not be deprived of his kingdom. The Almoravides, however, triumphed. Mohammed was deposed, and sent over to Africa, and Yusef mounted the throne in his stead. The condition of affairs in Spain now assumed a strange aspect. The petty Moorish sovereigns, alarmed by the fate of the king of Seville, and fearful of sharing it, united among themselves, and also with Alfonso of Castile, against Yusef; and for many years there might be seen the spectacle of Christian knights and Moorish warriors fighting side by side.

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

in the same battle, or exchanging chivalrous courtesies in the same camp.

'Different are the creeds we swear by;
But in breast of knight or dame,
Be they Saracen or Christian,
Flows not Adam's blood the same?'

Not even the valour of the Cid, however, could prevent the Moorish princes from falling under the yoke of the conquering Yusef; and in the year 1094, the whole of Moorish Spain was again reunited under one dynasty. During the life of Yusef, neither Alfonso nor the sovereigns of Navarre and Aragon could gain any very decided success against the Moors; and again, for a while at least, the Moorish power in the Peninsula seemed to be in the ascendant.

Yusef died in 1107, leaving his son Ali his successor; and for twenty years the hereditary struggle of Christian against Moor was carried on between Ali and Alfonso, king of Aragon and Navarre, who, having married Urraca, the daughter and heiress of Alfonso of Castile, might be considered as the general Christian monarch of the Spanish part of the Peninsula. By his successes during these twenty years, Alfonso earned for himself the warlike surname of *El Batallador*—The Battle-giver. In nine-and-twenty successive battles he defeated the Moorish hosts; and over all Europe he was celebrated as the champion of the Christian faith against the Infidels of Spain. Tudela, Saragossa, Tarragona, and Daroca were all conquered by him. He trebled the size of Aragon; and he carried his banners farther south of the Ebro than any Christian prince had done before him. In 1133, however, he sustained a defeat from the Mussulmans, and shortly afterwards died. On his death, as he left no family, the Christian territories of Spain were again disunited. Leon and Castile were inherited, or rather had for some time been possessed, by Alfonso Raymond, the son of his wife Urraca, known indiscriminately as Alfonso II. of Castile, or Alfonso VIII. of Leon, and also by the name of Alfonso the Emperor. Navarre chose for its sovereign Garcia Ramirez, or Garcia IV., grand-nephew of Sancho IV., Alfonso's predecessor. Aragon elected Ramiro II., brother of the deceased Alfonso, who, being a monk, obtained the pope's permission to marry; but had no sooner begotten a daughter to succeed him, than he resigned the throne, and again retired to his monastery, leaving his infant heir, Petronilla, queen of Aragon, under the guardianship of Raymond V., Count of Barcelona, to whom he had affianced her—an alliance which had the effect of incorporating the hitherto French province of Catalonia with the Spanish kingdom of Aragon.—It is necessary now to add a word or two respecting Portugal. This country had no separate existence earlier than the beginning of the twelfth century. That part of it which lies between the Minho and the Douro had been recovered

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

from the Moors by the kings of Galicia, the successors of Pelayo, and consequently it formed a mere province of the territories of Leon and Castile. When, however, by the victories of Alfonso I. of Leon and Castile, Portugal as far south as the Tagus had been wrested from the Moors, it became necessary to appoint a distinct officer or viceroy to guard this important part of the Peninsula against the incursions of the Almoravides, then newly arrived in Spain. For this office Alfonso chose his son-in-law, Henry of Besançon, who, after extending his territory by farther conquests, bequeathed it in 1112, with the title of Count of Portugal, under the Castilian king, to his infant son, Alfonso Henriques. This Alfonso, on growing up, proved a formidable enemy to the Moors; and disdaining any longer to be a mere viceroy of the Castilian kings, threw off his allegiance to Alfonso the Emperor, and proclaimed himself independent king of Portugal in 1139.

These particulars, although somewhat intricate, it is absolutely necessary to bear in mind, if we would have a distinct conception of the state of Spain at the beginning of the twelfth century. About the year 1140, let it be understood that the Christian portion of the Spanish Peninsula was broken up into four distinct sovereignties—Leon and Castile, Aragon (including Catalonia), Navarre, and Portugal; and as Leon and Castile, although united at the time, were liable again to be separated, the number of the kingdoms might rather be said to be five.

It might be supposed that the Moorish sovereign Ali, able and energetic as he was, would have availed himself of the divided state of the Christian territories to recover some part of them by arms. One reason why he was not able to do so is, that the Christian monarchs, although they had occasional differences amongst themselves, maintained a firm alliance with each other against the Moors; the spirit of the Crusades suddenly adding fierceness and intensity to their old hereditary antipathy. But the most effective cause of Ali's inactivity against the Christians was a war in which he was engaged with the Almohades—a new sect or tribe of Mohammedans, who had overrun Northern Africa, like his own ancestors the Almoravides, and who were now meditating an invasion of Spain similar to theirs. Ali, unable to resist the progress of this enemy in Mauritania, died in 1143; his son, Tashfin, died after a reign of two years; and his successor being taken and beheaded in Morocco by Abdelmumen, the chief of the Almohades, the dynasty of the Almoravides became extinct in the year 1146, after having ruled over Moorish Spain for half a century. Abdelmumen, as a matter of course, ascended the throne of Moorish Spain.

Passing over an interval of seventy years, as of small consequence in our history, let us again take a glance at the condition of the Peninsula in the year 1230. It consists still of five divisions—

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

Moorish Spain, under three petty monarchs, descendants of Abdelmumen; Leon and Castile, under Ferdinand; Aragon, under James I.; Navarre, under Thibault I.; and Portugal, under Sancho II. Leaving Portugal and Navarre out of account—the one as still forming a distinct kingdom, the other as a small state—we may say that what we now call Spain was divided into three parts—Moorish Spain in the south, Aragon in the north-east, and Castile in the north-west.

The Moorish power, so long on the decline, was now rapidly giving way. Ferdinand of Castile and James of Aragon were able sovereigns, and both distinguished themselves by their successes against the Moors. Ferdinand especially made himself illustrious by his victories. From the Bay of Biscay to the Guadalquivir in one direction, and from the confines of Portugal to those of Aragon in another, he made himself lord of Spain. Toledo, Cordova, Valencia, and Seville, successively yielded to his arms, or to those of James of Aragon; and the territory of the Moors was circumscribed within the narrow limits of the district south and east of the Guadalquivir. The date of the surrender of Cordova was June 1236; and with the fall of this town, the capital of the Mohammedan empire in Spain, the Moorish power in Spain may be said to have received its death-blow. Of the various Moorish princes, there remained in the year 1248 only one—Mohammed Ibn Alahmar, who had assumed the title of king of Granada, and who was obliged, in order to retain even this diminished sovereignty, to acknowledge himself the vassal of Ferdinand, the Christian king of Castile. At this epoch—the epoch of the erection of the Moorish kingdom of Granada out of the ruins of the once potent sovereignty of Cordova—the third period of our history properly terminates.

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA—EXPULSION OF THE MOORS.

The first Moorish king of Granada made no attempt to shake off the bond of allegiance which he had contracted with the Castilian sovereigns, satisfied with the dignity of ruling freely within the dominions the quiet possession of which his submission had purchased. His successors, however, were not so patient; and it was not long before new wars began between the Moors of Granada and their Christian neighbours. The details of these wars, as they followed one another for more than two centuries, we do not narrate; nor need we fatigue our readers with mere lists of the sovereigns who reigned severally in Granada, Aragon, and Castile during that period. Let us hasten rather to the concluding scene of this great struggle.

In the year 1469, Ferdinand, the son and heir of Juan II., the reigning king of Aragon, was married to Isabella, the sister and *recognised* heiress of Henry IV., the reigning king of Castile. Thus,

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

by the death of Henry IV. in 1474, and that of Juan II. in 1479, the kingdoms of Aragon and Castile were at length virtually united under one government—the glorious one of Ferdinand and Isabella. Both sovereigns were able; capable of conceiving, and resolute in executing, large designs; and on finding themselves in possession of the greater part of the Spanish Peninsula, it was natural for them to desire the possession of the whole of it. To add Portugal to their crown, was indeed too hopeless an undertaking to be seriously thought of; but to seize upon Granada, the last of the Moorish territories, was a project which the relations of that kingdom to Castile rendered not unfeasible.

‘The renowned kingdom of Granada,’ says Washington Irving in his narrative of its conquest, ‘was situate in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and defended on the land-side by lofty and rugged mountains, locking up within their embraces deep, rich, and verdant valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility. The city of Granada lay in the centre of the kingdom, sheltered, as it were, in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley that divides them, through which flows the river Darro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. Never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence; and the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty in defiance of the ravages of time. Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra was its rival hill; on the summit of which was a spacious plain, covered with houses, and crowded with inhabitants. The declivities and skirts of the two hills were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares, according to the custom of Moorish cities. The houses had interior courts and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates; so that, as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. The elevation of the city, and the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with perpetual snows, tempered the fervid rays of the summer; and thus, while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada. The glory of the city, however, was its vega or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favourite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig, and pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry-trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasants' cottages, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their Prophet to be situate in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada.

Such was the kingdom which, after eight centuries of war with the Christians, the Moors still retained in Spain, and of which they had been left the quiet possession, on condition of paying to the kings of Castile 'an annual tribute of two thousand doblas or pistoles of gold, and sixteen hundred Christian captives, or, in defect of captives, an equal number of Moors, to be surrendered as slaves; all to be delivered in the city of Cordova.' The Moorish king of Granada, at the time when Ferdinand and Isabella became joint sovereigns of Aragon and Castile, was Muley Aben Hassan, one of the most powerful of all the descendants of the founder of the kingdom, and characterised, in the language of the Spanish chroniclers of the time, as 'a fierce and warlike Infidel.'

In the year 1478, Don Juan de Vera, a Spanish cavalier, was sent to Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, to demand the arrears of tribute due by Muley Aben Hassan to the Castilian crown. 'Tell your sovereigns,' was the haughty reply of the Moor, 'that the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of cimeters and heads of lances.' This afforded a good pretext to Ferdinand for commencing the war upon which he was already resolved; but as he was then engaged in hostilities with Portugal, he was obliged to defer his contemplated vengeance. When these hostilities were terminated in 1481, he prepared to carry his designs against Granada into execution. 'I will pick out the seeds of this pomegranate one by one,' said he, playing upon the word *Granada*, which in Spanish means *pomegranate*, and alluding to the method in which he intended to carry on the war; namely, that of taking successively all the places of strength in the kingdom, before he attempted the city of Granada itself. Wary, however, as Ferdinand was, the Moorish king anticipated him, and struck the first blow in the war by taking

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

the important and, as it was till then imagined, impregnable fortress of Zahara, situated on a lofty and craggy mountain on the frontier between Ronda and Medina Sidonia. The whole of the inhabitants he drove away into captivity. This success of the Saracens called forth a deed of daring and chivalry on the other side. Don Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, a valiant Spanish knight, whose fame in the annals of chivalry almost rivals that of the Cid, made an incursion into the Moorish territory, and captured the strong and wealthy town of Alhama, situated within a few leagues of the capital, and deemed of so much importance, with reference to the safety of that city, as to be called the key of Granada. The event is commemorated to the present day in the plaintive little Spanish romance, supposed to be of Moorish origin, and known by Lord Byron's translation—'Woe is me, Alhama!' The Moors of Granada foresaw the woes which the pride of their king had brought upon them; and, making their way through the halls of the Alhambra, they implored him, with tears and adjurations, not to continue a struggle which must end so fatally. Muley Aben Hassan, however, was inflexible in his resolve, and marched to lay siege to the brave Christian garrison in Alhama. The garrison was reduced to the utmost extremities, and would have been obliged to surrender; but a reinforcement arrived from Castile under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and Muley was compelled to raise the siege. Thus Alhama was left in the possession of the Christians. At a council of war which King Ferdinand held shortly after at Cordova, it was debated whether it should not be demolished, as, being situated in the very centre of the Moorish kingdom, it could not be maintained except at a great expense. Ferdinand and most of his advisers were of opinion that the demolition of the town was the preferable course, when Queen Isabella, arriving at Cordova, gave a new turn to their decision. 'What!' said she, 'shall we destroy the first-fruits of our victories? Shall we abandon the first town we have wrested from the Moors? You talk of the expense of maintaining Alhama! Did we not know, when we undertook the war, that it would be one of infinite cost, labour, and bloodshed? No! let us keep Alhama, as a stronghold granted us by Heaven in the midst of the Moorish territory, that from it we may extend our conquest on all sides!' Alhama was accordingly fortified, and strongly garrisoned.

It is necessary here to glance at the state of affairs in the Moorish kingdom. Muley Aben Hassan had of course, like most of his race, a number of wives. Of these, two were sultanas, or wives-in-chief—Ayxa, a Moor; and Fatima, a Christian, called, for her beauty, Zoroya, or the Light of Dawn. Ayxa had borne a son to him, named Mohammed Abdallah, or, more frequently in the Christian chronicles, Boabdil el Chico, or The Younger; and, in the natural course of things, Boabdil would succeed to the sovereignty on his father's

death. It had been prophesied, however, by the astrologers on Boabdil's birth, that although he should sit on the throne of Granada, the downfall of the kingdom would take place in his reign. Influenced partly by this prophecy, partly by natural ferocity of temper, and partly by the blandishments of his young wife Fatima—who hated the son of her rival Ayxa, and who was anxious to exclude him from the throne, that one of her own children might obtain it—the old king had contracted such a dislike to Boabdil, that he at last gave orders to put him to death. His mother Ayxa, however, contrived to secure his escape; and taking refuge in the city of Guadix, Boabdil gained the adherence of a large party, and set his father at defiance. Thus, at the time of the breaking out of the war between the Christians and the Moors, Granada was torn asunder by the discords of two hostile factions—at the head of one of which was the old king, Muley Hassan; at the head of the other his son, Boabdil el Chico.

The Moors at first had the fortune of war on their side; and, as a natural effect of this, the subjects of Muley Hassan, who had at first blamed his rashness in beginning a war with the Castilian sovereigns, now hailed him as a successful man is usually hailed by the multitude. As the interests of the old king advanced, those of his son Boabdil declined; and the young chief found it necessary, if he would retain any hold upon the affection of the Moors, to do some brave deed against the Christians, which might eclipse, or at least equal, his father's successes. Accordingly, accompanied by his father-in-law, Ali Atar, Boabdil invaded the Christian territory at the head of 9000 foot and 700 horse. They had not gone a day's march across the border, when they were met by the Count de Cabra, who had hastily armed a handful of retainers, to signalise himself by a deed worthy of the fame of a Castilian knight. A desperate battle ensued, in which the Moors were totally defeated: twenty-two Moorish banners were taken, old Ali Atar had his skull cloven by the sword of a Spanish cavalier, and the young king, Boabdil el Chico, was taken prisoner. When the news of this defeat reached Granada, there was great mourning, especially among the partisans of El Chico. Queen Ayxa, his mother, and Morayma, his sultana, gave themselves up to lamentations; and the minstrels whom they summoned to cheer them, tuned their instruments to strains of sorrow. 'Beautiful Granada,' they said, 'how is thy glory faded! The vivarrambra no longer echoes to the tramp of steed and the sound of trumpet; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, eager to display their prowess in tourney and the festive tilt of reeds. Alas! the flower of thy chivalry lies low in a foreign land. The soft note of the lute is no longer heard in thy mournful streets; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills; and the graceful dance of the zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers. Behold, the *Alhambra* is forlorn and desolate! In vain do the orange and

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

myrtle breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; in vain does the nightingale sing within its groves; in vain are its marble halls refreshed by the sound of fountains and the gush of limpid rills. Alas! the countenance of the king no longer shines within these walls; the light of the Alhambra is set for ever!''*

The captivity of his son Boabdil left Muley Hassan in undisturbed possession of the sovereign power; and the partisans of the young sovereign—'Young Granada,' as we might now term them—were obliged for the time to yield pretended allegiance to the tiger-tempered old king, who, it is said, entered into communication with Ferdinand, with a view to get possession of his son's person. Ferdinand, however, saw the policy of keeping up the internal dissensions of the Moors. Accordingly, after some months, he set Boabdil at liberty, loaded him with kindness, and sent him home to Granada, after having obtained from him an acknowledgment of perpetual vassalage to the Castilian crown. This measure was well judged. No sooner had Boabdil reappeared in Granada, than the struggle for sovereignty broke out again between him and his father; half of the kingdom declaring for the one, and half for the other.

The war still continued between the Christians and the Moors who acknowledged Muley Hassan for their king. 'It possessed,' says a writer, 'extraordinary materials of interest, in the striking contrast presented by the combatants of oriental and European creeds, costumes, and manners; and in the hardy and hare-brained enterprises, the romantic adventures, the picturesque forages through mountain regions, the daring assaults and surprisals of cliff-built castles and cragged fortresses, which succeeded each other with a variety and brilliancy beyond the scope of mere invention. The time of the contest also contributed to heighten the interest. It was not long after the invention of gunpowder, when firearms and artillery mingled the flash, smoke, and thunder of modern warfare with the steely splendour of ancient chivalry, and gave an awful magnificence and terrible sublimity to battle; and when the old Moorish towers and castles, that for ages had frowned defiance to the battering-rams and catapults of classic tactics, were toppled down by the lombards of the Spanish engineers.'† In this protracted struggle the Spaniards were almost continually victorious; and by the end of the year 1485, the Moorish power had been greatly weakened, and many places of strength had fallen into the hands of the Christians.

Meanwhile the Moorish king, Muley Hassan, having become infirm through age, had retired to the little city of Almunecar, on the Mediterranean coast, to spend the remainder of his life in repose, leaving the administration of the government in the hands of his younger brother, Abdallah el Zagal. His death shortly afterwards

* *Conquest of Granada*, by Washington Irving.

† *Quarterly Review*, vol. xliii.

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

left Abdallah in the possession of the entire regal power—the acknowledged chief of the patriotic party in the kingdom. Between the uncle and nephew the same struggle continued as had been carried on between the father and son; but for the time, El Zagal had the popular suffrages on his side, and Boabdil's interests waned. Occupying Velez el Blanco, a strong town near the Spanish frontier, Boabdil watched the progress of the war between Ferdinand and Abdallah, ready to render assistance to the former, and to avail himself of his success to become sovereign of Granada. Collecting a large army, which was recruited from all parts of Europe, Ferdinand carried on the war with great energy. Town after town was taken, and battle after battle fought; and at last, in the year 1489, the Spaniards laid siege to the city of Baza, the key to all the remaining possessions of El Zagal in Granada. The war of the Christians with the Moors of Granada had by this time become the theme of the whole world; and all Christendom looked on with admiration at the part which the Spaniards were performing. After a resistance of nearly seven months, Baza surrendered on the 4th of December 1489. With the surrender of Baza, all hope failed El Zagal and the patriotic portion of the Moors. They yielded to their fate. El Zagal abdicated his crown for a stipulated revenue; and Boabdil el Chico became the vassal-king of Granada under Ferdinand and Isabella.

Boabdil el Chico, however, had served his purpose; and now that there was no longer occasion for his assistance, Ferdinand resolved to be rid of him. Accordingly, upon various pretexts, which it was easy to form, the vassal-king was required to surrender the city and crown of Granada. On this the Moors prepared for a last effort against their conquerors; and Ferdinand, assembling an army of fifty thousand men, laid siege to Granada, 'the last seed of the pomegranate.' The siege of the Moorish capital lasted eight months—eight months more thickly crowded with bold actions and romantic exploits than almost any other equal period in Spanish history. On the 25th of November 1491, however, the city capitulated on the following conditions: 'All Christian captives were to be liberated without ransom; Boabdil and his principal cavaliers were to take an oath of fealty to the Castilian crown, and certain valuable territories in the Alpuxares Mountains were to be assigned to the Moorish monarch for his maintenance; the Moors of Granada were to become subjects of the Spanish sovereigns, retaining their possessions, their arms, their horses, and yielding up nothing but their artillery; they were to be protected in the exercise of their religion, and governed by their own laws, administered by cadis of their own faith, under governors appointed by the sovereigns; they were to be exempted from tribute for three years, after which term the pay was to be the same as they had been accustomed to render to their *native monarchs*; those who chose to depart for Africa within three

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

years, were to be provided with a passage for themselves and their effects, free of charge, from whatever port they should prefer.'

In January 1492, the Spanish sovereigns made their entry into the Moorish capital, while the fallen monarch quitted it. The following is Mr Irving's fine description of the departure of the latter: 'Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxares, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army. Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence, in the valley of Porchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxares, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. "Allah achbar!" (God is great!) said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid Sultana Ayxa la Horra, was indignant at his weakness. "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!" The vizier, Aben Comixa, endeavoured to console his royal master. "Consider, sire," said he, "that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity." The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled. His tears continued to flow. "Allah achbar!" exclaimed he; "when did misfortunes ever equal mine?" From this circumstance the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or, "The last sigh of the Moor."

It was not in accordance with the spirit of the age, above all, with the spirit of such a devotedly Catholic country as Spain, that a portion of the subjects of a kingdom, however peaceable and useful,

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

should be allowed to remain undisturbed in the exercise of a religion different from that of the majority. Accordingly, within ten years of the conquest of Granada, the system of forced conversions was employed. Thousands of Moors and Jews, to save their lives, allowed themselves to be baptised; and thousands more left the Peninsula for Africa and the East. In the reigns of the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, the same policy was continued. The bigoted Philip II. especially distinguished himself by his persecuting zeal against the Moors; insomuch that, during his reign, Granada was often in a state of revolt. To crush the Moorish spirit more effectually, and secure their conversion to Christianity, Philip removed them from their original seats on the sea-coast, and distributed them through the interior of Spain. Crushed and conquered as they had been, these sons of Arabia still retained much of their ancient superiority of temperament; and wherever they went, it was remarked that they monopolised all places of wealth and commercial consequence, so that a Moor thrived where a Spaniard would have starved. This, co-operating with the hereditary dislike—which no intermixture or studied conformity on the part of the Moors could extinguish—at last determined the Spanish government to adopt the atrocious policy of expelling the Moors from Spain. The expulsion was finally carried into effect in the reign of Philip III., at the beginning of the seventeenth century. By a decree of that monarch, upwards of one million of his most industrious subjects were expelled from the kingdom in the course of a few months, because they were of Moorish blood. It is calculated that two millions had, in the course of the previous century, voluntarily left Spain. By the edict of Philip III., six Moorish families out of every hundred were to be allowed, or rather forced, to remain for a time in Spain, to teach the Spaniards certain arts and manufactures for which the Moors were celebrated. This was a miserable device to save the country from the effects of the expulsion of her best subjects; and it proved so; for the decline of Spain as a commercial country dates from this disastrous event. The fate of the poor outcasts themselves we need not trace. Such of them as survived the sufferings which attended the act of their expulsion, took root in other countries, principally Mohammedan, and there lived in peace.

Thus, after nine centuries, during which they performed successively the parts of invaders, conquerors, rulers, joint occupants, and subjects, were the Arabs expelled from Spain. Besides their imperishable contributions to the civilisation of Europe, there are numerous local traces of their residence in the Spanish Peninsula. The anniversary of the surrender of Granada to the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, is still celebrated by festivities, rejoicings, and grotesque processions in all the towns and villages of the south of Spain.



THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

FOR more than a hundred years a story of a melancholy and remarkable kind has floated through Europe. It has become in every country an interesting tradition ; all persons have, less or more, heard something of it ; it is one of the tales which the young, by one means or other, pick up. This traditional relation is the story of 'The Man with the Iron Mask.' The story is French, and possesses that degree of mystery which insures a lively interest among the imaginative. It purports to be the history of a distinguished personage, perhaps a prince, who was confined for a great number of years, until his death, in one of the state-prisons of France. The era to which the story is referred was that of Louis XIV.—a knowledge of whose character and position is necessary for a full comprehension of the plot. Louis was born in 1638, attained the authority of king in 1661, and from this period he reigned for fifty-four years, till his death in 1715. Accomplished in person and manners, and possessing a love of magnificence and power, Louis was the greatest of the old French monarchs ; yet this greatness had in it little of magnanimity. Inspired by an intense selfishness, and of insatiable ambition, he permitted nothing to stand in the way of his desires. Neither was any flattery too gross for him ; incense was the only intellectual food he imbibed. Independence of character he detested ; the man

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

who once, though but for an instant, stood up before him in the consciousness of manly integrity of purpose, was lost for ever in the favour of the king. He detested the nobility, because they were not the creatures of his breath; they had their own consequence: his ministers were always his favourites, because he had made them, and could unmake them; and because, moreover, they had abundant opportunities of applying large doses of the most fulsome flattery, and of prostrating themselves before him, of assuming an air of utter nothingness in his presence, of attributing to him the praise of every scheme they had invented, and of insinuating that their own ideas were the creatures of his suggestions. To such a pitch was this intoxication carried, that he who had neither ear nor voice might be heard singing, among his peculiar intimates, snatches of the most fulsome parts of the songs in his own praise.

His love of sieges and reviews was only another form of this his only enthusiasm—his passion for himself. A siege was a fine opportunity for exhibiting his capacity; in other words, for attributing to himself all the talents of a great general. Here, too, he could exhibit his courage at little expense of danger; for he could be prevailed upon, as it were with difficulty, to keep in the background, and by the aid of his admirable constitution, and great power of enduring hunger, thirst, fatigue, and changes of temperature, really exhibit himself in a very advantageous point of view. At reviews, also, his fine person, his skill in horsemanship, and his air of dignity and noble presence, enabled him to play the first part with considerable effect. It was always with a talk of his campaigns and his troops that he used to entertain his mistresses, and sometimes his courtiers. The subject must necessarily have been tiresome to them, but it was in some measure redeemed by the elegance and propriety of his expressions: he had a natural justness of phrase in conversation, and told a story better than any man of his time. The talent of recounting is by no means a common quality: he had it in perfection.

If Louis had a talent for anything, it was for the management of the merest details. His mind naturally ran on small differences. He was incessantly occupied with the meanest minutiae of military affairs. Clothing, arms, evolutions, drill, discipline—in a word, all the lowest details. It was the same in his buildings, his establishments, his household supplies; he was perpetually fancying that he could teach the men who understood the subject, whatever it might be, better than anybody else, and they of course received his instruction in the manner of novices. This waste of time he would term a continual application to business. It was a description of industry which exactly suited the purposes of his ministers, who, by putting him on the scent in some trivial matter, respecting which they pretended to receive the law from him, took care to manage all the more *important* matters according to their own schemes. To this love of

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

trifling and scheming may be ascribed many of his meaner acts of vengeance. Fond of contriving, he liked more to torment an enemy by secret seizure and imprisonment, than to kill him by an open and instantaneous act. To him the horrid pleasure of learning from time to time how an unfortunate captive spent his wearisome hours, was very exquisite; and thus did he make revenge a continual feast—a feast, however, which carried remorse in its train. Inheriting a purely despotic power, these vengeful actions were not matters of common remark. It had been the practice of the kings of France, ever since Louis XI., to act exactly with the people and the laws as they were so disposed. Among their ordinary means of putting out of the way persons who gave them any displeasure, was that of consigning them secretly to one of the many state-prisons—gloomy and strong fortress edifices—with which France abounded. Fathers of families, priests, soldiers, statesmen, noblemen of the court, ladies of quality—all were numbered among the victims of this iniquitous abuse of power. There was usually no form of trial; *lettres de cachet*, or sealed warrants, were put in force with merciless severity. Sometimes the individual thus taken suddenly into custody would be transferred to the Bastille, a prison fortress at Paris (of which an account will be given in a future tract), where he would be kept for years, or for life, holding no communication whatever with the external world. At other times, in cases of greater vengefulness, the poor victim would be thrown into a vault, to die, within a few days or weeks, of famine. The vaults devoted to this odious purpose were called *oubliettes*—that is, places where the inmates were to be forgotten. These oubliettes, of which the remains may still be seen in some of the old ruined castles in France, were usually shaped like a bottle, small at the mouth, and wide beneath, and, being of considerable depth, escape from them was impossible. Amidst the decaying remains of former victims, and everything that was nauseous, the individual precipitated into them found a horrible grave.* Whether Louis XIV. resorted to this barbarity, is not known. Unrestrained by scruples of generosity, honour, or religion, it is at least certain that, throughout his long reign, he was one of the most detestable tyrants that have ever challenged the execration of mankind. The Bastille and other state-prisons were filled by him with unfortunate captives, many of them ignorant of the offences laid to their charge, and all exposed, as authentic records verify, to the

* Such villainous receptacles were not confined exclusively to France; they were common all over Europe. We have seen one at Chillon, and likewise the remains of one in the castle of St Andrews in Scotland. This last mentioned, situated in a low part of the ruins, is a dark cavern, cut out of the solid rock, and shaped like a common bottle. The neck of the orifice is seven feet wide, by about eight in depth, after which it widens till it is seventeen feet in diameter. The depth of the whole is twenty-two feet. This fearful tomb was once used as the dungeon of the castle. Recusant victims were put therein, and possibly left to die of cold and famine. Some years since it was cleared out, when a great quantity of bones were removed.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

worst practices of the worst and most barbarous ages, even to the infliction of torture itself.* In everything connected with these prisoners the utmost secrecy was usually observed : they were seized in the dead of night, fictitious names given to them, and all traces of their fate obliterated. Thus the anguish of families was increased by the very uncertainty in which they remained as to what had befallen their vanished relatives.

The course of profligacy, and of lavish expenditure on buildings, wars, and military parade, in which Louis XIV. recklessly indulged, had the effect, as is well known, of sapping the foundations of the monarchy, and of leading to that misery and discontent which broke out in the revolution of 1789.

From this short review of the character of Louis XIV., it will not be considered at all singular that a person of rank should have been kept in confinement for many years during his reign, without anything being known at the time concerning the unhappy captive. We have seen that it was not only the practice of the age for kings to imprison individuals without let or hindrance, but that Louis XIV., in particular, was exceedingly fond of this method of punishment for real or imaginary offences. So much for preliminary explanations. It is evident there is a groundwork for such a story as that of the Man with the Iron Mask ; and we now propose to explain to our young readers who the man was, what were his crimes, and all else that can be substantiated respecting him. The narrative is probably not much worth ; still, as it contains a mystery which goes on perplexing generation after generation, and as it throws a light on past manners, we think it may not be, on the whole, out of place to tell it, as truth always ought to be told.

* The Sieur Constantin de Renneville, in giving an account of his own treatment during an eleven years' sojourn in the Bastille, for having written some verses reflecting on the prowess of the French arms, presents a harrowing account of the general conduct pursued towards the prisoners. There is no doubt he writes under a lively sense of the persecution he had suffered, and many of his statements may be tinged with exaggeration ; but, in the main, his relation is entitled to credit. The work is styled *The French Inquisition, or History of the Bastille*, and was first published, in 1719, at Amsterdam. It extends to five thick closely-printed volumes, and has gone through several editions. Its attacks are principally directed against the governor and officers of the prison, whom he accuses of starving the prisoners in order to appropriate the sums allowed for their maintenance. Amongst other cases, he mentions that of a veteran Swiss officer, upwards of seventy, who had served in the army all his life, but had been betrayed into a hasty remark to Marshal Villeroi, at the battle of Ramilies, to whose denunciation he owed his incarceration, and who was kept without fire, and provided only with bread and water, although the king allowed fifteen francs a day for his support. Renneville breaks out into the following pathetic lamentation : 'Of a truth what horrors have I not witnessed during eleven years and upwards that I have been made to endure torments beyond all expression, without having ever undergone a single interrogatory ; without being able to obtain judges or commissioners to investigate my case ; or without the ministers of the king deigning to acquaint me with the reason of my detention ! I have been made to suffer a punishment more insupportable than the cruellest death, without learning the cause, without being granted leave during so long a time to write to my wife, my kinsmen, my friends, or even the minister who ordered my arrest. I found myself buried alive without being able to ascertain whether I had yet a wife and children in the world, whatever prayers and submissions I lavished with that view on my inexorable persecutors.'

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

We must commence by disposing of various ingenious

CONJECTURES AS TO WHO WAS THE IRON MASK.

Although, for a number of years after the death of Louis XIV. there were many rumours in France as to the Man with the Iron Mask, it was considered dangerous to publish any real or probable account of his sufferings. The narrative of his captivity was first printed at Amsterdam in 1745, and in the form of an allegory, the scene of which was laid in Persia. According to this romance, as it must be called, the Man with the Iron Mask was the Count de Vermandois, a son of Louis XIV., who had incurred his father's displeasure. This fiction did not attract much attention; but it probably, along with personal pique, and the love of dramatic effect, induced Voltaire to revive the narrative in his *Age of Louis XIV.*, a work published at Berlin in 1751. Not content with asseverating the assumed facts hitherto propagated, he undertook, upon the testimony of officers of the Bastille, his informants, to describe the person of the prisoner as of good height and admirable proportions, and to represent him as possessing a voice that awakened much interest, and as evincing in his deportment an exemplary resignation. He, moreover, stated that the mask worn by the prisoner was furnished with steel springs at the chin, whereby he was enabled to eat with freedom. His captivity dated from 1661, in the fortress of the island of Sainte-Marguerite, whence he was removed in 1690 to the Bastille, under the most rigorous precautions, in which latter prison he died in 1704. The Marquis de Louvois, minister of the war department under Louis XIV., visited him and remained standing whilst addressing him, exhibiting in his whole demeanour great respect. He was provided with everything he desired; his taste for fine linen and laces was abundantly gratified; he was allowed the solace of music; and the governor never ventured to sit in his presence.

This is the account given by Voltaire, supported by all the weight of his own name, and corroborated by the implied authority of the Duke de Richelieu and Madame de Pompadour, the one the minister, and the other a confidante, of Louis XV., with whom he was then living on terms of the closest intimacy. It was confirmed in its main particulars by another writer, Lagrange-Chancel, who had been himself confined at Sainte-Marguerite, and claimed to derive his information from the governor of that fortress. He alleged that 'the commandant, Saint-Mars, manifested great consideration towards his prisoner, served him himself in silver-plate, and frequently provided him with clothes as rich as he desired; but the prisoner was obliged, on pain of death, to appear only with his iron mask on in presence of the physician and surgeon, when he needed their services; and his only amusement when alone was to pluck

3

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

hairs from his beard with small steel pincers, highly polished and shining.' He added, that he had himself seen one of these pincers in the hands of the Sieur de Formanoir, the nephew of Saint-Mars. Thus was all doubt dispelled from the public mind, and it became a universally admitted fact that some one had been kept in confinement by Louis XIV., with his face concealed by a mask, the most lively curiosity being excited to determine who the victim of such jealous tyranny could have been. The mere circumstance of so extraordinary a precaution seemed to prove incontestably that he must have been a prisoner of the greatest consequence, and in all probability of the highest rank—a supposition fortified by the studied respect said to be paid him. Hence, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that the great majority of the writers who have handled the subject seek some exalted personage as the hero of their various hypotheses, although Voltaire himself has remarked that no considerable individual disappeared from the European stage at the time, unless by real or apparent death.

The first supposition was that of the author of the Persian fiction, to which Voltaire himself perhaps at one time leant, there being, indeed, good grounds to suspect that the story itself was the offspring of his own fertile brain, and which, as has been stated, pointed to the Count de Vermandois. Yet this Count de Vermandois had died in the very midst of a camp, after an illness of seven days: having fallen sick on the evening of the 12th November 1683, and died on the 19th, he was buried with extraordinary pomp in the cathedral church of Arras, upon the express requisition of the king himself, Louis XIV., to the chapter, that his body might be deposited in the same vault as that in which reposed the remains of Elizabeth, Countess of Vermandois, wife of Philip of Alsace, Count of Flanders, who died in 1182; and a sum of 10,000 livres was granted to the same chapter for a perpetual dirge to be chanted to his memory. There seems no good reason to suppose all this a solemn farce, enacted to conceal the imprisonment of a youth who could never have been an object of apprehension, whether in durance or at large. The mere allegation of a rumour to that effect can be esteemed of no weight in the absence of anything like corroborative proof.

The next conjecture as to who was the Iron Mask was that put forward by at least two respectable writers. These affirmed that the queen, wife of Louis XIII., after giving birth to Louis XIV., was delivered at a subsequent hour of a second son, whose birth the king resolved to conceal, to avoid the danger of a disputed succession, it being the opinion of certain legal authorities that the first-born of twins has a doubtful claim to any inheritance depending on birth. With this view, the child was confided to a nurse, and afterwards to a governor, who took him to his seat in Burgundy, where, growing to manhood, he discovered the secret of his birth, and was forthwith placed in confinement, with a mask to conceal his features, which

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

were the exact counterpart of his brother the king's. Such was the story of these authors, which, upon careful consideration, seems utterly unworthy of credit. Nevertheless, the notion that a brother of Louis XIV., whether older, younger, or of the same age, and whether legitimate or illegitimate, was in truth the unfortunate victim of the Iron Mask, has had a host of firm believers in France and other countries, and amongst the rest our ingenious countryman, Mr Quintin Crawford, who decides in favour of a son. It would seem that Napoleon, whose curiosity was keenly excited by this mystery of the Iron Mask, also inclined to the hypothesis of a royal prince.*

Meanwhile, suppositions of a less creative, though of an equally fanciful nature, challenged from day to day public acquiescence, though the only consequence of this diversity of theories was greater perplexity and doubt. First in order was the hypothesis which assigned the Iron Mask to the Duke of Beaufort, advanced by two several authors, Dufresnoy and Lagrange-Chancel, in 1759, and afterwards maintained by others. This Duke of Beaufort had been intrusted by Louis XIV. with the command of a squadron destined for the relief of Candia, then besieged by the Turks (1669). Seven days after his arrival at the island, he took part in a sally on the besiegers, and was never seen again. The Duke de Navailles, his coadjutor in the command, reported that he had been abandoned by his troops when in front of the Turks, and he knew not what had become of him. The probability is that he was slain, and his head sent to the sultan at Constantinople, according to the custom of the Turks. But as his body was not found, or at least identified, which might readily be the case if it were decapitated, a rumour prevailed that he was not dead, but had mysteriously disappeared. This was sufficient to elevate him into a candidate for the martyrdom of the Iron Mask; but his supporters signally fail, both in probability and the more decisive matter of dates. The age of the prince would incapacitate him for the part, and there appears no cause to suppose he had given any mortal offence either to the king or to his vindictive minister, Colbert. He was a man of gross and vulgar habits, passing by the nickname of the *King of the Markets*, indicative of his low tastes. He enjoyed no consideration, and might be an object of contempt or disgust, but not of inhuman persecution.

Poullain de Saint-Foix has the merit of resuscitating another illustrious deceased to perform the character of the Iron Mask, and this he does with even more boldness than any of his contemporaries, since he selects a man who was publicly beheaded on Tower Hill, in the city of London, in the year 1685—namely, the

* The memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes bear testimony to the interest taken in the elucidation of this question by Napoleon, who had ordered researches in the national archives without effect, which not a little fretted the imperious impatience of his mind for results.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

Duke of Monmouth, executed by his uncle, James II. Saint-Foix finds a substitute for the duke on the scaffold in the person of a devoted follower, who greatly resembled him, and consented to act as his proxy in the loss of his head. Setting aside this first startling difficulty, the hypothesis is otherwise utterly untenable in respect of dates. Yet, strange to say, for a time this theory became the favourite one, owing principally to the bold and confident tone of its advocate, until the Père Griffet, a learned and profound historian, was provoked to take up arms against it, and by a skilful use of authentic documents effectually demolished it, although he failed to set up his own dogma in its place, for the erudite father gave his suffrage in favour of the Count de Vermandois. A furious contest ensued between these two champions in the columns of Freron's *Année Littéraire*, in the midst of which a third claimant came forward in behalf of Mohammed IV., the Turkish sultan deposed in 1687; but while the conflict was still raging among these combatants, and the public excitement roused to the highest pitch, the Père Griffet suddenly departed this life (1771), and so put an end to the hot discussion.

With regard to other parties of inferior grades, who have found partisans to urge their claims as the heroes of this enigma, it is sufficient to say that the spirit of paradox has been carried so far as to pitch upon Henry Cromwell, the second son of the Protector, for one of them, upon the ground, simply, that though known to be of a more lively temperament than his brother Richard, he lived and died in such obscurity, that nothing is known of his existence. But even if this were so, it is clear that Louis XIV. could have no possible interest in keeping a son of Cromwell in such close confinement, however prone to assume the part of a jailer. More plausible arguments have been advanced in favour of three other individuals, between whom, in fact, the controversy is unquestionably narrowed. These are, the Armenian patriarch, Ardewiks; the superintendent of the French finances, Fouquet; and the minister of the Duke of Mantua, Matthioli. Thus the story, it must be confessed, loses much of its romantic interest, shorn as it becomes of any thrilling mystery. But the object in view is, of course, the elucidation of the truth.

Before entering upon the inquiry which of these three was the actual Man with the Iron Mask, it will be proper to detail all that is precisely known respecting the prisoner detained under such extraordinary circumstances. To do so with demonstrative effect, all that is mere hearsay or tradition ought to be discarded. Thus, the statement of Voltaire, and all those who have followed in his wake, about the extraordinary respect paid by the governor of the fortress, and even by the Marquis de Louvois, must be considered in the light of an unsupported, if not an invented, accessory to the *romance of the incident*. A manuscript journal kept by M. Dujonca,

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

Lieutenant of the Bastille, first quoted by the Père Griffet, is the only authentic document extant upon the subject of the prisoner, apart from the official correspondence to be hereafter mentioned, inasmuch as the register of the Bastille copied in the work called *La Bastille Devoilée*, or 'The Bastille Exposed,' is judged to be merely a compilation from Dujonca's journal so far as concerns this particular case, as all the principal records are known to have been destroyed. This journal records that, 'at three o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 18th September 1698, Saint-Mars arrived from the Isle de Sainte-Marguerite, bringing with him, in a litter, an old prisoner, whom he had had at Pignerol, whose name was not mentioned, and who was always kept masked. This prisoner was put into the tower of La Baziniere until night, when I myself conducted him at nine in the evening to the third chamber of the tower of La Bertaudiere, which care had been taken to furnish with all things necessary. The Sieur Rosarges, who likewise came from the Isle de Sainte-Marguerite with Saint-Mars, was directed to wait upon and take care of the aforesaid prisoner, who was fed by the governor.'

In the same journal, the death of the prisoner is mentioned under date of the 19th November 1703, in the following terms: 'The unknown prisoner, always masked with a black velvet mask, whom M. de Saint-Mars had brought with him, and had long kept under his charge, feeling slightly indisposed after attending mass, died to-day at ten at night, without having experienced any considerable illness: he could not have suffered less. M. Giraut, our chaplain, confessed him yesterday. Surprised by death, he was unable to receive the sacraments, and our chaplain exhorted him for a moment before he died. He was interred on Tuesday, 20th November, at four in the afternoon, in the cemetery of St Paul. His interment cost forty livres.'

By an extract from the register of burials for the parish of St Paul, accredited by the vicar under his hand on the 9th February 1790, the exactitude of Dujonca is fully borne out. This entry is as follows: 'The year 1703, on the 19th November, died at the Bastille *Marchiali*, aged forty-five or thereabouts; whose body was interred in the burial-ground of St Paul, his parish, on the 20th of the said month, in the presence of M. Rosarges, major of the Bastille, and of M. Reih, surgeon of the Bastille, who have affixed their signatures.'

Marchiali was of course an assumed name, given to baffle inquiry, as likewise was most probably the alleged age. Voltaire relates that the prisoner was always called Marchiali at the Bastille, and that he himself declared to the apothecary of the prison, a few days before his death, that he thought he was about sixty years old. After his death, the utmost care was taken to destroy every vestige of his existence: everything he had been in the habit of using, such as clothes, linen, bedding, &c. was burnt; the walls of his room were

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

scraped and re-plastered, the panes of the windows were changed, and, according to some authorities, his body itself was consumed with quicklime.

As Saint-Mars passed with his prisoner from the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, he halted at his own estate of Palteau, and an account of his visit is given by his great-nephew, M. de Palteau, as he had received it from persons resident on the property at the time. This is contained in a letter published by M. de Palteau in the *Année Littéraire* of 1769. He states 'that the masked prisoner arrived at Palteau in a litter which preceded the one in which Saint-Mars himself travelled, under an escort of several men on horseback, and accompanied by the peasants who had gone to meet their landlord. Dinner was served in the dining-room on the ground-floor; the prisoner sat with his back to the court, and Saint-Mars opposite him, with a brace of pistols on the table. They were waited on by a single servant, who brought all the dishes from the anteroom, where they were deposited, and whenever he came in or went out, he shut the door carefully after him. The prisoner was observed to be tall in stature, and he always wore a black mask, which did not prevent his lips, teeth, and gray hair from being seen. The peasants frequently saw him cross the court with the mask over his face. Saint-Mars caused a bed for himself to be placed close to that of his prisoner, in which he slept. The remembrance of this occurrence is still fresh in the memory of many old men still living.'

Such is all that is positively known of this famous captive. The question is, which of the three persons last indicated he was—Ardewiks, Fouquet, or Matthioli?

The pretensions of Ardewiks are quickly disposed of. He was the Armenian patriarch at Constantinople, and had contrived to incur the deadly animosity of the Jesuits, then all-powerful in France and in other countries. They availed to procure his exile, and ultimately to have him kidnapped on board a French vessel, which conveyed him to France, where he was imprisoned in the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, and afterwards in the Bastile, where he died. This atrocious proceeding was strenuously denied by the French government when the Ottoman court remonstrated, but is placed beyond all question by a memoir on the subject left by M. de Bonac, French ambassador at Constantinople in 1724. The Chevalier de Taules has laboured with commendable zeal to demonstrate that this abducted patriarch was the genuine Iron Mask, mainly with the view of relieving French royalty from the stigma of the suspicions which attached to it from the undisclosed mystery, and fixing it on the Jesuits.* But he is met by an insuperable obstacle on the very threshold of his argument. M. de Bonac states explicitly that the

* Two works of his are published on the subject, both posthumous, which appeared in the year 1825. Each is distinguished by a high-sounding title, having reference to the Iron Mask.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

patriarch was carried off during the embassy of M. Feriol at Constantinople, who only succeeded M. de Chateauneuf in 1699, and as the Iron Mask was already at the Bastille in 1698, it could not possibly have been the unfortunate patriarch of the Armenians.

The theory which would sustain Fouquet as claimant to the possession of the Iron Mask, has only very recently received a powerful stimulus from an elaborate thesis, executed by the bibliophilist Jacob, a prominent, if not an eminent writer, under the title of *Histoire de l'Homme au Masque de Fer*, published at Paris in 1840. Fouquet was superintendent of finances in the early part of Louis XIV.'s reign, and won for himself a more than common share of the obloquy usually attracted by the finance minister under a despotic monarchy. He lived in a magnificence and luxury which aroused the jealousy even of the king, and he had the sad misfortune, moreover, to cross the monarch in the pursuit of certain mean schemes. Louis accounts for his animosity in the following manner: 'A view of the vast establishments this man had projected, and the insolent acquisitions he had made, could not fail to convince my mind of his unruly ambition, whilst the universal distress of my people cried aloud to me for justice against him. But what rendered him more culpable towards me was, that, far from profiting by the goodness I had manifested in retaining him in my counsels, he had derived therefrom fresh hopes of deceiving me, and instead of becoming wiser, thought only of shewing himself more artful. But with all the artifices he could practise, I was not long in discovering his dishonesty, for he was unable to leave off his enormous expenditure, fortifying places and ornamenting palaces, forming cabals, and placing important charges in the hands of his friends, which he purchased for them at my expense, with the view of speedily rendering himself the supreme arbiter of the state.'*

With this king, to hate was to persecute. Without hesitation he caused Fouquet to be accused of malversation and treason, thrown into the Bastille in 1661, and arraigned before the Chamber of Justice, which, after a tedious process of three years, adjudged him guilty of the first crime, and sentenced him to banishment for life, with confiscation of his goods and chattels. The king was displeased that he had not been condemned to death; but judging it dangerous to allow a man acquainted with the affairs of the state to leave the kingdom, *commuted* the punishment to one of perpetual imprisonment. Three days after judgment, Fouquet was accordingly conveyed to the prison of Pignerol, on the borders of Savoy, and Saint-Mars appointed to guard him with the strictest vigilance.

In 1664, therefore, Fouquet was shut up a close prisoner in the fortress of Pignerol, with M. de Saint-Mars for his jailer. In repeated letters, which are quoted by M. Jacob, the minister Louvois urges the latter to exercise the utmost rigour towards his prisoner,

* *Œuvres de Louis XIV.*, t. i., p. 101.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

in the literal fulfilment of which instructions he in fact shewed himself nothing loath. After 1672, the severity of his captivity was mitigated, and he was allowed to receive a letter from his wife, and visits from the officers of the garrison. Towards the close of 1679 he fell ill, and, after some time, permission was given that he might be taken to the baths of Bourbon; but it was too late; he died of apoplexy at Pignerol on the 23d of March 1680. M. Jacob contends that he did not in fact die, but that the animosity of Louis being kindled afresh at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, he resolved to wreak yet greater vengeance on the hapless superintendent. Consequently, causing his death to be announced, he had him immured in a lonely and inaccessible dungeon, and his face concealed with a mask.

But overlooking that much of this hypothesis rests on the merest and vaguest surmise, the death of Fouquet in 1680 appears to be as well authenticated as such an event in a state-prison could be. In the first place, there is a letter from Saint-Mars to Louvois, dated the 23d of March 1680, intimating the occurrence; and three subsequent letters of Louvois to Saint-Mars of the 8th, 9th, and 29th of April, speak of 'the late M. Fouquet.' Again, Madame Fouquet was in the town of Pignerol, lodging at the house of one Sieur Fenouil, at the time of her husband's death, and arrangements had even been made for one of her daughters to occupy a room above, and communicating with the prisoner's, doubtless that she might tend her father in his sickness. It would likewise appear that his son, the Count de Vaux, must have been on the spot; for in his letter of the 8th of April, Louvois says to Saint-Mars: 'You have done wrong to permit M. de Vaux to remove his father's papers and verses, and you ought to have locked them up in his apartment.' His letter of the 9th of April, dated from St Germain, contains the following order: 'The king commands me to make known to you that his majesty is agreeable you should deliver to Madame Fouquet's servants the body of her late husband, to be transported whither she pleases.' That Madame Fouquet, who was tenderly attached to her husband, and had, during all the years of his imprisonment, never ceased to importune the king for his release, availed herself of this permission, would seem both reasonable and natural; nor is there any reason to doubt she did so, the body of her husband being, as the burial-register of the convent of the Filles de la Visitation-Sainte-Marie at Paris attests, deposited in the church of that convent, in the same vault as that of his father, François Fouquet. But to this M. Jacob objects, first, that this interment did not take place for a whole year after the death, namely, on the 28th of March 1681; and secondly, that five months previously, a search being instituted in the church of the Visitation for the coffin of André Fremiot, erst archbishop of Bourges, to be removed to the cathedral of that city, the coffin was ultimately found in the Fouquet vault, on which

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

occasion all the coffins in the sepulchre were examined by a municipal committee, and that professing to be of Nicholas Fouquet, the superintendent, was found empty, those of his father, wife, and sons only containing their remains. These two facts are singular, but by no means unaccountable, and are certainly wholly insufficient to invalidate the direct testimony of the death at Pignerol. But M. Jacob objects further, that Fouquet's friends were incredulous as to his demise; which can scarcely have been the case, since one of his most intimate friends, Madame de Sevigné, writes to her daughter on the 3d of April 1680, thus: 'Poor M. Fouquet is dead! I am greatly affected. Mademoiselle de Scudery is much afflicted at this event.' On the 5th of the same month she again writes: 'If I were to advise M. Fouquet's family, I would refrain from transporting his poor body, as it is said they are going to do. I would let it be buried there, at Pignerol; for after a lapse of nineteen years, I would not have him brought out after such a fashion.' The date of Madame de Sevigné's first letter is of great consequence in this inquiry, as there is an irresistible inference to be thence deduced that she had the information of Fouquet's death direct from his widow, son, or daughter, at Pignerol, inasmuch as Saint-Mars's letter of advice to Louvois did not reach that minister until the 8th of April, as he himself complains. Now, if the members of his family, resident on the spot, were acquainted with the circumstance of his death at the instant of its occurrence, and had free access to him previously—as is incontestable, from the arrangement as to his daughter, and a notarial procuration, executed by Madame Fouquet, in the *doujon of the citadel of Pignerol*, on the 27th of January 1680—it is not to be doubted they had ample opportunity of satisfying themselves that the event was real and not fictitious.

It is true that Voltaire, in one of his works, says that it was unknown where Fouquet died; and again, in the *Age of Louis XIV.* (ch. 25), has the following remarkable passage: 'All historians state that Fouquet died at Pignerol in 1680; but Gourville asserts that he was liberated from prison some time before his death. The Countess de Vaux, his daughter-in-law, had already confirmed to me that fact; yet the contrary is believed in his family: thus it is that no one knows where the unfortunate man died.'

This doubt on the part of Voltaire may be explained. Gourville says in his memoirs that Fouquet, having been set or put at liberty (*ayant été mis en liberté*), wrote to him to thank him for the kindness he had shewn to his wife. This liberty he must have meant as comparative, since it is unquestionable that Fouquet was never liberated from prison, whether he died at Pignerol or in the Bastille. The probable supposition is, that it had been made a condition with the family that it should observe a discreet silence on the subject both of the imprisonment and of the death; hence the misinformation even of his daughter-in-law. At all events, the ignorance of Voltaire.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

whether real or affected, has no bearing on the question, as he had not seen the correspondence between Louvois and Saint-Mars. On the whole, it is impossible to doubt that Fouquet died at Pignerol on the 23d of March 1680, and consequently that he was not the Man with the Iron Mask.

There remains the case of Matthioli to be considered. It is fortunately one in which no stubborn fact, such as a reputed death, or other untoward incident, is to be upset or even contested. In a word, Matthioli was *the man*.

THE TRUE MAN IS FOUND.

The account of the true Man of the Iron Mask involves one of the most curious points in history. It may be troublesome to get at the whole truth of the matter, but we repeat it is worth a little patient investigation. We shall try to make the story as plain as possible.

The Abbé d'Estrades, French ambassador at Venice, knowing well the insatiable ambition of his master, Louis XIV., conceived, in the year 1677, the idea of inducing the Duke of Mantua to permit the introduction of a French garrison into Casale, a strongly fortified town, the capital of the Montferrat, and giving access to the whole of Lombardy. This scheme he proposed to effect through the medium of Count Matthioli, who had been secretary of state under the last Duke of Mantua, Charles III., and was greatly in the confidence of the present Ferdinand Charles IV.; who, however, was a complete cipher in the government, the reins of power being held by his mother, an Austrian princess. Having sent a messenger in whom he could confide to communicate with Matthioli, and finding him and the duke both agreeable to the project, in the hope of securing the aid of France against the Austrian and Spanish interests, to which the duchess-mother was devoted, he applied to Louis for leave to treat, which that potentate lost no time in cheerfully according. An active though secret negotiation was thereupon commenced between D'Estrades and Matthioli, which proceeded so favourably that the Duke of Mantua himself repaired to Venice to have an interview with the French ambassador. At this interview, which took place at midnight on the 13th of March 1678, the duke expressed his eagerness to conclude the treaty, from the constant fear he was in of the Spaniards, and also his intention to send Matthioli to Paris, with the view of bringing the affair to a speedier issue. It suited the purpose of Louis to procrastinate, as he had no army ready to enter Italy; and hence the departure of Matthioli was delayed until November, when at length he started for Paris, and eventually concluded a treaty with M. de Pomponne, French minister, on the following terms:

1st, That the Duke of Mantua should receive the French troops into Casale.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

2d, That if the king of France sent an army into Italy, the Duke of Mantua should have the command of it.

3d, That immediately after the execution of the treaty, the sum of 100,000 crowns should be paid to the Duke of Mantua.

Matthioli, upon the occasion of this treaty, was received in a secret audience by Louis himself, who graciously presented him with a valuable ring. He also received a sum of money for his own use, and the promise of a further largess after the ratification of the treaty. He then returned to Italy, after concerting with Louvois, the minister at war, as to the mode of putting the treaty into execution.

In the whole of this affair Matthioli appears to have been actuated by venal motives. He had forsaken the Spanish interest, to embrace the French, solely from a disappointment of a pecuniary nature; and being now master of an important secret, he resolved to turn it to account. Accordingly, as he passed through Turin on his way from France, he revealed the affair to the President Turki, one of the ministers of the Court of Savoy, for a sum of money, and allowed him to take copies of all the documents. After committing this act of treachery, it is not surprising he should do all he could to delay the ratification and fulfilment of the treaty. The French, on the contrary, were eager to complete the transaction, and take possession of Casale; their negotiator and their general were both ready; but Matthioli still found excuses to postpone the final act, until certain suspicions began to be entertained touching his fidelity. Nevertheless, appearances were kept up, and an appointment was eventually made to exchange the ratifications at Increa, a village near Casale, the duke repaying in person to Casale to deliver it into the hands of the French immediately afterwards. But the French envoy charged with the ratifications was arrested as he passed through the Milanese from Venice, owing to the machinations of Matthioli, as was supposed; and although another person, Catinat, afterwards the celebrated marshal, was instantly appointed to supply his place, of which Matthioli was promptly apprised, that personage betook himself to Venice, instead of attending the appointment. Catinat, who was then simply a brigadier, actually proceeded to Increa, and narrowly escaped being seized by a detachment of cavalry sent for the purpose of capturing him. After this, little doubt could remain of Matthioli's treachery; but the French were too intent to conclude the arrangement wholly to break with him, and the chargé-d'affaires at Venice now urged him, by combined threats and promises, to repair to Turin and confer with D'Estrades, who was then resident at that city. To these exhortations Matthioli yielded, and in process of time presented himself before D'Estrades at Turin, making sundry lame excuses for the delays he had caused. He arrived at the end of April 1679.

Meanwhile D'Estrades had obtained undoubted proofs of

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

Matthioli's treachery from the Duchess of Savoy herself, who shewed him copies of all the documents relative to the surrender of Casale ; and Louis XIV., finding himself thus deceived and betrayed, gave vent to the liveliest indignation, and vowed to avenge himself on the traitor. With this view D'Estrades was ordered forthwith to arrest Matthioli, who, little aware of the fate in store for him, easily fell into a snare laid to entrap him. Complaining continually to D'Estrades of the want of money, the latter told him that Catinat, who commanded the troops intended to take possession of Casale, had considerable sums at his disposal, and would be ready to supply his wants, provided he would give him a meeting on the frontier towards Pignerol. To this proposal Matthioli joyfully acceded, and on an appointed day met D'Estrades, who was accompanied by his relative the Abbé de Montesquieu, in a church at a short distance from Turin, whence they proceeded to the frontier. About three miles from the place assigned for meeting Catinat, they came upon a river whose banks were overflowed, and the only bridge over it broken. Matthioli assisted energetically in repairing this bridge, himself being the most impatient at the obstacle ; and they were eventually enabled to continue their progress, which they did on foot, to where Catinat awaited them with two officers and four soldiers. Here, after a short conversation, directed to extort a confession as to the place in which the original papers regarding Casale were concealed, he was arrested, offering no resistance, though he always carried a sword and pistols upon his person, and conveyed that same night to the fortress of Pignerol. The arrest took place on the 2d of May 1679. Saint-Mars had been already prepared to expect and receive the prisoner by a letter from Louvois, dated the 27th April, to the following purport : 'The king has sent orders to the Abbé d'Estrades to try and arrest a man with whose conduct his majesty has reason to be dissatisfied ; of which he has commanded me to acquaint you, in order that you may not object to receive him when he shall be brought to you, and likewise that you may guard him in a manner to prevent him from holding communication with any one, and give him reason to repent his evil conduct, and so that it may not be discovered you have got a fresh prisoner.'

It was undoubtedly requisite that so flagrant an act as the seizure of a minister plenipotentiary, which Matthioli actually was at the time, should be kept, if possible, a profound secret ; for although Louis XIV. was not at all scrupulous about violating his neighbour's territories, or kidnapping their subjects, and the prince immediately injured was weak and impotent, yet it involved a breach of the law of nations, in the vindication of which all the powers of the earth were interested, and might combine. Therefore, notwithstanding the sudden disappearance of Matthioli, after being in close communion with the agents of the French government, might naturally

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

point suspicion to the real destination he had been led, so long as nothing positive was known or capable of being proved, it was always competent to deny the fact, and so avoid humiliating explanations, if not a more humiliating atonement. And if this consideration rendered extraordinary precautions for concealment essential in the first instance, their continuance was equally necessary to the end, since the honour of the government would become pledged to uphold the falsehood with which it met the first application for restitution or redress. Consequently, not in the mere spirit of vengeance, but from cogent motives of policy, Louis XIV. was impelled to bury the captive he had so foully and illegally abducted in the most absolute seclusion, in order that no chance might be given of the fatal secret transpiring. Besides, in addition to reasons of a general nature, he had the further object of keeping on a good understanding with the Duke of Mantua, as his ambition had not yet been appeased by the surrender of Casale, which that prince, notwithstanding the defection of his confidant, Matthioli, had always entertained the design of executing according to his first intention. That he effectually succeeded in cajoling the duke, and satisfying him that his trusted minister had vanished from the scene of politics and life without guilty participation on his part, is proved by the fact, that, in two years afterwards, Casale was actually given up to a French garrison in terms of the treaty negotiated by Matthioli.

The arrest itself was conducted with all the secrecy such a delicate operation required, as appears from Catinat's letter to Louvois, giving the details. It is dated Pignerol, May 3, 1678, and thus commences: 'I arrested Matthioli yesterday, three miles from this place, within the confines of the king's territories, during an interview which the Abbé d'Estrades had ingeniously contrived between him, Matthioli, and myself, to facilitate the scheme. To effect his arrest I made use only of the Chevaliers de St Martin and de Villebois, two officers of M. de Saint-Mars, and of four men of his company; it was accomplished without any violence, and no one knows the name of the rascal. He is in the room formerly occupied by the person called Dubreuil, where he will be treated civilly in compliance with the request of the Abbé d'Estrades, until the wishes of the king with regard to him are known.' It afterwards states: 'I have not as yet had any conversation with him for the purpose of obtaining his papers; but two hours hence I will go to his room, and I do not doubt the menaces I shall make him, which his criminal conduct will render more terrible to him, will oblige him to do all that I wish.' It thus concludes: 'I will give you, sir, an account by the next post of all that I may do with Matthioli, to whom I have given here the name of Lestang, no one knowing who he really is.' By this name of Lestang he is usually designated in the future correspondence between Louvois and Catinat, and subsequently in

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

that between Louvois and Saint-Mars. It may be mentioned that Catinat himself passed at Pignerol under an assumed name, that of Richemont, his presence there being known only to Saint-Mars and D'Estrades.

It is evident that, besides the mere thirst of vengeance against Matthioli, his seizure was prompted by the desire to gain possession of his papers, especially the ratification of the treaty by the Duke of Mantua. From Matthioli's conduct, and his prevarication with regard to these documents, it may be inferred that he designed to retain them in despite of both parties, expecting, doubtless, to reap profit from them ere the affair was settled. When first questioned as to where these papers were, he replied they were in a box at Bologna, in the hands of his wife ; which was untrue. Catinat's next letter to Louvois is interesting on this subject. In it he says: 'Since I had last the honour of writing to you, I have taken down shortly all the information I have been able to extract from the Sieur de Lestang. By making him sensible, somewhat forcibly, of the misery to which his bad conduct exposed him, I induced him to seek the means of avoiding it by doing readily and frankly all that was required of him. I have not said anything to him by which he might discover the means whereby we learnt so certainly the fact of his treachery ; but I have spoken to him on the matter in such a way as to shew him that we know it, and are convinced of it. He is assuredly a knave ; yet I believe him sincere in his desire to deliver up the papers, either from the apprehensions with which his present condition inspires him, or with the view of rendering a service to the king, which may be agreeable to him, and may make him forget what has passed. The original papers are at Padua, concealed in a hole in the wall of a room which is in his father's dwelling, and which, he says, is known to him alone. These papers are—the treaty concluded by M. de Pomponne, and signed by him and Matthioli, signed below by the Duke of Mantua, a blank being left for the ratification when the exchange should be made for that of the king ; a blank paper signed by the Duke of Mantua, intended as an order to the governor of Casale, directing him to receive the troops of the king ; the powers conferred on M. de Pomponne to treat concerning Casale, and a list of the troops appointed to execute the business. If we once have possession of these papers, the affair is concluded as far as regards negotiation ; but this is a fact we need make known only when we think proper. As I am aware of what importance it is to gain possession of these original papers, I have apprised the Abbé d'Estrades of the expedients I think might be successfully used for the purpose, in order that I may have the benefit of his advice. . . . M. de Saint-Mars treats the Sieur de Lestang very kindly in all that regards cleanliness and food, but very rigorously in preventing him from holding intercourse with any one.'

So strictly, indeed, had this latter precaution been observed, that

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

Saint-Mars himself waited upon Matthioli during the first days of his imprisonment ; but shortly afterwards the astute D'Estrades contrived to send his servant to Pignerol with the effects and papers he had with him at Turin. This servant was locked up like his master, and remained a prisoner for the remainder of his life, in order that he might attend upon Matthioli. Thus was obviated the necessity of admitting to his presence any of the ordinary attendants of the prison. The spirit in which his treatment was ordered at this time may be gathered from a letter dated the 15th of May 1679, from Louvois to Saint-Mars. In this he says : ' I have received your letter of the 6th of this month, which requires no answer, except to say that you will have sufficiently seen by my former letters that it is not the intention of the king that the *Sieur de Lestang* should be well treated, nor that, except the absolute necessities of life, you should give him anything that may tend to make him pass the time agreeably.'

On the 10th of May, Matthioli was subjected to a searching examination by Catinat and the Abbé de Montesquieu, in which he sought to exculpate himself, and to account for his conduct, but with little success in the opinion of his interrogators. On the 16th of May, Catinat relates to Louvois the result of a second examination.

' I send you, sir, the second examination of M. Matthioli, according to the order which I received to that effect by the extraordinary courier you sent to this place. You will find it little different from the first. I put him into the greatest possible fear of the torture if he did not tell the truth. It is quite plain, by his answers, that his conduct has been infamous. I see no good reason which can excuse him for having held such intimate communication with the court of Savoy, with the Abbé Frederick, the resident of the emperor at Venice, and with Don Francis Visconti, one of the partisans of Spain, without any participation or correspondence upon the subject with M. de Pomponne, the Abbé d'Estrades, or M. de Pinchesne [French minister at Venice] ; this fact prevents my having any confidence in him.' He then proceeds to unfold a plan, suggested by Matthioli, for inducing the governor of Casale to admit a body of French troops, which he offered to stake his life he could accomplish through the influence he possessed over him. In this Catinat perceives an insidious scheme for being again employed, and perhaps effecting an escape. He leaves it, however, to the minister, saying : ' As I know beforehand that I am conversing with a rascal, and that it is almost of necessity, if his propositions are adopted, that he should himself be again employed in this affair, I cannot undertake to answer for him in anything ; nevertheless, I have thought it right to communicate all this to you. When the king once has possession of the papers, my having an interview with this governor is a step that would not jeopardise anything, nor do I see any inconvenience in it, except the chance of the *Sieur Matthioli's* escaping, on account

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

of the degree of liberty which must in that case be permitted to him, however vigilant I might be in watching him.'

This examination, and another forwarded by Catinat to Louvois on the 21st of May, are very minute, embodying a rigid inquisition into all that Matthioli had done, said, or written since his return from France down to the time of his arrest. Matthioli of course labours to explain all his apparent tergiversation and duplicity, by alleging that it was absolutely necessary, for the success of the affair, that he should hold communication with parties in the Spanish interest, for the purpose of deceiving them and lulling their vigilance. Catinat, in fact, at the close of his letter of the 21st May, thus very pithily sums up the result: 'His answers elude, but do not deny, all that has been said of him. In order to account for the communications he has held, he makes use of the continual pretext that he was obliged to hold them in order to deceive, and to obtain the success of the affair by taking the other side by surprise, making use, as the means of this surprise, of his intelligences with the governor [of Casale].'

The last letter from Catinat to Louvois on the subject of Matthioli is dated on the 3d of June 1679. In this he says: 'The original papers have been delivered to Giuliani, who has taken them to Venice to M. de Pinchesne. They consist of the treaty which the aforesaid Lestang had made with the court, which is signed by him and M. de Pomponne; an instruction which was given to the aforesaid Lestang when he left the court; the powers given to M. de Pomponne to treat with him, which is signed by you; and a letter from his majesty to the Duke of Mantua. All these papers were in a box, which had been placed in the convent of the Capuchins. The ratification of the Duke of Mantua is not to be found, although the Sieur de Lestang said it was amongst them. Upon this I have interrogated him, having first obtained all the advantage over him I could by abusing him, and parading soldiers in his room, as if intending to administer the question to him, which made him so much afraid, that he promised earnestly to tell the real truth. Being asked whether the Duke of Mantua had ratified the treaty, he answered that he had never subscribed to all the articles, but that he had got from him four blank papers signed, one of which was a blank paper of two sheets, at the top of which he had written: "Ratification of the Treaty made with his Most Christian Majesty." [The others were orders to the governors of the town, citadel, and castle of Casale, to admit the troops of the king of France.] He added that he had never had any other ratification except that one, and that whatever tortures might be inflicted on him, he could never tell anything more.'

This was the opinion of Catinat himself, for he left Pignerol on the 6th of June, and no further attempts appear to have been made to extort additional information from Matthioli. He was henceforth

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

left to the tender mercies of Saint-Mars. The nature and course of his imprisonment will be best understood by extracts from the letters that passed between Louvois and Saint-Mars.

On the 20th of May 1679, Louvois writes : 'Your letter of the 10th of this month has been delivered to me. I have nothing to add to what I have already commanded you respecting the severity with which the individual named Lestang must be treated.'

On the 22d of May : 'You must keep the individual named Lestang in the severe confinement I enjoined in my preceding letters, without allowing him to see a physician, unless you know he is in absolute want of one.'

July 25 : 'You may give paper and ink to the Sieur de Lestang, with the understanding that he is to put into writing whatever he wishes to say ; which you will send to me, and I will let you know whether it deserves any consideration.'

August 21 : 'With regard to the Sieur de Lestang, you may give him paper whenever he wishes to write, and afterwards send it to me.'

Saint-Mars writes to Louvois on the 6th of January 1680 : 'I am obliged, sir, to inform you that the Sieur de Lestang is become like the monk I have the care of—that is to say, subject to fits of raving madness.'

On the 24th of February he again writes : 'The Sieur de Lestang, who has been nearly a year in my custody, complains that he is not treated as a man of his quality and the minister of a great prince ought to be. Notwithstanding this, I continue to follow your commands, sir, most exactly upon this subject, as well as upon all others. I think he is deranged, by the way he talks to me ; telling me that he converses every day with God and His angels ; that they have told him of the death of the Duke of Mantua and of the Duke of Lorraine ; and, as an additional proof of his madness, he asserts that he has the honour of being the near relation of the king, to whom he wishes to write, to complain of the way in which I treat him. I have not thought it right to give him paper or ink for such a purpose, perceiving him not to be in his right mind.'

Under date of the 10th of July 1680, Louvois addresses Saint-Mars : 'I have received, together with your letter of the 4th of this month, that which was annexed to it, of which I shall make the proper use. It will be sufficient to let the prisoners in the lower part of the tower confess once a year. With regard to the Sieur de Lestang, I wonder at your patience, and that you should wait for an order to treat such a scoundrel as he deserves, when he is wanting in respect to you.'

It appears that Matthioli had become very violent during this period of his captivity, using terrible menaces, and writing abusive sentences on the wall of his room with charcoal, insomuch that Blainvilliers, Saint-Mars's trusty and fitting lieutenant, was obliged

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

to threaten him with personal chastisement. He was anxious likewise for religious consolation, and begged that a priest might be allowed to visit and confess him. Saint-Mars had at the time a Jacobin monk under his charge, *lodged in the lower part of the tower*, who, whatever his name or crime—which must now remain for ever unknown, though he was most probably some victim of the Jesuits—was kept in the same rigorous confinement as Matthioli himself. This monk is referred to in the last letter quoted from Louvois, directing he should be permitted to confess but once a year. The poor wretch had gone mad, too, and Saint-Mars deeming him and Matthioli appropriate companions, especially as, if they were together, one confessor would serve for both, proposed that they should be confined in the same room. The following correspondence has reference to these circumstances.

On the 16th of August 1680, Louvois writes to Saint-Mars: 'I have been made acquainted, by your letter of the 7th of this month, with the proposal you make of placing the *Sieur de Lestang* with the Jacobin monk, in order to avoid the necessity of having two priests. The king approves of your project, and you have only to execute it when you please.'

The prisoners were accordingly placed together, and the following is the horrible picture of the event, contained in a letter from Saint-Mars, under date of the 7th September 1680: 'Since you, sir, permitted me to put Matthioli with the Jacobin in the lower part of the tower, the aforesaid Matthioli remained for four or five days in the belief that the Jacobin was a man whom I had placed with him to watch his actions. Matthioli, who is almost as mad as the Jacobin, walked about with long strides, holding his cloak above his nose, crying out that he was not a dupe, but knew more than he would say. The Jacobin, who sat continually on his truckle-bed, with his elbows resting on his knees, looked at him gravely without listening to him. The Signor Matthioli continued still in the persuasion that it was a spy that had been placed with him, until he was one day disabused by the Jacobin's getting down from his bed, stark naked, and setting himself to preach in a wild incoherent style. I and my lieutenants viewed all their pranks through a hole over the door.'

On the 9th of October Saint-Mars writes: 'I have nothing more to acquaint you with than the circumstance of the *Sieur Matthioli's* having given a ring to Blainvilliers, who immediately delivered it to me. I will keep it until it is your pleasure to give me orders what to do with it.'

October 20, 1680: 'In order to give you a more full explanation than I have hitherto done of the story of the diamond ring given to Blainvilliers by the *Sieur Matthioli*, I will begin by taking the liberty to tell you that I believe he made him this present as much from fear *as from any other cause*; this prisoner having previously used very

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

violent language to him, and written scurrilous phrases on the wall of his room with charcoal, which had obliged that officer to threaten him with severe punishment, if he were not more decorous and moderate in his language for the future. When he was put in the tower with the Jacobin, I instructed Blainvilliers to exhibit to him a cudgel, and warn him it was with that the unruly were rendered manageable, and that, if he did not speedily become tractable, he could easily be compelled to be so. This message was conveyed to him; and some days afterwards, as Blainvilliers was waiting on him at dinner, he said to him: "Sir, here is a little ring which I wish to give you, and I beg you to accept of it." Blainvilliers replied that "he only took it to deliver to me, as he could not receive anything himself from the prisoners." I think it is well worth fifty or sixty pistoles.'

To this Louvois replies on the 2d of November: 'You must keep the ring which the Sieur Matthioli has given to the Sieur de Blainvilliers, in order that it may be restored to him in case it should ever happen that the king orders him to be set at liberty.'

We find nothing more said as to the state of mind in which Matthioli continued; but from no further allusion to the subject by Saint-Mars, it may be inferred that he had, at all events, become resigned and submissive. In 1681 the services of Saint-Mars, as the judicious keeper of state-prisoners, attracted the grateful notice of his majesty, and he was offered the additional post of commander of the citadel of Pignerol. This he thought fit to decline, for reasons best known to himself; but the king being still anxious to reward him, appointed him governor of Exiles—a strong fortress near Susa, on the frontier of Piedmont. The following letter from Louvois notifies the event:

'Versailles, May 12, 1681.—I read to the king your letter of the 3d of this month, by which his majesty having learned the extreme repugnance you have to accept the command of the citadel of Pignerol, he has thought proper to grant you that of Exiles, vacant by the death of the Duke de Lesdiguières, whither he wishes you to remove such of the prisoners under your charge as he shall think it important not to intrust to any other care but yours. [He then states the salary will be increased to 500 livres a month, being equal to that of the governors of the great places in Flanders.] I have requested the Sieur du Channoy to go with you to visit the buildings at Exiles, and to make there a list of the repairs absolutely necessary for the lodging of the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower, who are, I think, the only ones his majesty will have transferred to Exiles. Send me a list of all the prisoners under your care, and write opposite to each name all that you know of the reasons why they were arrested. With regard to the two in the lower part of the tower, you need only designate them by that title, without adding anything else. The king expects that, during the

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

little time you will be absent from the citadel of Pignerol, when you accompany the Sieur du Channoy to Exiles, you will provide for the guarding of your prisoners in such a manner that no accident may befall them, and that they may have no intercourse with any one more than they have hitherto had during the time they have been under your charge.'

Again, on the 9th of June, he writes : ' I send you the necessary grants as governor of Exiles, which the king has seen good to order to be sent you. The intention of his majesty is, that so soon as the room at Exiles which you shall judge the most proper for the secure keeping of the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower shall be in a state to receive them, you will send them out of the citadel of Pignerol in a litter, and conduct them there under the escort of your troop, for the march of which the order is hereunto annexed ; and immediately after the departure of the aforesaid prisoners, it is his majesty's desire that you should repair to Exiles to take possession of the government, and make it your residence for the future. . . . You will see by the annexed orders of the king, that your company is to be reduced to forty-five men, to commence from the 15th of this month ; and by the statement which accompanies them, you will learn the footing upon which it is to be paid, as well as what the king has allotted for the subsistence of the two before-named prisoners, whom his majesty expects you will continue to guard with the same exactitude you have used hitherto. Therefore it only remains for me to beg you to give me intelligence respecting them from time to time. With regard to the effects belonging to the Sieur Matthioli in your possession, you will cause them to be removed to Exiles, in order that they may be restored to him, if ever his majesty should order him to be set at liberty.'

These letters contain the most precise directions that the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower—namely, Matthioli and the monk—should alone be removed to Exiles, and that they should be kept in the same rigorous seclusion as at Pignerol. They were so removed on the 12th of July 1681, on which occasion Saint-Mars gives Louvois a satisfactory account of the precautions he had taken for their security until he himself joined them, which, owing to another secret affair with Catinat relative to Casale, did not take place till two or three months subsequently. In his letter, he says : ' In order that the prisoners may not be seen [at Exiles], they will not leave their chamber when they hear mass ; and for the purpose of insuring their more secure custody, one of my lieutenants will sleep above them, and there will be two sentinels night and day, who will watch the whole circuit of the tower, without its being possible for them and the prisoners to see and speak to each other, or even to hear any attempted communication. They will be soldiers belonging to my company, who will always act as sentinels over the prisoners. *About the confessor only I have some doubts ; but, if you do not*

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

disapprove, I will give them the incumbent of Exiles instead, who is a good man, and very old, whom I will forbid, in the name of his majesty, to inquire who these prisoners are, their names, or what they have been, or to speak of them in any way, or to receive from them either oral or written communications.'

The first letter from Saint-Mars after he settled at Exiles bears date the 4th of December 1681, and contains the following passage : 'As one of my two prisoners is always ill, they give me as much trouble as I have ever had with any of those I have previously guarded.'

About the identity of these two prisoners there cannot be the slightest doubt, after the citation of the above letters. Yet notwithstanding all the assurances and approved vigilance of Saint-Mars, Louvois still continued to express apprehensions lest they might find means of communicating with persons outside. This drew from Saint-Mars something like an indignant vindication, and a minute picture of the den in which he kept his rueful captives immured, which is worth transcribing, were it merely for its curiosity. Under date of Exiles, 11th March 1682, he says : 'I have received the letter you were pleased to do me the honour to write to me on the 27th of last month, in which you impress upon me that it is of great importance my two prisoners should have no communication with any one. Since the first time, sir, that you gave me this order, I have guarded these two prisoners who are under my care as severely and exactly as it could be possible. They can hear the people talk as they pass along the road which winds round the bottom of the tower, but could not, were they even to try, make themselves heard in return. They can also see persons on the hill which rises before their windows, but cannot themselves be seen, on account of the bars which block the openings of their room. There are two sentinels of my company continually on duty at a short distance on each side of the tower, who keep watch night and day, and who can see the windows of the prisoners obliquely. They are ordered to take care that no one speaks to them, and that they do not cry out from their windows ; and are also instructed to make the people move on if they attempt to loiter on the pathway, or on the side of the hill. My own room being contiguous to the tower, and having no other aspect but towards this pathway, I hear and see everything, including the two sentinels, who are, on this account, always kept on the alert. The interior of the tower itself I have divided in such a manner, that the priest who says mass to them cannot see their persons, on account of a curtain I have hung up, which covers their double doors. The servants who bring their food, put whatever is necessary for the prisoners upon a table on the outside, and my lieutenant takes it, and carries it into them. No one speaks to them but myself, my officer, M. Vigner on the confessor, and the physician from Pragelas, which is six leagues from here, and who only sees

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

them in my presence. With regard to their linen and other necessaries, I take the same precautions which I did with my former prisoners.

This statement in all probability satisfied Louvois, and calmed his uneasiness; for it does not appear, from any published document, that he again addressed Saint-Mars respecting the prisoners whilst he remained at Exiles; nor, indeed, is anything more heard of them for upwards of three years, during which period they lingered in sickness, as is evident from a short note written by Saint-Mars on the 23d of December 1685, in which he says: 'My prisoners are still ill, and in a course of medicine; they are, however, perfectly tranquil.'

Shortly after this the Jacobin monk succumbed to the severities of his imprisonment, and died. Saint-Mars himself was attacked by illness, and became persuaded that the situation of Exiles was unhealthy; whereupon he applied, by a petition to the king, for a change of governorship, which prayer being graciously granted, he was nominated, in 1687, to the command of the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat, which lie near Antibes on the Provençal coast. To this fresh locality he was directed to remove his surviving prisoner, Matthioli.

After receiving this appointment, Saint-Mars proceeded to visit the seat of his new government for the purpose of inspecting it, and preparing for the reception of his prisoner. Previous to setting out, however, he was careful to quiet any fears on the part of Louvois, writing from Exiles under date of January 20, 1687. 'I will give such orders for the guarding of my prisoner that I can answer to you, sir, for his entire security, as well as for his not now or henceforth holding intercourse with my lieutenant, whom I have forbidden to speak to him, an injunction implicitly obeyed. If I take him with me to the Isles, I think the most secure conveyance will be a [sedan] chair, covered with oil-cloth, which would admit a sufficiency of air without the possibility of any one seeing or speaking to him during the journey, not even the soldiers whom I shall select to be near the chair. This conveyance will be less embarrassing than a litter, which is liable to break.'

From the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite he writes on the 23d of March 1687: 'I hope to be at Exiles in eight days. As soon as I shall have had the honour of receiving your commands, sir, I shall set forth again with my prisoner, whom I undertake to conduct here in all security, without any one seeing or speaking to him. He shall not attend divine service after he leaves Exiles till he is lodged in the prison preparing for him here, to which a chapel is attached.'

On the 18th of April, accordingly, Saint-Mars and Matthioli started from Exiles for Sainte-Marguerite. In addition to the precaution of the chair covered with oil-cloth, it is conjectured that the prisoner was likewise made to wear a mask for the first time—not

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

an iron mask, according to popular tradition, but one of black velvet, interlaced with whalebone, and fastened behind the head with a padlock, leaving the patient at liberty to eat, drink, and respire. This latter faculty, however, as is natural to suppose, was somewhat impeded, to the grievous suffering of the unfortunate prisoner. Saint-Mars himself coolly adverts to the fact in a letter written to Louvois after his arrival at Sainte-Marguerite, dated 3d May 1687. He says: 'I arrived here on the 30th of last month, having been twelve days on the journey in consequence of the illness of my prisoner, occasioned, as he complained, by not having as much air as he wished. I can assure you, sir, that no one has seen him, and that the manner in which I have conducted and guarded him during all the journey makes everybody try to conjecture who he is.' In the same letter he remarks: 'My prisoner's bed was so old and worn-out, as well as everything he had made use of, both table-linen and furniture, that it was not worth while to bring them here: they only sold for thirteen crowns [about £1,12s.]. I have given to the eight porters, who brought the chair from Turin and my prisoner to this place (including the hire of the aforesaid chair), 203 livres, which I have paid out of my own pocket.'

This statement about the bed and furniture puts an end to the fable of the fine linen and lace allowed so profusely to this prisoner. The extraordinary respect said to be paid to him has long since been shewn to be equally supposititious. The only true part of the tradition consists in the unremitting precautions taken to conceal his person, and prevent him from communicating with any one save his jailers. In his new prison the same rigorous system was pursued. The cell in which he was incarcerated had only one window, guarded by bars of iron, and looking upon the sea. Sentinels kept watch continually, and had orders to fire on boats which approached within a certain distance. The Père Papon, who has written a history of, and also a literary tour in, Provence, visited the island of Sainte-Marguerite in 1778, and was in the very room which had been occupied by the masked prisoner. He met there an old officer, aged seventy-nine, who related some particulars to him which he had gleaned from his father, who had held a confidential situation in the fortress under Saint-Mars. Amongst other things, he mentioned an anecdote, variously reported by Voltaire and others, to the effect that an apothecary's boy had picked up, floating on the water, a fine shirt, written all over, which he carried to the governor, who, with a troubled air, questioned him whether he had read the writing, and although he protested vehemently he had not, 'yet two days subsequently he was found dead in his bed.' In other versions of this story, a fisherman is made to find a silver-plate, which the Iron Mask had thrown out of his window on the beach, and on which he had scratched his name and history. This the fisherman carried to the governor, who asked him if he had read what was

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

written on the plate, to which question he replied by declaring he could not read at all; but he was nevertheless imprisoned until the governor had completely satisfied himself that his tale was true, and that no one else had seen the plate. It now appears that this imposing anecdote is a pure fiction, or at least has no reference whatever to the masked prisoner, being founded on the conduct of two other prisoners, who were incarcerated in Sainte-Marguerite at the same time. These were Protestant ministers, and Saint-Mars thus speaks of them in a letter dated from the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, the 4th of June 1692: 'The first of the ministers who have been sent here sings psalms night and day with a loud voice, expressly to make it be known who he is. I desired him in vain several times to discontinue this practice, on pain of severe punishment, which I have at last been obliged to inflict upon him, as well as on his comrade, who is called Selves, and who writes things upon his pewter vessels, and upon his linen, in order to make it known that he is imprisoned unjustly, on account of the purity of his faith.'

Thus gradually is the tale of the Iron Mask stripped of those romantic incidents with which it was long invested, and which were necessary, in some measure, to give it that interest in the public mind sought to be excited and sustained by all who treated it, or assigned to it a hero.

The Père Papon relates, moreover, upon the authority of the venerable informant he found at Sainte-Marguerite, that the servant who attended the prisoner, and partook his captivity (whom we recollect had been sent by D'Estrades to Pignerol shortly after Matthioli's seizure), died there, and was carried to his grave in the dead of night by the officer's father, who bore the body in a sack on his shoulders. An endeavour was made to supply his place by a woman of the neighbourhood; but none could be found willing to undertake the charge on condition of being imprisoned for life, and debarred from all future intercourse with the world. Papon fails to state how, in default of a female attendant, the prisoner was subsequently waited upon, nor is there any other clue by which the point can be now ascertained; and he also fails, strange to say, to dogmatise on the subject of who the prisoner was, but very candidly avows that, 'unless some hidden records of the time of the regency of Anne of Austria and the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin should be discovered, or memoirs written by persons initiated in the secret, the name of this prisoner, unknown to his contemporaries, will remain equally so to posterity.' To the justness of his general conclusion none can demur; but he has fallen into the error common at the time he wrote, and first propagated by Voltaire, that the imprisonment dated from a much earlier period than it actually did.

Saint-Mars remained governor of the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat nearly eleven years, during all which time there is no

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

correspondence published between him and the minister relative to his important prisoner, except the letter already quoted. In 1698 he was appointed to be governor of the Bastile, and he proceeded to assume the command of that fortress, accompanied by one prisoner, in the autumn of the same year. He passed by his estate of Palteau, where the appearance of the masked prisoner has been already portrayed. On the 18th of September he arrived at the Bastile, 'bringing with him,' as Dujonca says, 'an old prisoner whom he had had at Pignerol, and who is always kept masked.' This prisoner remained so masked to the end of his life, wearing, according to the authority of Linquet—who derived the information from persons in the Bastile, 'who had it from their fathers, old servants in the fortress, who had themselves seen the Man with the Iron Mask'—a mask of velvet, and not of iron—going occasionally to attend mass, on which occasions he was expressly forbidden to speak or shew his face, the guards who accompanied him being ordered to fire on him in case he disobeyed the injunction, and being served by the governor himself, who also removed his linen. This seems all that is authentically known of his residence in the Bastile, where he lingered five more tedious years, and died on the 19th of November 1703, being buried the day after in the churchyard of St Paul's. After his death, all possible pains were taken to eradicate every vestige of his existence, and to cover his memory with an impenetrable mystery.

In the whole history of this imprisonment, there is a complete chain of evidence identifying Matthioli as its object. There is no improbability or inconsistency to gloss over or explain away, no rash surmises or strained inferences to postulate, no startling paradox to uphold, no intricacy to unravel, no unsupported assumptions to hazard. All is plain and clear, resting on verified facts. First, we have the seizure of Matthioli, accredited not only by Catinat's letters already quoted, but by other authorities of an incontestable character, and his imprisonment at Pignerol under the charge of Saint-Mars. Here he is put into a room with a Jacobin monk, *in the lower part of the tower*; and, upon Saint-Mars's removal to Exiles, these two prisoners are alone transported to his new place of command, Matthioli being even mentioned by name in the letters both of Louvois and Saint-Mars. At Exiles the Jacobin dies, and thenceforth Saint-Mars speaks only of 'my prisoner,' in the singular number. This one prisoner he carries with him, in 1687, to the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat; and again, in 1698, to the Bastile, where he was entered as an old prisoner whom Saint-Mars had had at Pignerol. The conclusion then, from the testimony already adduced, is irresistible, that the Man with the Iron Mask was none other than Count Matthioli, minister of the Duke of Mantua, and that the mystery which has excited so much curious speculation is at an end.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

In addition to the direct evidence leading to this conviction, there are sundry accessory circumstances which tend still more to strengthen it. In the first place, Voltaire, who unquestionably had access to better sources of information than any writer of his time, declares positively that the prisoner stated to the apothecary of the Bastile, a short while before his death, that he thought he was about sixty years old. Now this tallies pretty exactly with the real age of Matthioli, who was born on the 1st of December 1640, and would therefore be sixty-three at the time of his death. If it be considered that long solitary confinement has the effect of confusing the mind, and dulling it to the lapse of time, the conjecture of Matthioli seems as accurate as might well be expected. In the next place, Voltaire remarks upon the singularity of an Italian name being given to the prisoner, which evidently caused him considerable perplexity. 'Why,' he exclaims, 'was he always called Marchiali?' This of course was inexplicable to one who was steadfast in the belief that a French prince was the individual in question.

The Duke of Orleans, who became regent of France after the death of Louis XIV., was naturally acquainted with the secret of the Iron Mask; but though often besought by his dissolute companions to divulge it, he always steadfastly refused to hearken to their importunities. He even resisted the solicitations of Louis XV., who evinced the utmost eagerness to be initiated in the mystery, until that monarch arrived at his majority, when it was confided to him. Afterwards, Louis XV. himself became the object of repeated questionings on the part of his courtiers, but he always evaded the subject, and generally replied: 'Let them fight away; nobody has as yet told the truth about the Iron Mask.' But the Duke de Choiseul, his favourite minister, afterwards besought him with great earnestness to relieve his mind by acquainting him who the celebrated prisoner really was, upon which the king refused to say more than that all conjectures that had been hitherto broached were erroneous. The impatience of the Duke de Choiseul to solve the enigma was by no means satisfied with this reply, and he urged Madame de Pompadour to extort from Louis XV. a more distinct revelation upon the subject. But, with all her wiles, she failed to wring from the cautious and reluctant monarch a more significant intimation than that he believed the prisoner was *the minister of an Italian prince*.^{*} This is unquestionably a strong corroborative fact of the truth of the hypothesis herein sought to be established, that Count Matthioli was the Man with the Iron Mask.

The first idea of the truth seems to have dawned upon a certain Baron d'Heiss, captain in the regiment of Alsace, who addressed a

^{*} Louis Dutens, in his *Correspondance Interceptée* (1789), and Mr Crawford, in an article in his *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature*, both vouch for the truth of this anecdote. The latter cites the affirmative testimony of two respectable French ecclesiastics who had lived on terms of intimacy with the Duke de Choiseul.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

letter, dated Phalsbourg, 28th June 1770, to the *Journal Encyclopédique*, accompanied by a document translated from the Italian, and inserted in a work called *An Abridgment of the History of Europe (Histoire Abrégée de l'Europe)*, edited by Jacques Bernard, at Leyden, in 1685 to 1687. Upon the strength of this document, which gives an account, not altogether correct, of the negotiation between Louis XIV. and the Duke of Mantua, and the subsequent seizure by the former of the latter's minister, the Baron d'Heiss, with singular acumen, remarks: 'It appears that the secretary of the Duke of Mantua, who is here mentioned, might very well be the Man in the Iron Mask, transferred from Pignerol to the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, and thence to the Bastille in 1690, when Saint-Mars was made governor of it. I am the more inclined to believe this, because M. de Voltaire, and all who have made researches on this subject, have concurred in remarking there did not at that time disappear any prince or person of consequence in any part of Europe.'

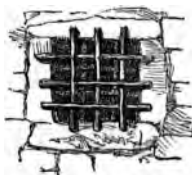
The supposition was afterwards supported by Dutens in his *Intercepted Correspondence* (1789), who, having resided at Turin in the suite of Lord Mountstuart, the British ambassador, had made it his study to acquire all the information to be gleaned upon the mysterious affair. He sums up his opinion in these emphatic words: 'There is no point of history better established than the fact, that the prisoner with the Iron Mask was a minister of the Duke of Mantua, carried off at Turin.'

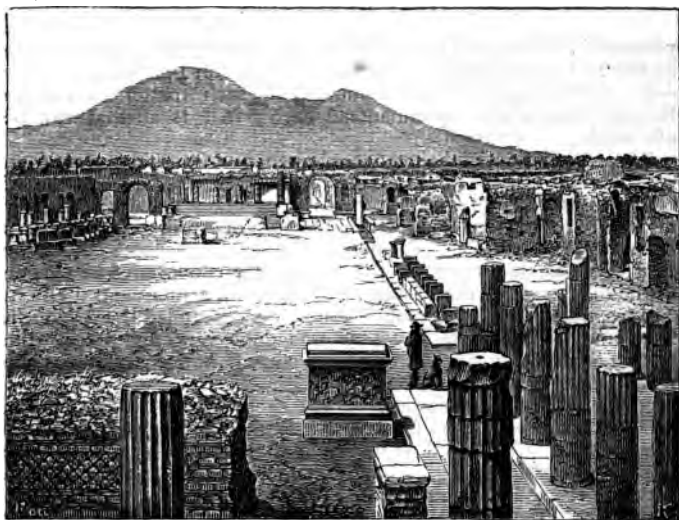
Nevertheless, the Baron d'Heiss and Louis Dutens jumped to their conclusions in the dark, however happily they alighted on the truth. They were ignorant of the documents which have been since discovered and published by M. Roux-Fazillac in his *Historical and Critical Inquiry touching the Man in the Iron Mask*, in the year 1800, and by M. Delort in his *History of the Man with the Iron Mask*, in 1825, which have thrown such a flood of light upon the subject, and have been so largely quoted in the course of this analysis. It is needless to add that these two latter authors, in their respective essays, maintain the validity of the theory which fixes Matthioli as the hero of the melancholy tale. Their views have been presented in an English dress by the late Lord Dover in a short and able tract, and it is supposed that the weight of authority is so utterly preponderating, that the question may be pronounced finally determined, and thus one of the mysteries of history laid bare to public gaze.

The story of the Man with the Iron Mask has now been told, not according to the fancies of writers of fiction, but as verified by documents of whose trustworthiness there can be no reasonable doubt. In telling such a tale, we cannot but feel thankful that atrocities such as are disclosed can no longer take place in France or any other civilised nation. That they should ever have existed,

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

is one of the marvels of history. We may conclude our narrative with the following observations of a writer on the subject, in the thirty-fourth volume of the *Quarterly Review*: 'It has been thought incredible, and may still seem strange, that a person of no greater importance than the Duke of Mantua's agent should have been the object of those anxious precautions which distinguished the captivity of this unfortunate. Allowance must, however, be made for the false lights which have been thrown upon his fate by exaggeration and by pure fiction. That Louis XIV., and such a minister as Louvois, should doom Matthioli to perpetual imprisonment, and decree that no man should from thenceforth hear his story, or even look upon his face, was, under the circumstances, not surprising. His crime was peculiar: he had not only broken faith with the government of the great monarch, but exposed his baffled intrigue to the petty courts of Italy. Pride and resentment called aloud for his destruction, and policy concurred in the demand, if Louis still cherished his views of Transalpine encroachment. The sentence pronounced under these impulses was not likely to be revoked or essentially mitigated. He who could have told Europe how Louis had avenged his wounded dignity by an act of lawless and unworthy outrage, was never more to be trusted in free converse with mankind. He was to be as one dead, although the king's hand was kept free from his blood. To invent means of effecting this design was the business of inferior agents, whose whole ambition centered in the perfect fulfilment of commands. The expedients used by them (if we confine our attention to those authentically recorded) were not perhaps more complicated or elaborate than the service required; and even if they were so, the history of state-prisons, of the Bastille especially, will supply many other instances of fantastic and curious precaution, harassing alike to captive and to keeper, adopted from the mere excess and refinement of jealousy; as if in the practice of oppression, as of better arts, men learned to seek an excellence beyond the immediate need, and approach an ideal standard of perfect cruelty.'





The Forum, Pompeii.—From a photograph.

A VISIT TO VESUVIUS, POMPEII, AND HERCULANEUM.

IN the year 1840, I was enabled to set out upon a tour which I had long contemplated, but had never before possessed an opportunity of performing. It was a journey from England to the southern part of Italy, for the purpose of visiting some of the most remarkable objects, natural and artificial, in that interesting country. In this pleasant excursion, which was to extend over three months, I was accompanied by my wife. Mrs P— being in some measure an invalid, I hoped the journey would be beneficial to her health ; but an equally sufficient reason for her accompanying me, was the pleasure we should derive from each other's society in a far-distant land. 'Take me with you, dear Charles,' said she to me one evening before setting out. 'I know it will be very fatiguing, and I am told Italy is not a country with accommodation such as English ladies are accustomed to ; but then, by going, I shall not be exposed to torturing anxieties about you at home. If you are ill, I shall know the worst ; if you are well, I shall be all the happier in your

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

presence.' Who could turn a deaf ear to an entreaty so affectionate as this? 'By all means, let us go together,' said I; 'but remember—for ladies require to be reminded of such matters—no more luggage than a small portmanteau each; that is all that can be allowed.'

These preliminaries being agreed upon, our few things were soon packed up. I procured a passport; and with a due provision of circular notes to pay expenses,* we set out on our travels. The day of our departure from London was the 10th of April, and three days later we were in Paris. From this city we proceeded to Lyon by way of Chalons, a town on the Saone, our conveyance being one of the diligences of the country. From Lyon, a fine central city in France, noted for its silk manufactures, we descended the Rhone in a steam-boat to Marseille. This was done very rapidly, for the Rhone is an impetuous river, and the current powerfully assists the steam-vessels in their progress.

Marseille is a large seaport on the shore of the Mediterranean, and steam-vessels depart from it to every port in Italy and various other places. We stayed no longer in Marseille than to select one of the best vessels plying to Naples, and finally settled on one which was well recommended, called the *Pharamond*. This we found to be a good French-built boat, with two engines of 60 horse-power each, and handsomely fitted up for passengers.

It was on a fine clear morning, the 23d of April, that we issued from the capacious basin forming the port of Marseille, and stood away in an easterly direction towards the coast of Italy. It was the first time we had been on the waters of the Mediterranean, and there they lay before us, more beautiful and tranquil than we could have expected for the season. I thought of the many historical events in ancient and modern times which had occurred on the shores of this inland ocean, and with excited feelings contemplated its broad expanse, reflecting like a mirror the bright noonday sun.

The vessel in its course stops at various places, the first being Genoa, which we reached in twenty-five hours. Here we remained for nearly a day, and then passed on to Leghorn, where there was another stoppage of equal length. It is not my purpose to say anything of these places, neither of Civita Vecchia, where the vessel made another short delay, but at once mention, that at the end of about sixty-five hours from Marseille we were safely landed at Naples. The approach to this city is across a most capacious and beautiful bay, commanding a view of some noble scenery, in which the huge pile of Vesuvius is eminently conspicuous. In the foreground along the shore we observe for several miles an almost

*Circular notes are draughts on at least a hundred different banks throughout the continent, any one of which will pay them on presentation. They are given by certain bankers in London in exchange for money. Being payable only to the bearer named, whose signature is verified by a separate letter which he carries with him, and, if necessary, by his passport, they are convenient and safe notes for continental travelling.

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

continuous range of houses, villages, and quays, broken by different projections, and diversified by rows and clusters of trees already in full leaf.

Behind this interesting foreground are seen piles of building, long and handsome palaces, terrace-like gardens, towers, and, above all, the massive fortress of San Elmo on a rocky eminence. Arriving within the confines of this attractive scene, we were amused with the miscellaneous crowds of loiterers and workers on the public thoroughfares. Although early in spring, the weather was balmy and pleasant, and permitted all kinds of labour to be performed out of doors. The lively bustle was excessive. At nearly every step we are interrupted by some one carrying on his trade—a carpenter with his bench, a shoemaker hammering his leather, a cook preparing macaroni, or a knife-grinder with his wheel. Besides these impediments, there are numerous attractions to detain the idler—Punch holding forth to a gaping crowd of *lazzaroni*, as the poor and loitering populace are named; players on the guitar; and *improvisatori*, or men who will extemporise on any subject which you may please to name, inventing the incidents as they proceed.

The difficulty of getting along through this entangled mass is increased by the general narrowness of the streets, few of which are more than fifteen or twenty feet wide, and all destitute of foot-pavement. The houses are for the most part very high; some are of vast size, more like huge barracks than houses, and contain several hundred distinct dwellings, with a great number of cells answering as shops in the ground story. We were struck with the number of priests who were passing to and fro; and the oddity of the various means of conveyance added to the novelty of the scene—horses, asses, and mules carrying sacks of corn and other articles on their backs, as was the practice in England hundreds of years ago.

During our stay in Naples we took up our residence at the hotel 'Gran Bretagna,' from whose windows we commanded on one side a lovely prospect of the Bay of Naples, dotted with hundreds of little



VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

boats, with the rocky islet of Capri in the distance; and on the other, towards the south, the double cone of Vesuvius, from whose summit curled a graceful wreath of smoke, the token of fires smouldering beneath, which might in a moment burst forth. To visit this celebrated volcanic mountain and the scene of its operations was the principal object of my journey, and I now propose to take the reader along with me on the different excursions I made to it and its neighbourhood, beginning, however, with a short

HISTORY OF VESUVIUS.

Vesuvius is one of the largest and most active volcanoes in the world. It has been burning, and smoking, and committing devastations on the surrounding country for at least two thousand years, and probably for many centuries before. Situated within a few miles of the sea, its ravages have extended across the intermediate space, laying waste vineyards and fields, and destroying the villages and cities which lie in the course of its eruptions.

As little is known respecting the origin of Vesuvius as of the cause of its combustion, although the chemical action of different metals and gases, influenced by occasional intrusions of the water of the sea, is probably the source of the burning and eruptions.* The chief

*The cause of volcanoes, earthquakes, and other subterranean movements has been the subject of several theories, but is yet by no means very satisfactorily determined. The most prevalent opinion is that which connects them with one great source of central heat—the residue of that incandescent state in which our globe originally appeared. By this hypothesis, it is assumed that the crust of the earth is of various thickness, that it contains vast caverns, and is extensively fissured—primarily by unequal contraction from cooling, and subsequently by subterranean agitations. Through these fissures water finds its way to the heated mass within; this generates steam and other gases, and these exploding, and struggling to expand, produce earthquakes and agitations, which are rendered more alarming by the cavernous and broken structure of the crust, and the yielding material upon which it rests. Occasionally, these vapours make their way through fissures and other apertures as gaseous exhalations, or as hot springs and jets of steam and water, like the geysers of Iceland. On the other hand, when the expansive forces within become so powerful as to break through the earth's crust, discharges of lava, red-hot stones, ashes, dust, steam, and other vapours follow; and repeated discharges of solid material gradually form volcanic cones and mountain-ranges. It does not follow, however, that volcanic discharges must always take place at the point where the greatest internal pressure is exerted, for volumes of expansive vapour press equally upon the crust and upon the fluid mass within, so that the latter will be propelled towards whatever craters or fissures do already exist. This theory of central heat is further supported by the occurrence of igneous phenomena in all regions of the globe, and by the fact that most volcanic centres are in intimate connection with each other—a commotion in one district being usually accompanied by similar disturbances in another. The only other hypothesis which has met with countenance from geologists, is that which supposes the internal heat to be the result of chemical action among the materials composing the earth's crust. Some of the metallic bases of the alkalies and earths, as potassium, the moment they touch water, explode, burn, melt, and become converted into red-hot matter not unlike certain lavas. This fact has given rise to the supposition that such bases may exist within the globe, where, water finding its way to them, they explode and burn, fusing the rocks among which they occur, creating various gases, and producing caverns, fissures, eruptions, and other phenomena attendant upon earthquakes and volcanoes. As yet, our knowledge of the earth's crust at great depths is exceedingly limited; we know little of the chemical and magnetic operations which may be going forward among its strata, and we are equally ignorant of the transpositions which *may take place among its metallic and earthy materials; but judging from what we do*

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

indication of an approaching eruption is an increase of smoke from the summit, sometimes rising in a branching form to a vast height. Tremendous explosions, like successive rounds of artillery, accompany the increase of smoke, and are followed by copious jets of red-coloured flames and showers of stones. At length the lava, a red-hot fluid mass, forces its way out, either by boiling over the summit of the crater, or bursting through the sides of the mountain, and covers the neighbouring plains. This melted matter, on becoming consolidated, forms a stony mass, many square miles in extent, and several yards in thickness. Nor is this awful ebullition limited to the duration of a day or a week; it has been known to continue, with only partial intermissions, for several months. After the stream of lava ceases to flow, intensely black clouds, consisting of dark-coloured dust or ashes, are emitted from the crater, and occasionally involve the surrounding country at noonday in darkness deep as midnight. The first symptom of the cessation of volcanic action consists in the change of these clouds from black to white, though, while presenting this new appearance, they still continue to shower down very fine powder, which, when consolidated, forms the well-known light and porous substance called pumice-stone.

The earliest eruption of Vesuvius on record, and one of the most fatal, took place in the year 79 of the Christian era, being the first year of the reign of the Emperor Titus. All the southern part of Italy was alarmed by its violence; and Campania, as the adjoining district is called, was devastated to a great distance. On this occasion the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed and lost, and the greater part of their inhabitants killed. Pompeii, which stood on the sea-shore about five miles from Vesuvius, had suffered severely from an earthquake sixteen years before the eruption of 79, but had been rebuilt and embellished with several handsome edifices, especially with a magnificent theatre, in which the people were assembled, and intent on the spectacle, when this tremendous visitation burst upon them, burying the whole city in showers of materials projected from the mouth of the volcano. So extensive and thick was the cloud of smoke and ashes which filled the atmosphere, that it was visible in Africa and Syria, and at Rome turned the light of day into the darkness of night, to the consternation of the inhabitants.

As a favourite place of occasional residence to families of distinction from Rome, Pompeii at the time contained, or had in its neighbourhood, several Romans whose names are familiar to the readers of history; among others, Cæsius Bassus, a poet, and Agrippa,

know, this theory, however ingenious, seems by no means adequate to the results produced. It is true that there occurs nothing among the products of volcanoes at variance with its assumptions: but the magnitude, the universality, and the perpetuity of volcanic action, point to a more stable and uniform source—that source being the internal heat or *residual* of that igneous condition in which our planet originally appeared.

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

son of Claudius Felix, the well-known governor of Judea, both of whom became victims of the eruption. Pliny the elder, it appears, was residing at Misenum, on the northern promontory of the Gulf of Naples, along with his nephew, known to us as Pliny the younger. Fortunately, two letters written by the nephew to his friend Tacitus, describing the catastrophe which killed his uncle and overwhelmed Pompeii and other cities, have been preserved in an epistolary collection of the author. The following is the first and most valuable of these celebrated letters :



Pliny.

'Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments ; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious ; and, notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance ; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works ; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternise his name. Happy I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read ; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents ; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, that I execute your commands ; and should indeed have claimed the task, if you had not enjoined it.

'My uncle was at the time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 23d of August, about one o'clock in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun,* and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, had retired to his study : he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence from which he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it

*The Romans used to lie or walk naked in the sun, after anointing their bodies with oil, which was esteemed as greatly contributing to health, and therefore daily practised by them.—Ed.

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards; or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea. She earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with a heroical turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board, with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon the beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from which others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, to which the pilot advising him—"Fortune favours the brave," said he; "carry me to Pomponianus."

Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ,* separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths

* Now called *Castel à Mar de Stabia*, in the Gulf of Naples.

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

to be got ready ; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile, the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country-people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep ; for, being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out ; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two ; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration.

‘ They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them. Though it was now day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down further upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea ; but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to arise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead ; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subjected to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead.’

During these occurrences on the Pompeian side of the bay, we learn from the second letter that the younger Pliny and his mother remained at Misenum, which was also enveloped in thick darkness,

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

and dreadfully convulsed by the throes of the mountain. On the first morning after the eruption, the light was exceedingly faint and languid, and the buildings continued to totter ; so that the mother and son resolved to quit the town—the people following them in the utmost consternation. Having got to a convenient distance from the houses, they stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. Their chariots pitched backwards and forwards, though drawn out on level ground, and blocked up with large stones ; the sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven upon its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth ; and many sea-animals were left upon the shore, from which the water had receded. Pliny's mother conjured him to make his escape, which, being young (he was then eighteen years of age), he might easily do ; but he refused to leave her, and led her on from the scene of danger. The ashes began to fall upon them, though in no great quantity ; but a thick sulphureous smoke like a torrent came rolling after them. Pliny proposed, while they had any light, to turn from the highway, lest his aged parent should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd which followed ; and they had scarcely stepped aside when utter darkness overspread them. Nothing was then to be heard, says he, but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men : some calling for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices ; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family ; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying ; some lifting up their hands to the gods ; but the greater number imagining that the last day was come, which was to destroy both the gods and the world together. At length a glimmering light appeared, which, however, was not the return of day, but only the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames. The mass of hot cinders and stones luckily fell at a distance from them ; then again they were enveloped in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon them, which they were obliged every now and then to shake off, to prevent being crushed and bruised in the heap. At length this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke ; the real day returned, and the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on ; and every object seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow.

Since this great eruption in 79, there have been others of less importance. One of the most memorable occurred in March 1767, when the mountain began to throw out a considerable quantity of ashes and stones, which raised its summit in the course of the year as much as 200 feet. These materials formed at first a conical mount within the crater, which by degrees became visible above its margin. In October, several streams of lava burst out ; and one of these, from sixty to seventy feet deep and two miles in breadth, made a most formidable appearance. In June 1794, a still more

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

violent eruption occurred, and overwhelmed the town of Torre del Greco. This eruption was vividly described by Sir William Hamilton in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, and from this source we draw the following particulars. Early in June, the wells of Torre del Greco and its neighbourhood began to dry up, a usual signal of an approaching eruption, and the shock of an earthquake was felt at Naples, and for many miles around. On the night of the 15th, after another shock, Vesuvius sent forth clouds of black smoke, and with a loud noise there issued from its sides streams of red-hot lava, which poured down the flanks of the mountain. 'It is impossible,' says Sir William, 'for any description to give an idea of this fiery scene, or of the horrid noises that attended this great operation of nature. It resembled the loudest thunder, accompanied by a continued hollow murmur, like that of the roaring of the ocean during a violent storm; and added to these sounds was another blowing noise, like that of the going up of a large flight of sky-rockets. The frequent falling of the huge stones and scorïæ, which were thrown up to an incredible height from some of the new mouths, and one of which, having been since measured, was ten feet high and thirty-five in circumference, contributed undoubtedly to the concussion of the earth and air, which kept all the houses at Naples for several hours in a constant tremor, every door and window shaking and rattling incessantly, and the bells ringing. This was an awful moment! The sky, from a bright full moon and starlight, began to be obscured; the moon had presently the appearance of being in an eclipse, and soon after was totally lost in obscurity. The murmur of the prayers and lamentations of a numerous populace, forming various processions, and parading in the streets, added likewise to the horror. As the lava did not appear to me to have yet a sufficient vent, and it was now evident that the earthquakes we had already felt had been occasioned by the air and fiery matter confined within the bowels of the mountain, and probably at no small depth (considering the extent of those earthquakes), I recommended to the company that was with me, who began to be much alarmed, rather to go and view the mountain at some greater distance, and in the open air, than to remain in the house, which was on the sea-side, and in that part of Naples nearest and most exposed to Vesuvius. We accordingly went to Posilipo, and viewed the conflagration, now become still more considerable, from the sea-side under that mountain; but whether from the eruption having increased, or from the loud reports of the volcanic explosions being repeated by the mountain behind us, the noise was much louder and more alarming than that we had heard in our first position, at least a mile nearer to Vesuvius. After some time, and which was about two o'clock in the morning of the 16th, having observed that the lavas ran in abundance freely, and with great velocity, having made a considerable progress towards Resina, the

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

town which it first threatened, and that the fiery vapours which had been confined had now free vent, through many parts of a crack of more than a mile and a half in length, as was evident from the quantity of inflamed matter and black smoke which continued to issue from the new mouths above mentioned without any interruption, I concluded that at Naples all danger from earthquakes, which had been my greatest apprehension, was now totally removed, and we returned to our former station. About five o'clock in the morning of the 16th, we could plainly perceive that the lava, which had first broke out from the several new mouths on the south side of the mountain, had reached the sea, and was running into it, having overwhelmed, burnt, and destroyed the greatest part of Torre del Greco, the principal stream of lava having taken its course through the very centre of the town. We observed from Naples, that when the lava was in the vineyards in its way to the town, there issued often, and in different parts of it, a bright pale flame, and very different from the deep red of the lava: this was occasioned by the burning of the trees that supported the vines. Soon after the beginning of this eruption, ashes fell thick at the foot of the mountain, all the way from Portici to the Torre del Greco; and what is remarkable, although there were not at that time any clouds in the air, except those of smoke from the mountain, the ashes were wet, and accompanied with large drops of water, which, as I have been well assured, were to the taste very salt. The road, which is paved, was as wet as if there had been a heavy shower of rain. The lava ran but slowly at Torre del Greco after it had reached the sea; and on the 17th of June, in the morning, when I went in my boat to visit that unfortunate town, its course was stopped, excepting that at times a little rivulet of liquid fire issued from under the smoking scorix into the sea, and caused a hissing noise and a white vapour smoke; at other times a quantity of large scorix was pushed off the surface of the body of the lava into the sea, discovering that it was red-hot under that surface; and even to this day the centre of the thickest part of the lava that covers the town retains its red heat. I observed that the sea-water was boiling as in a caldron, where it washed the foot of a new-formed promontory; and although I was at least a hundred yards from it, observing that the sea smoked near my boat, I put my hand into the water, which was literally scalded; and by this time my boatmen observed that the pitch from the bottom of the boat was melting fast, and floating on the surface of the sea, and that the boat began to leak: we therefore retired hastily from this spot, and landed at some distance from the hot lava. The town of Torre del Greco contained about 18,000 inhabitants, all of whom (except about fifteen, who from either age or infirmity could not be moved, and were overwhelmed by the lava in their houses) escaped either to Castel-a-mare, which was the ancient Stabix, or to Naples; but the rapid progress of the

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

lava was such, after it had altered its course from Resina—which town it first threatened, and had joined a fresh lava that issued from one of the new mouths in a vineyard, about a mile from the town—that it ran like a torrent over the town of Torre del Greco, allowing the unfortunate inhabitants scarcely time to save their lives. Their goods and effects were totally abandoned; and indeed several of the inhabitants, whose houses had been surrounded with lava whilst they remained in them, escaped from them, and saved their lives the following day by coming out of the tops of their houses, and walking over the scorice on the surface of the red-hot lava.'

Towards the end of the month the commotion ceased, and the lava being now pretty well cooled on the surface, Sir William visited the mountain, where a terrible scene presented itself. Vast chasms like valleys, two hundred feet deep, and half a mile wide, had been formed by the eruptions; and ten thousand men, in as many years, could not make alterations such as had been here effected by nature in the space of a few hours. While the streams of lava had wrought great devastation in their course, much injury had been effected by the showers of fine but heavy ashes. In the town of Somma, four churches and seventy houses were found without roofs, and full of these destructive ashes. Notwithstanding the universal ruin of Torre del Greco, its inhabitants returned to the spot, and in August commenced to rebuild their houses. 'Although his Sicilian majesty, with his usual clemency,' observes Sir William, 'offered them a more secure spot on which to build their town, they are obstinately employed in rebuilding it on the late and still smoking lava that covers their former habitations; and there does not appear to be any situation more exposed to the numerous dangers that must attend the neighbourhood of an active volcano than that of Torre del Greco. It was totally destroyed in 1631; and in the year 1737 a dreadful lava ran within a few yards of one of the gates of the town, and now over the middle of it; nevertheless, such is the attachment of the inhabitants to their native spot, although attended with such imminent danger, that of 18,000, not one gave his vote to abandon it.' One of the most remarkable of the recent eruptions was that of May 1855, when vast floods of lava poured down the sides of the mountain, spreading desolation in every direction, and destroying the village of Cercolo. Before its close, 11 cones were in active operation, the discharge from which was so great that at one time a total falling-in of the mountain was dreaded.

With this explanatory account of Vesuvius, we are now prepared for a

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAIN.

Although still early in May, a season usually somewhat cold in England, the weather in Naples was charming; not so hot as

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

summer, but warm and pleasant, and eminently suited for a country excursion. We had strolled along the mole and quays, and loitered in spots vivified by the brilliant rays of the morning sun; but now were to perform a much longer journey, and one which I was assured Mrs P—— could not possibly undertake in its whole extent. She, however, wished to accompany me as far as it was convenient or possible; and accordingly we set out together, in a hired calesh, from our hotel in Naples.

In order to have a long day before us, eight o'clock in the morning, immediately after breakfast, was the hour appointed for starting; but as nobody is punctual to time in Italy, it was nearly nine when we found ourselves rolling on our way through the environs of the city. Vesuvius lies in a south-easterly direction from Naples, and to reach it we proceeded first southward by a broad and tolerably good road, skirting the shore of the bay, to the village of Resina, a distance of from five to six miles. This was an easily performed trip, and, from the freshness and brilliancy of the morning, afforded us no small gratification.

Having reached Resina, where we were set down at a hotel or auberge, our next consideration was that of hiring a couple of mules and a guide, the path being no longer suitable for wheeled carriages. In a wonderfully brief space of time the animals were produced, one fitted with a saddle for Mrs P——; and the guide, Pietro, as he was named, immediately after made his appearance. Every suitable arrangement being made, off our cavalcade set, pursuing a road which wound in various directions, but on the whole maintained an easterly course, and being neither level nor well made, was not so pleasant a ride as could have been desired. After proceeding perhaps four miles, always ascending higher above the general level of the green plains we had left behind us, we arrived at the hermitage of St Salvatora. Here we came to a stand. We had attained a height of 2300 feet above the sea, and the remaining part of the journey required to be performed on foot. Leaving Mrs P—— at the hermitage, and consigning the mules to a keeper, I now set out with Pietro for the top of the mountain—a stout staff in the hand, and a small flask with liquid slung on the back of the guide, our sole provision for the fatigues to be encountered.

The bare and rugged plain which till this point we had been ascending, was now succeeded by a much more steep ascent—in fact, the commencement of the cone—formed of a generally loose material, black burnt stones, calcined cinders, and ashes; yet having remained for years probably in its position, afforded a pretty secure footing, and by a kind of beaten track we pushed our way up and up, till at length, after sitting down several times to rest, we gained the summit, which is 1500 feet above the hermitage, where the sloping plain terminates. I had expected, on reaching the top of the cone, to be favoured with a view of the crater; but at the point

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

where we reached the head of the ascent, there were several huge masses of lava and scoriæ, forming an irregular species of terraces, which remained at some hazard to be crossed. The height, shape, and number of these terraces are seldom the same for any great length of time. They are the cooled material latest projected from the mountain, and are altered in figure by almost every eruption.

On gaining this wide expanse of cinders, I perceived that other parties, including several ladies, had already reached the same elevation, and were scattered about, some resting after their fatigues, and others poking with their sticks into the cracks in the lava, or otherwise recreating themselves. One gentleman, who had discovered a more than usually hot fissure, was roasting an egg in it; and a lady seemed to be amusing herself roasting apples for the party to which she belonged. In one of the groups of loiterers I observed a poor young lady in a condition which, though productive of compassion, was irresistibly ludicrous. She had scaled the rugged flanks of the mountain in a pair of thin stuff shoes, which were rent in pieces. According to the approved method in such circumstances, she was wrapping her bleeding and delicate feet in pocket handkerchiefs contributed by the company. No one should attempt the ascent without being provided with stout shoes. Over some of the cracks in the scorched and blackened material the heat was scarcely endurable; but not more so than the steaming effluvia of sulphur which was occasionally wafted to the nostrils. Crystals of sulphur were observable in different places. Although at a considerable altitude, the air, from the effects of the sun above and the heat beneath, felt suffocatingly hot, and the guides had generally thrown off their upper garments, and sat in picturesque groups on the larger masses of scoriæ.

The irregular plateau we had attained is usually known by the name of the old crater; and before coming to the new crater, or more recently formed and true mouth of the volcano, something more required to be done. Rising from amidst the heaps of cinders, a small cone was pointed out as containing the new crater; and following the example of others, I proceeded to mount towards its summit. This was the most difficult feat yet attempted. The sides, composed of loose ashes, did not give a firm footing, and we sunk at every step; while the odour of sulphur was almost suffocating. After a most unpleasant scramble up the ascent, we all had the satisfaction of gaining the top—the very highest point of Vesuvius—where the air felt more free and pleasant, and where we had the smoking crater before us. While the outside of the cone formed a regular slope, like the sides of a sand heap, the crater or hollow declined from the narrow rim at a similar angle of about thirty-two degrees to the bottom. In figure, the hollow resembled a basin with a flattish bottom. As nearly as I could form an estimate, the *circumference* at top was 1000 feet, and the depth from 100 to 150

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

feet. To gain anything like an exact idea, however, of either its shape or size, was scarcely possible; for the gulf into which we looked was much obscured by clouds of smoke, which, rising from the great cracks in the bottom, played round the sides, and rose in masses into the atmosphere. It was at least evident that the crater had a bottom, at about the depth I mention, composed of hardened cakes of lava, cinders, ashes, and sulphur, and which would remain entire till the next explosion. The quantity of sulphur gave the bottom and sides a yellow appearance. Tourists occasionally descend the interior of the crater to its bottom, venturing even upon the hot and smoking cinders; but this is a feat which I shrunk from attempting; nor, as I was told, would it have been by any means free from danger, the volcano having given some signs of uneasiness.

Upon the cone of Vesuvius the wreck of another lofty volcano called Monte Somma bears so closely, that some have considered they were formerly united, forming a crater of some miles in circumference. Others, from geological examinations, have stated that the two hills differ in character, and must always have been distinct volcanoes. At present, the jagged point of the fragmentary mass of Somma encroaches on the perfectly conical form of Vesuvius, rendering it unshapely in certain aspects. With this and some other but more trifling exceptions, Vesuvius may be described as a great conical mountain, covering a circle of eight to ten miles in circumference, and melting on all sides into the flat plain of Naples, from which it seems to rise as an island from the surface of the ocean.

Toilsomely making our way back to the outer edge of the desolate tract composing the rim of the old crater, I was favoured with a glimpse of one of the grandest views in the world—the Bay of Naples, with the gay shores which flank its sides, from the ancient promontory of Misenum on the one side, to the rocky islet of Capri on the other. Towns, villages, and other architectural objects, were seen dotted over an immense tract of country, the white walls contrasting with the bright green of the vineyards and gardens in which they seemed to be set.

In descending from our lofty situation—3890 feet above the level of the sea, such being the present height of Vesuvius—at my request the party explored some of the spots where the mountain has in its anger sent forth a flood of lava on the plain beneath. These points of outlet are numerous, some on the sides of the cone, and others at its base, and are in certain cases marked by small or infant cones which had been nipped in the bud. When a stream of lava bursts out, it descends as a red-hot fluid, black or partially cooled on the surface, carrying with it quantities of scorix or cinders and ashes like a tumultuary sea. The currents of Vesuvius have never been very deep, a few yards being their general limit; but they have accumulated here and there in thick masses, and when cool, form a hard, dark-coloured stone.

VISIT TO POMPEII.

Excited with the marvels I had been witnessing, and less fatigued than I had anticipated, I reached the hermitage on my return without any accident, notwithstanding the fears which were excusably entertained on my account. I found Mrs P—— sitting out of doors enjoying the exquisite atmosphere, and anxiously waiting our arrival. My appearance at once put an end to a thousand half-formed fears; and there being nothing to detain us at the solitary spot, we remounted the patient animals which had brought us hither, and leisurely returned to Resina. Here we assumed our former means of conveyance, and were speedily restored, with highly improved appetites, to the Gran Bretagna in Naples.

POMPEII.

The day after our mountain journey was devoted to an excursion to Pompeii, one of the most deeply interesting relics of a past state of things of which the world can boast. From all that we had heard and read on the subject, our curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch: nor did the spectacle disappoint us: it indeed went considerably beyond our expectations.

Sallying again from the Gran Bretagna in a voiture, but this time as early as seven o'clock, we were wheeled along by the road southward skirting the bay, at every turn enjoying the magnificent scenery around. We passed various parties of country folks going towards the city, it being a festival of some kind; and at different places children threw the early flowers of the season into the carriage, expecting a small coin in return, and which we had not the heart to refuse. Having passed through the villages of Resina and Torre del Greco, and got over some eight or ten miles of road, habitations become more thinly scattered; we find ourselves leaving the sea on the right, and getting into a tract quite rural in aspect. Here and there we pass the cottage of a humble vine-dresser or farmer; now we turn round a cluster of mulberry-trees; and finally, in the midst of as great a degree of solitude as one meets with in the heart of the country, and without any kind of warning, we find ourselves all at once walking on the pavement of a city—a city of the dead—Pompeii. There is something truly awful in this sudden starting up before us of the ruins of a city in which not a living soul is to be found, and in which we know that life was so universally extinguished eighteen centuries ago. Another matter of surprise is, finding so fine a specimen of what an ancient Roman city was when in its glory. Rome and other cities of Italy have been so greatly altered in the course of time, that their ancient appearance is only matter of conjecture; but the accident which destroyed the city of Pompeii

VISIT TO POMPEII.

has also preserved it as it was—a curiosity for modern investigations.

Pliny's account of the eruption of Vesuvius, which extended to Pompeii, has been amply verified. On the 23d of August, in the year 79, the city was suddenly exposed to a continuous and thick shower of ashes as fine as powder, and at the same time streams of mud and hot water. At the time of the disaster, the city is believed to have contained 25,000 inhabitants; the greater number of whom took to flight, and were saved. Some, however, were struck down in making their escape; and others, who took shelter within their houses,



Street of Tombs, Pompeii.—From a photograph.

were either killed by the falling of the roofs, or drowned in the sea of mud which flowed into the lower apartments. Altogether, it has been computed that 1300 persons perished. By this sad catastrophe the city does not appear to have been utterly, or at once overwhelmed. The eruption is believed to have consisted of repeated attacks, leaving sufficient intervals for the inhabitants to carry off their most valuable articles, or to return to find them. On this account, comparatively few movables of great value have been found in the houses by modern excavators. After this first and greatest eruption,

VISIT TO POMPEII.

others ensued; and in a short time the city was effectually covered, and lost to observation.

When thus overwhelmed, Pompeii stood on an elevated part of the sea-shore, into which the small river Sarnus, or Sarno, ran on its southern side. Occupying a somewhat irregular surface, it offered admirable sites for elegant public buildings; and from the appearance of the ruins brought to light, it seems to have contained a great variety of temples, and other large structures in the best style of Grecian art. Behind the town was a fertile plain spreading upwards towards Vesuvius, and along the coast on each side were many pretty villages and populous cities; among others Herculaneum, which shared the same fate. In consequence of the silting up of the bay, and other changes, Pompeii is now found to be upwards of a mile from the sea, while the ancient character of the plain for fertility has been greatly deteriorated by successive volcanic eruptions. The crater of Vesuvius, from which the city received its death-blow, is about five miles distant from the ruins in a north-easterly direction.

Although it was traditionally known that Pompeii was somewhere entombed in this part of Campania, few if any attempts were made to discover it; and it was not till 1748 that, in making some excavations, its remains were accidentally brought to light. Since that period, the Neapolitan government has exerted itself to clear the ruins from the rubbish which encumbers them. This, however, has been a tedious and expensive process. The mud formed by the steam and ashes sent forth by the volcano, and by the torrents of rain accompanying the eruption, has hardened in the situations into which it poured, and is somewhat difficult to remove. The part chiefly cleared is a strip on the side next the sea, forming from a third to a fourth of the whole city. The wall, however, which environed the city on the land-side, with the gateways in it, has likewise been laid bare. Wherever the excavations have been carried on, large quantities of rubbish have been thrown out; and those on the west and north sides rise to the height of low hills, which, with the trees and shrubs that grow upon or about them, shut out the view in these directions. Excavations still go on, under careful superintendents, and it is not unusual for the government to compliment distinguished visitors by causing some particularly interesting spot to be uncovered for the first time when they are present.

The road by which we approached the city brought us to its north-western extremity, or the entrance by what is called the gate of Herculaneum; and here, in the company of our guide and a local official, we begin our explorations. The first thing to which we were introduced was the massive ruin of a villa a little to the right of the pathway, known as the house of Diomedes, a wealthy Roman. The extent of this large ruin did not more surprise us

VISIT TO POMPEII.

than its open and demolished condition. It seems that here, as elsewhere, exposure to the weather for a number of years has obliterated some fine specimens of paintings on the walls, and greatly injured the different parts of the structure. We were told that, when the building was cleared out, the skeletons of seventeen persons were found in a vaulted cellar, into which they had rushed for safety. The volcanic mud which flowed in had hardened around them, and when excavated, their bodies left impressions in the surrounding material like moulds for statuary. A piece of the incrustation remains on the wall impressed with the form of a woman's breast. This hapless sufferer had been a lady, perhaps the mistress of the splendid household; for bracelets, rings, and jewels were found on the remains of her person. Our guide mentioned that, near the villa, the body of a man had been found grasping bags of money and keys in his hands, as if struck down in the effort to escape with these valuables.

Hastening on from this interesting and dismantled ruin, we proceeded along an avenue or street, singular in character, usually called the Street of Tombs. It is in reality what had been the burying-ground of the Pompeians, and is lined with monumental edifices of handsome and solid masonry, some in a tolerable state of preservation, but others dilapidated—less however by time, than the pressure of volcanic matter. The architecture is principally of the Grecian orders; columns, pilasters, mouldings in stone or marble, being conspicuous amidst the scene of desolation. Some of the monuments are in the form of small quadrangular temples, with an apartment still entire; and from relics found in these apartments, it appears that they were the resort, on certain occasions, of relatives of the deceased. This practice of decorating the houses of the dead, and of making special visits of affection to them, are among the few traits of feeling which seem to have been possessed by the Roman people. Such practices, it will be recollected by all who have visited Père la Chaise, are customary among the Parisians, who may have had them from their Roman ancestry. In this remarkable collection of tombs in Pompeii, cenotaphs are also common; likewise niches for urns, and the remains of inscriptions.

Reaching the end of the street of tombs, and making an easy ascent, we are at the gateway already mentioned. Every part is now in ruin; but originally the entrance consisted of a central and two side arches, in a mass of building which bore a resemblance to Temple Bar in London. An attempt has been made in the annexed cut to represent this entrance of Pompeii before its destruction. When the rubbish which encumbered the street and gateway was cleared away, the skeleton of a Roman soldier was found in a niche, marked on the side of the pathway: his lance was in his hand; and, like a faithful sentinel, he had died rather than desert his post.

VISIT TO POMPEII

Passing through the now broken archway, we found ourselves in a street, evidently of considerable length, lined with broken walls



and roofless edifices, the remains generally, we were told, of inns for the accommodation of country-people. It was distressing to behold the dismantled condition of many substantial structures. The walls, built of brick or blocks of lava, and mostly plastered, formed a vista of ruins glaring under the noonday sun; and excepting another party before us, no living thing was visible. Some walls, of more than usual elegance, were covered with tiles, to protect them from rains, as represented in the small adjoining cut. The



rubbish having been thoroughly removed, we see everything around us exactly as it stood nearly eighteen centuries ago. Within the deserted shops and mansions the most interesting tokens of past times present themselves. On the left is a Thermopolian, or shop in which hot drinks had been sold; the counter of marble still stands, having on its surface marks left by the wet vessels. The shops of Pompeii, of which this is a

specimen, appear to have been open in front like booths, but provided with shutters for closing them in at night. Over several remaining doorways are inscriptions in Latin, in a rude form of letters, purporting to be dedications of the house or establishment to one of the gods, or to a great man; and on some the word *SALVE*, signifying welcome, is inscribed. The woodwork of all the

VISIT TO POMPEII.

houses was gone, and also the roofs and upper floors, so that the whole exhibit a chilly and spectral appearance.

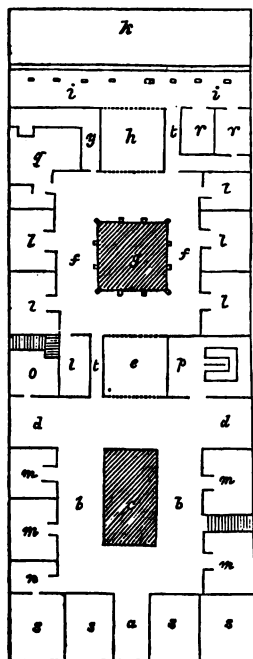
In passing along we see a number of shops, in almost every case connected with dwellings behind or above. It is also remarked that few gentlemen's houses front the street. The splendid mansions of the Roman aristocracy were evidently surrounded by shops, often of a mean order, the rents received from which formed a considerable branch of revenue. Turning up a cross street to the left, we were shewn the remains of one of the largest private mansions in the city, usually styled the house of Pansa, a public officer. This once splendid establishment extends back a considerable way; it forms, in reality, an entire block of building or division, with streets on each side of it. To give the reader an idea of ancient Roman houses of the first order, I cannot do better than present a short account of this large establishment.

Originally, the houses of the more opulent Romans consisted of small apartments surrounding a square court, and closed in by high walls. From those bounding the walls, the roofs of the apartments sloped inwards to the central court. In short, the whole establishment was little better than a series of open sheds, shut in by a gateway, the fineness of an Italian summer not rendering closeness desirable. From this rudimental form, the dwelling advanced to greater extent and elegance. The Grecian architecture was introduced, along with statuary, pictures, and other embellishments. Nevertheless the Romans never got off the plan of building round a courtyard, a practice which has been but slightly copied in Britain, but is still perpetuated in Italy, France, and some other continental countries. The house of Pansa, being of the most advanced order, consisted of two courts, one behind the other, and a garden beyond, the whole opening one into the other—a plan which would now be considered very inconvenient, though striking in general effect.

In the annexed ground-plan of Pansa's mansion, *a* is the entrance or vestibule, corresponding to a modern lobby; *s, s, s, s,* are small shops fronting the street, three of which had been let, but a fourth, communicating with *n*, had been retained by Pansa for the sale of articles, perhaps the produce of his gardens or fields; *n* had been the chamber appointed for the keeper of the shop. From the vestibule, *a*, we proceed by a small inclination into a large apartment, *b b*, measuring about fifty feet long and forty feet wide. This apartment, called the *atrium*, is the improved form of the ancient open court. It is, indeed, not closed even at this point of advancement. The roof had in the centre an open space, *c*, through which the rain could fall into a basin of equal size in the floor beneath. The opening was called *conpluvium*, from *con*, together, and *pluvia*, rain-water. The basin was called *impluvium*, signifying a receptacle for the rain. The conpluvium was the only window—in fact, an open skylight—in this comfortless though elegantly

VISIT TO POMPEII.

embellished apartment. Along the sides of the room were doors leading into bed-closets, *m, m, m, m*; rooms they would not now be called, for they are dreary cells, provided only with air-holes for windows; *d d* are recesses, which had been closed in front by curtains. The next apartment, *e*, was called the *tablinum*, from *tabella*, a picture, and here were exhibited the family pictures and other objects of taste. This apartment was divided from the atrium on one side and the further division *f f* by movable curtains, the situations of which are marked with lines of dots; *f f* is a square court, called the *peristylum*, or peristyle, from Greek words signifying about a pillar, because the roof of the sheds or cells along the sides is supported by pillars. This apartment, division, or court, has, like the atrium, an open compluvium, *g*. The cells marked *l, l, l, l, l, l*, had been employed, like



those round the atrium, as bed-closets; *h* is an apartment or hall between the peristyle, and *i i* a terrace behind, overlooking the garden, *k*. This apartment, like the tablinum, had been secluded by curtains. Alongside of this apartment, and also adjoining the tablinum, are passages marked *t t*; *o* is a recess for a staircase to the upper floor, now gone in Pansa's house; and *p* is a dining-room. In this dining-hall a table with sofas on three of its sides are marked. Latterly, the Romans adopted a fashion of reclining on benches when dining or supping, instead of sitting on chairs, as is customary in modern times: *q* is the kitchen, communicating through a passage, *y*, with a side street; *r r* are closets for reading or meditation, overlooking the garden. One of the small apartments was most likely the *lararium*, or chamber of devotion, in which were statues of the *lares*, or household gods. The garden behind Pansa's house must have been about a hundred feet square, and laid out ornamentally with flower-plots.

Such was a Roman mansion of the first order, exclusive of the upper apartments, which for the most part were only a species of garrets, for the accommodation of the slaves, or as storerooms.

There were no sunk floors, though occasionally vaults or cellars.

VISIT TO POMPEII.

The main object of the proprietors of these mansions was show—exposure of the interior to the public, with the enjoyment of open air. When the door and the curtains of the tablinum and further hall were thrown open, which was done in fine weather, parties passing could see through the whole house to the garden in the rear; pictures, statues, vases, marble pillars, mosaic pavements, flowers, and shrubs, all conspiring to present a striking perspective. To make the vista seem longer than it really was, the opposite wall of the garden was painted to represent an avenue of trees, embellished with fountains and other devices. These imposing appearances contrasted badly with the limited accommodations for sleeping or retirement. Although the bedrooms were generally plastered, and ornamented with paintings, they were small, and what would now be called mean. All the accommodations for insuring cleanliness seem to have been equally paltry. In the great house of Pansa, the water for drinking and cooking was brought in buckets from public fountains; for, although the city was supplied with water by an aqueduct from hills eight miles distant, it was not introduced by pipes into the houses. This defect, however, did not arise from an ignorance of hydraulics, because in Pompeii there are paintings of jets d'eau, or fountains spouting water. As large numbers of slaves and menials were employed in carrying water, and in various cleansing operations, the absence of any provision for introducing water to the houses in pipes was not probably experienced. Another deficiency was the absence of chimneys or fireplaces. Suitable enough for summer or pleasant dry weather, the houses could not fail to be uncomfortable in winter. Excepting where flues of warm air were led through the walls from furnaces employed for hot baths, the method of heating was by pans of burning wood or charcoal, over which the people sat shivering in cold weather. Cooking was likewise performed over pans of charcoal sunk in counters of stonework. Ancient Roman writers make grievous complaints of the smoke rising from the heating pans, which, having no contrivance to rid themselves of, wound in clouds through the apartments, spoiling the appearance of the statues and pictured walls, and in certain seasons making life within doors almost insupportable. How remarkable does it now appear that a people so far advanced in taste and luxury, so accomplished in all ornamental arts, should not have arrived at the discovery and use of chimneys! With these things forced on our notice, the feelings of regret which we experienced in wandering through the roofless halls of Pansa's palace were considerably modified. We thought of our neat dwelling in dear England, which, without any pretensions to magnificence, surpassed in every useful and substantial accommodation this once proud and lordly mansion.

In the block of building, or island, as the Romans called a congeries of buildings in a contiguous mass, next the mansion of Pansa,

VISIT TO POMPEII.

are some remains considered among the most interesting in Pompeii. The chief ruin is the house of the Tragic Poet, as it has been termed. When excavated and laid open in 1824, this building was pretty nearly entire, and at a small expense it might have been roofed and restored. The only attempt at preservation has been the tiling of the walls; but as this does not shelter their surface from the weather, some of the finest specimens of fresco-painting have been destroyed. The mosaic pavements were likewise beautiful, and these have suffered less damage. As we enter into the vestibule, the figure of an angry cur chained is observed to be wrought in the mosaic, with the motto beneath, CAVE CANEM—Beware the Dog. After the description of Pansa's mansion, no account of the arrangements in the present house is necessary. I need only say that the style of the walls and remaining pillars is exceedingly elegant. On whatever side we turn, do we lament the gradual fading and destruction of the paintings. Some have fortunately been removed to museums, and they are esteemed among the best specimens of delineations in fresco. These and other paintings throughout this unfortunate city were principally representations of the gods and goddesses in the Grecian mythology, or of characters and scenes mentioned in the works of Homer. The Romans, like their predecessors the Greeks, had little range of subjects, and copied repeatedly the same figures in various combinations. In the practice of painting on plaster, usually called fresco-painting, their artists reached great excellence; their drawing, however, being always more correct and natural than their colouring. Many of the scenes appear to have been little else than outline.

The garden wall of the Tragic Poet's house divides it from the ruins of a large trading establishment called the Fullonica, or Scouring House. Here the vats for dyeing, formed of stone and plaster, and resembling large coppers, are pointed out, likewise some interesting remains of painting. From one of these we learn that it was usual to scour woollen clothes by tramping with the bare feet in a tub—a practice, I believe, which still exists in Scotland. Adjoining the Fullonica are the houses of the fountains, where some interesting relics of art are also exhibited.

Returning from this part of the town to the narrow street which we entered from the gateway, we were shewn the house of Sallust, as it is supposed to have been. This is inferior in size to that of Pansa, and also less regular in details, but is equal to some of the best houses as respects elegance of decoration. On the side of the same street, the remains of what had been a house abounding in ornament were next pointed out, called the House of the Vestals, and over the door of which the ordinary SALVE remains inscribed. On some of the walls are various paintings, greatly faded, but still conveying an idea of their original appearance. Exposure to the weather, however, is gradually obliterating these vestiges of Roman art. A

VISIT TO POMPEII.

number of years ago, when less damaged, and its movables not carried off to museums, Bonneci thus described the House of the Vestals : ' This house seems to have been originally two separate houses, afterwards probably bought by some rich man, and thrown into one. After traversing a little court, around which are the sleeping-chambers, and that destined to business, we hastened to render our visit to the Penates. We entered the pantry, and rendered back to the proprietors the greeting, [of welcome] that from the threshold of this mansion they still direct to strangers. We next passed through the kitchen and its dependencies. The corn-mills [small hand-querns] seemed waiting for the accustomed hands to grind with them, after so many years of repose. Oil standing in glass vessels, chestnuts, dates, raisins, and figs, in the next chamber, announce the provision for the approaching winter, and large amphoræ of wine recall to us the consulate of Cæsar and of Cicero. We entered the private apartments. Magnificent porticoes are to be seen around it. Numerous beautiful columns covered with stucco, and with very fresh colours, surrounded a very agreeable garden, a pond, and a bath. Elegant paintings, delicate ornaments, stags, sphinxes, wild and fanciful flowers, everywhere cover the walls. The cabinets of young girls, and their toilets, with appropriate paintings, are disposed along the sides. In this last were found a great quantity of female ornaments, and the skeleton of a little dog. At the extremity is seen a semicircular room adorned with niches, and formerly statues, mosaics, and marbles. An altar, on which the sacred fire burned perpetually, rose in the centre. This is the *sacrarium*. In this secret and sacred place the most solemn and memorable days of the family were spent in rejoicing; and here, on birthdays, sacrifices were offered to Juno, or the Genius, the protector of the new-born child.' The mosaic pavements in this house, consisting of different coloured pieces of marble set in figures, are very fine. It is evident that in the preparation of such embellishments for the floors, whether tiles or marbles, the Romans had attained a pitch of perfection which England with all its wealth is now only beginning to imitate. The small cut here given represents the figure of a central compartment in one of these mosaics.



Proceeding along the street from the house of the Vestals, we arrive at a spot on the left-hand side where we are shewn the remains of the public baths, now a scene of broken arches, dilapidated walls, and marble floors, encumbered by rubbish. The establishment was evidently on a most extensive scale, and consisted of distinct divisions for men and women respectively. The baths were of cold, tepid, and hot water. One of the largest apartments, the tepidarium, being vaulted, is tolerably entire; and here a number of the ornaments remain on the roof and walls. Light had been

VISIT TO POMPEII.

admitted by a small window in the roof. The floors of the warm-bath rooms were hollow, heated air having been admitted beneath them by flues, for the purpose of taking off the chill of the atmosphere: in the present state of ruin, portions only of these flues are visible. From the number of entrances and other arrangements, the practice of bathing had been as popular among the citizens of Pompeii, if not more so, than in other Roman cities. The want of means for purification at home, the costliness of linen, and other defects in the economy of the ancients, rendered frequent bathing indispensable. The indulgence of the bath, however, was a favourite luxury among all classes. After bathing, it was customary to anoint the body with fine oils and perfumes. 'The ancients,' observes Sir William Gell, in his *Pompeiana*, 'had an astonishing number of oils, soaps, and perfumes.' Persons in a humble condition, he adds, 'sometimes used, instead of soap, meal of lupins, called lomentum, which, with common meal, is yet used in the north of England, while the rich carried their own most precious unguents to the thermæ in phials of alabaster, gold, and glass, which were of such common use, both in ordinary life and at funerals, that they have very frequently been found in modern times, when they acquired the name of lachrymatories, from a mistaken notion concerning their original destination.'

The further extremity of the bath establishment bears upon the Forum, a large area, like an open square, which we entered next in our perambulation. Passing the ruins of the temple of Jupiter, we had the cleared space of the Forum before us. And what a scene of fallen grandeur! When in its glory, this place of universal resort had consisted of an oblong area, 100 feet wide by 500 in length, paved with marble in different colours, embellished at different points with statues, and environed by temples and other edifices with fronts of elegant Grecian architecture. On one side there had been an ambulatory, or open gallery, above the rows of pillars, where the idle might lounge and look down upon the moving throngs beneath. All is now desolate; pillars broken, roofs gone, and pavement destroyed; much of this dilapidation having been caused by the earthquake sixteen years before the final destruction.

In perambulating this scene of fallen grandeur, we are forcibly reminded of the custom among the Romans of spending much of their time daily in public. While all menial offices were filled by slaves, the middle and higher orders loitered away no small portion of their existence in public places of resort. 'A Roman citizen,' says M. Simond, 'went out early, and did not return home until the evening repast. He spent his day in the Forum, at the baths, at the theatre—everywhere, in short, except at his own home; where he slept in a 'small room without windows, without a chimney, and almost without furniture.' To suit such customs, every Roman city was amply provided with places of amusement, erected by the

VISIT TO POMPEII.

munificence of wealthy citizens, or by the state. Whatever was the form of government, a monarchy or republic, one object was steadily maintained—the amusement of the people at the public expense; and no small proportion of the plunder of countries conquered by the Roman arms was devoted to this purpose. Besides being a spot for the daily loitering of idlers, the Forum was the scene of political contentions. Here the leaders of rival factions addressed and sought the suffrages of the citizens: here was the great centre of all kinds of bribery and corruption: here were the votes of the populace shamelessly sold to the highest bidder.

Proceeding along the western side of the Forum, we had occasion to pass the ruins of an establishment which had doubtless figured in these demoralising practices. This was the great public granary. So abject had the Roman people ultimately become, and such was the mass of pauperism, that in every city vast numbers were daily supported by doles of corn or bread; and he who was most munificent in these distributions usually attained the highest civic honours. Adjoining the public granary are the ruins of the temple of Venus, and the Basilica, or courts of justice, beneath which are vaults that had been used as a prison. In these gloomy recesses two skeletons were found with iron manacles on their legs; the poor wretches had been suffocated in their dungeons by the eruption. Going round by the east end of the Forum to the north side, we have before us, running eastwards, the Street of the Silversmiths, which has been well cleared, and shews some striking ruins.

One group of ruins in good preservation was pointed out to us as being all that remained of the temple of Isis—a building in the Roman Doric order, possessing some fine mosaics. At the further extremity of the interior stood the altar, from which a statue of Isis had been removed when the building was uncovered. We were conducted into some apartments behind, and were here shewn a recess where the priests of the temple were concealed when they uttered the oracular responses supposed to be pronounced by the goddess. The accommodations for the priests had been on an extensive scale, and included cooking, dining, and sleeping apartments. When the kitchen was explored, it was found well provided with cooking utensils and different articles of food. The skeleton of a man, supposed to have been the cook, was found in the kitchen with an axe in his hand, near a hole in the wall, which he had made in order to effect his escape. In the temple the skeleton of a priest had been also found, with a bag of money in his hand. His avarice or carelessness in remaining to secure the treasures of the temple had been the cause of his destruction.

Having now seen a number of the streets of Pompeii, I may here say a few words regarding them. All are narrow, reminding one of the confined thoroughfares of Paris; but whatever their width, they are pretty well paved with blocks of lava or stones, in the central

VISIT TO POMPEII.

part, for the use of carriages and horses ; while on each side is a *trottoir* or foot-pavement, raised above the causeway, and formed of a composition of lime, earth, and gravel. These foot-pavements, varying in breadth from three to six feet, are so universal in Pompeii, that the comfort of pedestrians must have been a matter of consideration by the ancient Roman authorities. In after-times, the practice of employing foot-pavements was lost in continental Europe, and it is only now resumed in Paris and elsewhere by copying English models. In some of the streets, we remarked that there were stones elevated in the causeway to form crossings from one side of the street to the other. The great torrents of rain which fall in this part of Italy at certain seasons, and the absence of underground drains, have rendered these stepping-stones necessary.

From what we had now observed of the different streets, it did not



appear that any part of the town was sacred from the intrusion of trade. Shops are usually known by signs emblematic of the business which had been carried on within. The annexed small cut represents the sign of a wine-shop. It is a terra-cotta in bas-relief, shewing the figures of two men carrying between them an amphora or jar of wine. Jars of this form are of great antiquity. When set down in a cellar, their

lower-pointed end was placed in a hole in a rack, and thus they were kept in an upright position. On a shop near the baths is a bas-relief representing a goat, which is believed to denote that the owner was a seller of milk. The house of a teacher of fencing is indicated by a painting of two men fighting. A school is denoted by the painting of a boy mounted on the back of another, and receiving a whipping from his master, from which we may know that this barbarous mode of punishment is of a respectable antiquity. Latin inscriptions, of very rudely formed characters, are exceedingly common. Some of these are short public announcements ; others are the names of owners of houses : and a third class are signs of persons in business. The following is a diminished facsimile of one of these sign inscriptions :



These rude letters and words have been interpreted as follows :

VISIT TO POMPEII.

Marcum. Cerrinium. Vatiā. Ædilem. Orat. Ut. Faveat. Scriba. Issus : Dignus. Est. In English—'The Scribe Issus beseeches Marcus Cerrinius Vatia the Edile to extend to him his patronage ; for which he is deserving.' From this modest appeal it would appear that Roman tradesmen were not more independent than those modern shopkeepers who seek to carry on business under the heraldic insignia of great personages.

From the Street of the Silversmiths we were conducted, after two turnings, into the quarter of the theatres, which is the limit of the excavations on the south, or the point opposite to that at which we had entered the town. Two theatres have been cleared, one of large size, situated on a sloping piece of ground, and so arranged that the visitors must have descended from the street to the body of the house. From the remains of the edifice, it would seem that much of the interior was formed of marble. I will not here attempt any account of the manner in which these theatres were laid out. Our time would not allow of a very deliberate examination, and we hastened to finish our tour of the excavated city. Already we had gone over the town, from the gate of Herculaneum to the further extremity of the excavations, a distance of rather more than half a mile ; and almost the only thing that remained to be visited was the amphitheatre, situated in a cleared space at the eastern termination of the city. There were two ways by which we could reach this : we might go by a road round the walls, or by a pathway across the ground which still covered the remaining part of the town. Preferring the latter, we mounted the bank of rubbish, and gained the cottage of a vine-dresser, placed nearly on the brink of the precipice which overhangs the cleared streets beneath. This is reckoned the most favourable spot for obtaining a view of Pompeii ; and I acknowledge that the spectacle of dismantled buildings, silent streets, broken pillars, mosaic pavements of palaces and temples, and painted walls, the whole bounded by the hillocks of rubbish and green vine plants, has a striking and picturesque effect.*

From this interesting spot we proceeded, across the vineyards which now occupy the surface of the ground over the uncleared part of the city, to the amphitheatre. This we found to be a most gigantic and imposing mass of building. Like all Roman amphitheatres, it is an edifice of an oval form, shewing two stories outside, while the interior consists of tiers of stone benches rising from, and environing a central arena. The floor of the arena being cleared, we are able to realise the character of the barbarous scenes which occurred in this great place of resort. The spectacles presented here for the public

* Since the visit of Mr P.—, the excavations have been greatly extended, and under the new régime they are carried on more systematically than ever. Among the most interesting objects recently disinterred are several human bodies, or rather the hollows in the hardened mud left by their decay. By pouring liquid plaster into these cavities, casts have been obtained of these touching memorials of antiquity. The two larger wood-engravings are from photographs, and give a very good notion of the appearance of the ruins.—Ed.

VISIT TO POMPEII.

amusement, consisted of fights of gladiators—victims doomed to fight in an almost naked state with swords—and combats of wild beasts, lion against lion; or one of these savage animals with an unfortunate captive. Beneath the rows of seats are vaulted dens, in which the lions and other beasts of prey had been kept, ready to be let out upon the arena. In one of these cells the skeleton of a lion was found when the building was excavated. Ascending the *podium* or parapet which surrounds the arena, we attained, first, the seats appropriated to the senators and other functionaries, after which, higher up, in an unbroken slope, come the seats of the aristocracy and common people. Although much inferior in dimensions to the Coliseum at Rome, the accommodations seem to have been sufficient for 20,000 inhabitants. The benches are in some places destroyed; but, as a whole, the amphitheatre is the most entire of the Pompeian antiquities, the solid nature of the building having resisted the earthquake and eruption which levelled so many other structures.

Amidst the silence of the now deserted amphitheatre, and on one of the stone seats commanding a view of the lower area, we spread out the provisions which we had brought with us from Naples, and after the fatigues and excitement of exploring ruins, were able to dine with no small degree of zest. Pietro, with much good-humour, acted as assistant at the feast, and brought from a rill in the neighbourhood a supply of water more cool than we could have expected, considering the warmth of the day. Leaving this interesting edifice, we proceeded by the adjoining city wall towards the point where we had entered the town, thus making a circuit of the whole. We saw several excavations in this excursion; and at about half-way passed the gate of Nola, an ancient entrance to the city, which has been exposed to view.

The day after our visit to Pompeii, while the recollections were still fresh in the memory, we visited the great museum in Naples, in which the objects of art gathered from its disinterred houses, shops, and temples have been stored for preservation. The collection is enormous, and baffles description. A volume would be required to give a mere list of the articles. Classified in departments, are shewn domestic utensils; lamps of various kinds; articles for the toilet, such as combs, mirrors, and pins; bread, eggs, grain, fruits; gems, cameos, and jewellery; vases, statues, fresco-paintings, and mosaics; books and scrolls, &c. Some of the statues are remarkably fine, and rivet the attention of all persons of taste.

VISIT TO HERCULANEUM.

HERCULANEUM.

In our excursion to and from Pompeii, we had passed near the spot of ground at Portici which covers Herculaneum, but did not stop to pay our respects to this entombed city, intending to make it the object of a special journey. This we did on the second day after visiting Pompeii, the first, as I said, having been expended on seeing the many interesting Pompeian relics contained in the museum at Naples.

Herculaneum, a larger and more populous city than Pompeii, has had literally a *harder* fate. Situated considerably nearer the volcano, its destruction was more instantaneous and complete. While Pompeii sunk under torrents of mud and showers of ashes, the whole forming a cinder-like incrustation or paste, which has been dug with comparative ease, Herculaneum received a massive stream of lava—a red-hot liquid torrent, which instantly destroyed life, and utterly overwhelmed the city in its stern grasp. As lava, on cooling, becomes a hard semi-vitreous stone, resembling basalt and greenstone, Herculaneum has been fixed in the bosom of a rocky mass, which cannot be dug with less difficulty than a quarry.

Portici, a populous village, in which is a summer palace of the king, has been built on the ground immediately over Herculaneum. This appears to have been matter of accident. All traditional knowledge of Herculaneum had been lost, and its site was discovered only last century, on the occasion of digging a well; the first signification of there being an entombed city beneath, was the striking of a pickaxe against the door of a theatre. The approach to Herculaneum, or rather the small portion which can be seen of it, is down the well-like shaft by which it was discovered. Alighting at a gate in the village of Portici, over which was inscribed, 'Scale di Ercolano' (Stair of Herculaneum), we delivered ourselves into the hands of a guide, and with wax-tapers descended a flight of nearly a hundred steps in quest of this buried city. On reaching the bottom, we found ourselves in a gloomy abyss, surrounded by walls of an elegant construction, and through which, by a doorway, we reached the interior of what had been a magnificent theatre. The seats were of marble, as well as the pillars of the pulpitum or stage. From this buried scene of gaiety we were led along some contiguous passages; but after having seen Pompeii, this dingy spectacle conveyed no pleasure to the mind, and we hastened to retreat up the staircase into the brilliant sunshine of the living and breathing world. Not only in consequence of the hardness of the material in which Herculaneum is imbedded, but from the danger of undermining the royal palace above, the excavations have been stopped.

VISIT TO HERCULANEUM.

and therefore all that has been disclosed of this once populous city is insignificant in extent.

Before our departure from this part of Italy, we had an opportunity of repeatedly visiting Pompeii, and of treasuring up recollections of those elegant objects of art which have been collected from it, as well as from Herculaneum. Of my successive visits to the ruined city, and also to the museum in Naples, however, it is not necessary for me to speak; the preceding sketch, imperfect as it is, will perhaps suffice to convey a general idea of certainly one of the most interesting spots on the surface of the earth, and stimulate inquiry on a subject so fruitful of pleasing emotions as that of ancient art.*

* A railway from Naples now facilitates the visits of travellers to the ruined cities.





THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH, AND SIR AGILTHORN.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

FIT I.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely hermit lay,
When, lo ! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And waked his sleeping fire,
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

'O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Nor let vain fears alarm ;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.'

'It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear,
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here.

And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.'

'O trust in Heaven,' the hermit said,
'And to my cell repair ;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.'

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high,
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow ;
At length a voice returned his call,
Quick answering from below :

'O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanced to see
A gentle maid I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree ?

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray ;
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatched her hence away.'

'Praise Heaven, my son,' the hermit said,
'The lady's safe and well ;'
And soon he joined the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen these gentle friends
They loved each other dear :
The youth he pressed her to his heart,
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair :

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;
She, slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright ;
She, in a silken robe and scarf,
Snatched up in hasty flight.

'Sit down, my children,' says the sage ;
'Sweet rest your limbs require :'
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

'Partake,' he said, 'my simple store—
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;'
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

'Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,'
The youthful couple say ;
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talked their cares away.

'Now say, my children (for perchance
My counsel may avail),
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale ?'

'First tell me, father,' said the youth
('Nor blame my eager tongue),
What town is near ? What lands are these ?
And to what lord belong ?'

'Alas ! my son,' the hermit said,
'Why do I live to say
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banished far away ?'

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the north
Our youthful lord did call)
Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir ;
And, oh ! to save him from his foes,
It was his grandsire's care.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

In Scotland safe he placed the child,
Beyond the reach of strife,
Not long before the brave old earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honours rest and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime, far off, 'mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown;
On strangers' bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in peace!—
He said, and dropt a tear.

'And is the Percy still so loved
Of all his friends and thee?
Then bless me, father,' said the youth,
'For I, thy guest, am he.'

Silent he gazed, then turned aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Poured blessings on his head.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

'Welcome, our dear and much-loved lord,
Thy country's hope and care.
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair?'

'Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth ;
And let thy sage advice direct
My inexperienced youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand,*
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burned
My native land to see ;
At length I won my guardian friend
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down, in hunter's garb,
I wandered as in chase,
Till, in the noble Neville's house,†
I gained a hunter's place.

Some time with him I lived unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.'

'Now, Percy,' said the blushing maid,
'The truth I must reveal ;
Souls great and generous like thine
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the greenwood trees.

Sudden, a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seized me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain ;
But Heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany.

† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, whose principal residence was at Raby Castle, in the bishopric of Durham.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

With nothing but his hunting-spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caused them soon to stand.

He fought till more assistance came :
The Scots were overthrown ;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own.'

'O happy day !' the youth replied ;
'Blest were the wounds I bare !
From that fond hour she deigned to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride ;
But oh ! we feared (alas, the while)
Her princely mother's pride :

Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,
Our house's ancient foe,
To me, I thought, a banished wight,
Could ne'er such favour shew.

Despairing then to gain consent,
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid ;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursued,
We turned down the right-hand path,
And gained this lonely wood ;

Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reached this friendly bower.'

'Now rest ye both,' the hermit said ;
'Awhile your cares forego :
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed—
We'll pass the night below.'

FIT II.

Lovely smiled the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled ;
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheered him with her sight :
The youth, consulting with his friend,
Had watched the livelings night.

What sweet surprise o'erpowered her breast,
Her cheeks what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride !

' Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet ;
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete.'

' O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand ?
When thou, loved youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand ?

For thee I left a father's smiles
And mother's tender care ;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.'

' And wilt thou, then, O generous maid,
Such matchless favour shew,
To share with me, a banished wight,
My peril, pain, or woe ?

Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast ;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
Surrounded by the sea ;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee :*

'Tis Father Bertram, so revered
For every worthy deed :
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man,
Our reverend host is gone ;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.'

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tynemouth Abbey.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mixed,
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way ;
Meantime, in love and dalliance sweet,
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The hermitage they viewed,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There, decked with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scooped within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shews :
The chief a chapel, neatly arched,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there
That should a chapel grace :
The lattice for confession framed,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door, a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth,
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near, a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

Beside the altar rose a tomb,
All in the living stone,
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carved,
Leaned hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her crest.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask : ' What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair ?'

The hermit sighed, the hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak ;
At length he wiped the trickling tears
That all bedewed his cheek :

' Alas ! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe ;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know.

The Hermit's Tale.

Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame ;
Yon distant hills were his domains ;
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,
His friend was at his side ;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour tried.

Young Bertram loved a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be ;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling-place ;†
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

* This is a bull's head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c. here described are still visible, only somewhat effaced by time.

† Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend;
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she, with studied fond delays,
Defers the blissful hour,
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

"That heart," she said, "is lightly prized
Which is so lightly won,
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon."

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall,
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,
The castle rung around:
Lord Percy called for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
"How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.*"

Brave Galfred next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came;
And from his Norman castles won,
Assumed the Percy name.†

They sung how in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William shipped his powers,

* See Dugdale's *Baronage*, p. 269, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy; whence the family took the surname De Percy.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

And gained a fair young Saxon bride
With all her lands and towers.*

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died :
But first the silver crescent wan,
Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The queen's own brother wed,
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.†

How he the Percy name revived,
And how his noble line
Still foremost in their country's cause
With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master's song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall :
When lo ! a damsel young and fair
Stepped forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously addressed ;
And kneeling on her knee—
"Sir Knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee."

Then forth she drew a glittering helme,
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnished gold.

"Sir Knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,

* William de Percy (fifth in descent from Galfred or Geoffrey de Percy, son of Mainfred) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire of Emma de Porte (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married; for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, 'he' (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) 'wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience.' See *Harleian Manuscripts*, 692 (26). He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first crusade.

† Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Lovain, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother to Queen Adelais, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His son, Lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-five barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

When thou hast proved this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are tried."

Young Bertram took the shining helme,
And thrice he kissed the same :
"Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame."

Lord Percy and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppressed,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills,
A thousand horse and more :
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round :
Down the green slopes of Teviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushing forth to meet his foes,
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord Percy marked their gallant mien,
And thus his friend addressed :

"Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helme;
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand."

Young Bertram bowed, with glad assent,
And spurred his eager steed,
And calling on his lady's name,
Rushed forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends,
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round ;
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field,
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain—
That beauteous helme, his lady's gift!—
His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight ;
"And now, my noble friends," he said,
"Let's save this gallant knight."

Then rushing in, with stretched-out shield
He o'er the warrior hung,
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?

Now, gathering round on every part,
The battle raged amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord,
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage shewed ;
And all the field was strewn with dead,
And all with crimson flowed.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wondrous valour shewn,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore.*

"Well hast thou earned my daughter's love,"
Her father kindly said,
"And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed."

A message went—no daughter came ;
Fair Isabel ne'er appears ;
"Beshrew me," said the aged chief,
"Young maidens have their fears."

Cheer up, my son ; thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride ;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride."

Sir Bertram at her name revived ;
He blessed the soothing sound ;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And healed his ghastly wound.

FIT III.

One early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seemed,
That wont to shine so bright ;
And long and loud Sir Bertram called
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear :
"What wight is this that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?"

* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Teviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

"Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
Come from his bed of care :
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss,
To see thy lady fair."

"Now out, alas !" she loudly shrieked,
"Alas ! how may this be ?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee."

Sad terror seized Sir Bertram's heart,
And oft he deeply sighed ;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

"Six days, young knight, are past and gone
Since she set out to thee ;
And sure, if no sad harm had hap'd,
Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried :
'Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight
All through my folly and pride !

And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.'

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn by break of day,
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way."

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelmed his mind :
"Trust me," said he, "I ne'er will rest
Till I thy lady find."

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
And with sad boding heart,
Or ere the dawning of the day,
His brother and he depart.

"Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
Do thou go north, and I'll go west,
And all our dress we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
And borne her to his den,

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she's restored again."

The brothers straight their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

"Sir Bertram, clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day, as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim passed him by,
Who marked his face of care.

"All minstrels yet that e'er I saw,
Are full of game and glee,
But thou art sad and woe-begone ;
I marvel whence it be !"

"Father, I serve an aged lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stolen away,
And fain I would her find."

"Cheer up, my son ; perchance," he said,
"Some tidings I may bear ;
For oft when human hopes have failed,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills, so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from the abode of men.

As late I chanced to crave an alms,
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I asked what harm had hap'd,
What lady sick there lay,
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away."

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear ;
He thanked him for his tale ;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reached the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

"Sir porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a minstrel's song ?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong ?"

"My lord," he said, "is not at home
To hear a minstrel's song ;
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long."

He played again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

"Minstrel," he said, "thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou shouldst win ;
But, alas ! I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave ;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have."

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear :
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watched,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his lady through the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
Till near the morning tide,

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

When, starting up, he seized his sword,
And to the castle hied.

When lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall ;
And o'er the moat was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend,
Wrapt in a tartan plaid,
Assisted by a sturdy youth,
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amazed, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown to all within,
The youthful couple fly ;
But what can 'scape the lover's ken,
Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

"Thanks, gentle youth," she often said ;
"My thanks thou well hast won :
For me what wiles hast thou contrived !
For me what dangers run !

And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay :"
Sir Bertram would no further hear,
But cried : "Vile traitor, stay !

Vile traitor, yield that lady up !"
And quick his sword he drew :
The stranger turned in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

"With mortal hate their vig'rous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow :
But Bertram's stronger hand prevailed,
And laid the stranger low.

"Die, traitor, die !" A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word ;
Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rushed beneath his sword.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

"O stop," she cried—"O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!"

And here the hermit paused and wept:
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried: 'Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabbed her breast.'

'Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah, cruel fate!' they said.
The hermit wept, and so did they:
They sighed; he hung his head.

'O blind and jealous rage,' he cried,
'What evils from thee flow!'
The hermit paused; they silent mourned;
He wept, and they were woe.

'Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I raved, I wept, I cursed my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasped her to my breast,
And closed the ghastly wound;
In vain I pressed his bleeding corpse,
And raised it from the ground.

My brother, alas! spake ne'er more;
His precious life was flown;
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

"Bertram," she said, "be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be.

Bertram," she said, "I still was true;
Thou only hadst my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief;
When, lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief:

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
I had refused with scorn;

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

He slew my guards, and seized on me
Upon that fatal morn.

And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confined,
And fondly sued and warmly pressed
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear ;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly formed his brave design
To set me captive free ;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love ; escape away,
And for thyself provide ;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride."

Thus pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And closed her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay :
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay.

And rising up in furious haste,
I seized the bloody brand ;
A sturdy arm here interposed,
And wrenched it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had missed their lovely ward,
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barred.

It chanced that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
Lord Percy had us soon exchanged,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honoured dear remains
To England were conveyed,
And there within their silent tombs
With holy rites were laid.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

For me, I loathed my wretched life,
And long to end it thought ;
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They raised my heart to that pure source
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care,
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more
Impetuous, haughty, wild,
But poor and humble benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise,
And here, a lonely anchoret,
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove ;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approved my choice ;
This blest retreat he gave ;
And here I carved her beauteous form,
And scooped this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here ;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied passed my life,
Forsaken, or forgot,
The Percy and his noble son
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great earl, from toils of state
And cumbrous pomp of power,

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe ;
I lived to mourn his fall :
I lived to mourn his godlike son,
Their friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Loved youth, shalt now restore,
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.*

He ceased, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid,
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take,
They ask the good old sire,
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant at her nephew's throne,
The royal grace implored :
To all the honours of his race
The Percy was restored.

The youthful earl still more and more
Admired his beauteous dame :
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.*

* Warkworth Castle, the scene of the above ballad, occupies a bold situation on a neck of land near the sea-shore, on the coast of Northumberland, and almost surrounded by the river Coquet. About a mile from the castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a hermitage, or religious establishment, of which the chapel is still entire. This is hollowed in a cliff near the river, as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the sacristy and vestry—the whole executed with elegance, and resembling a Gothic church. The chapel contains a tomb or monument, on which is a female figure cut in stone, and around it are several other figures likewise sculptured from the rock. It is universally agreed that the founder of the hermitage was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently lords of Bothal Castle, situated about ten miles from Warkworth. The traditions respecting Warkworth and its hermitage did not escape the notice of the late Dr Thomas Percy, Dean of Carlisle and Bishop of Dromore, and have been by him handed down to us in the preceding elegant ballad, which has become deservedly popular in the part of the country to which it refers. The only other poem of any length written by Dr Percy is a ballad called *The Friar of Orders Gray*. The service he performed to our literature in collecting his *Reliques of English Poetry*, has been properly esteemed.

SIR AGILTHORN.

SIR AGILTHORN.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

OH ! gentle huntsman, softly tread,
And softly wind thy bugle-horn ;
Nor rudely break the silence shed
Around the grave of Agilthorn !

Oh ! gentle huntsman, if a tear
E'er dimmed for others' woe thine eyes,
Thou 'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,
The sod where Lady Eva lies.

Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound
Their hands and hearts beheld them plight ;
Long held yon towers, with ivy crowned,
The beauteous dame and gallant knight.

Alas ! the hour of bliss is past,
For hark ! the din of discord rings ;
War's clarion sounds ; Joy hears the blast,
And trembling plies his radiant wings.

And must sad Eva lose her lord ?
And must he seek the martial plain ?
Oh ! see, she brings his casque and sword !
Oh ! hark, she pours her plaintive strain !

'Blest is the village damsel's fate,
Though poor and low her station be ;
Safe from the cares which haunt the great,
Safe from the cares which torture me !

No doubting fear, no cruel pain,
No dread suspense her breast alarms ;
No tyrant honour rules her swain, .
And tears him from her folding arms.

She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,
In pleasing toil consumes the day ;
And tends her goats, or feeds her flocks,
Or joins her rustic lover's lay.

SIR AGILTHORN.

Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies
The pillow which supports her head ;
She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
Shall wake to mourn a husband dead.

Hush, impious fears ! the good and brave
Heaven's arm will guard from danger free ;
When death with thousands gluts the grave,
His dart, my love, shall glance from thee :

While thine shall fly direct and sure,
This buckler every blow repel ;
This casque from wounds that face secure,
Where all the loves and graces dwell.

This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,
My hands in happier moments wove ;
Curst be the wretch whose sword shall tear
The spell-bound work of wedded love !

Lo ! on thy falchion, keen and bright,
I shed a trembling consort's tears ;
Oh ! when their traces meet thy sight,
Remember wretched Eva's fears.

Think how thy lips she fondly prest ;
Think how she wept, compelled to part ;
Think every wound which scars thy breast,
Is doubly marked on Eva's heart !'

'O thou ! my mistress, wife, and friend !'
Thus Agilthorn with sighs began ;
'Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,
Thy tears my fainting soul unman :

In pity, cease, my gentle dame,
Such sweetness and such grief to join !
Lest I forget the voice of fame,
And only list to love's and thine.

Flow, flow, my tears, unbounded gush !
Rise, rise, my sobs ! I set ye free ;
Bleed, bleed, my heart ! I need not blush
To own that life is dear to me.

The wretch whose lips have pressed the bowl,
The bitter bowl of pain and woe,
May careless reach his mortal goal,
May boldly meet the final blow :

SIR AGILTHORN.

His hopes destroyed, his comfort wrecked,
A happier life he hopes to find ;
But what can I in heaven expect,
Beyond the bliss I leave behind ?

O no ! the joys of yonder skies
To prosperous love presents no charms ;
My heaven is placed in Eva's eyes,
My paradise in Eva's arms.

Yet mark me, sweet ! If Heaven's command
Hath doomed my fall in martial strife,
Oh ! let not anguish tempt thy hand
To rashly break the thread of life !

No ! let our boy thy care engross ;
Let him thy stay, thy comfort be ;
Supply his luckless father's loss,
And love him for thyself and me.

So may oblivion soon efface
The grief which clouds this fatal morn ;
And soon thy cheeks afford no trace
Of tears which fall for Agilthorn !'

He said, and couched his quivering lance ;
He said, and braced his moony shield ;
Sealed a last kiss, threw a last glance,
Then spurred his steed to Flodden Field.

But Eva, of all joy bereft,
Stood rooted at the castle-gate,
And viewed the prints his courser left,
While hurrying at the call of fate.

Forebodings sad her bosom told,
The steed which bore him thence so light,
Her longing eyes would ne'er behold
Again bring home her own true knight.

While many a sigh her bosom heaves,
She thus addressed her orphan page :
' Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved
The sorrows of thy infant age ;

If e'er I taught thy locks to play,
Luxuriant, round thy blooming face ;

SIR AGILTHORN.

If e'er I wiped thy tears away,
And bade them yield to smiles their place :

Oh ! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,
Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead,
And, o'er the combat, home repair,
And tell me how my lord has sped.

Till thou return'st, each hour's an age,
An age employed in doubt and pain ;
Oh ! haste thee, haste, my little foot-page,
Oh ! haste, and soon return again.'

' Now, lady dear, thy grief assuage !
Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain :
I'll haste, I'll haste, thy little foot-page,
I'll haste, and soon return again.'

Then Oswy bade his courser fly ;
But still, while hapless Eva wept,
Time scarcely seemed his wings to ply,
So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kissed her baby's cheek,
Who slumbered on her throbbing breast ;
And now she bade the warder speak,
And now she lulled her child to rest.

' Good warder, say, what meets thy sight ?
What see'st thou from the castle tower ?'
' Nought but the rocks of Elginbright,
Nought but the shades of Forest Bower.'

' Oh ! pretty babe ! thy mother's joy,
Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,
To-morrow's sun, dear helpless boy,
Must see thee bear an orphan's name !

Perhaps, e'en now, some Scottish sword
The life-blood of thy father drains ;
Perhaps, e'en now, that heart is goaded,
Whose streams supplied thy little veins.

Oh ! warder, from the castle tower
Now say what objects meet thy sight ?'
' None but the shades of Forest Bower,
None but the rocks of Elginbright.'

SIR AGILTHORN.

'Smil'st thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire,
When gazing on his Eva's face;
His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
And joyed such beams in mine to trace.

Sleep, sleep, my babe! of care devoid;
Thy mother breathes this fervent **vow**:
Oh! never be thy soul employed
On thoughts so sad as hers are now!

Now, warder, warder, speak again;
What see'st thou from the turret's height?'
'Oh! lady, speeding o'er the plain,
The little foot-page appears in sight.'

Quick beat her heart, short grew her breath,
Close to her breast the babe she drew—
'Now, Heaven,' she cried, 'for life or death!
And forth to meet the page she flew.

'And is thy lord from danger free?
And is the deadly combat o'er?'
In silence Oswy bent his knee,
And laid a scarf her feet before.

The well-known scarf with blood was stained,
And tears from Oswy's eyelids fell;
Too truly Eva's heart explained
What meant those silent tears to tell.

'Come, come, my babe!' she wildly cried;
'We needs must seek the field of woe:
Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!
To dig thy father's grave we go.'

'Stay, lady, stay! a storm impends;
Lo! threatening clouds the sky o'erspread;
The thunder roars, the rain descends,
And lightning streaks the heavens with red.

Hark, hark! the winds tempestuous rave!
Oh! be thy dread intent resigned!
Or, if resolved the storm to brave,
Be this dear infant left behind!'

'No, no! with me my baby stays;
With me he lives, with me he dies!
Flash, lightnings, flash! your friendly blaze
Will shew me where my warrior lies.'

SIR AGILTHORN.

Oh ! see, she roams the bloody field,
And wildly shrieks her husband's name ;
Oh ! see, she stops and eyes a shield,
A heart the symbol, wrapt in flame.

His armour broke in many a place,
A knight lay stretched that shield beside ;
She raised his visor, kissed his face,
Then on his bosom sunk, and died.

Huntsman, their rustic grave behold :
'Tis here, at night, the fairy king,
Where sleeps the fair, where sleeps the bold,
Oft forms his light fantastic ring.

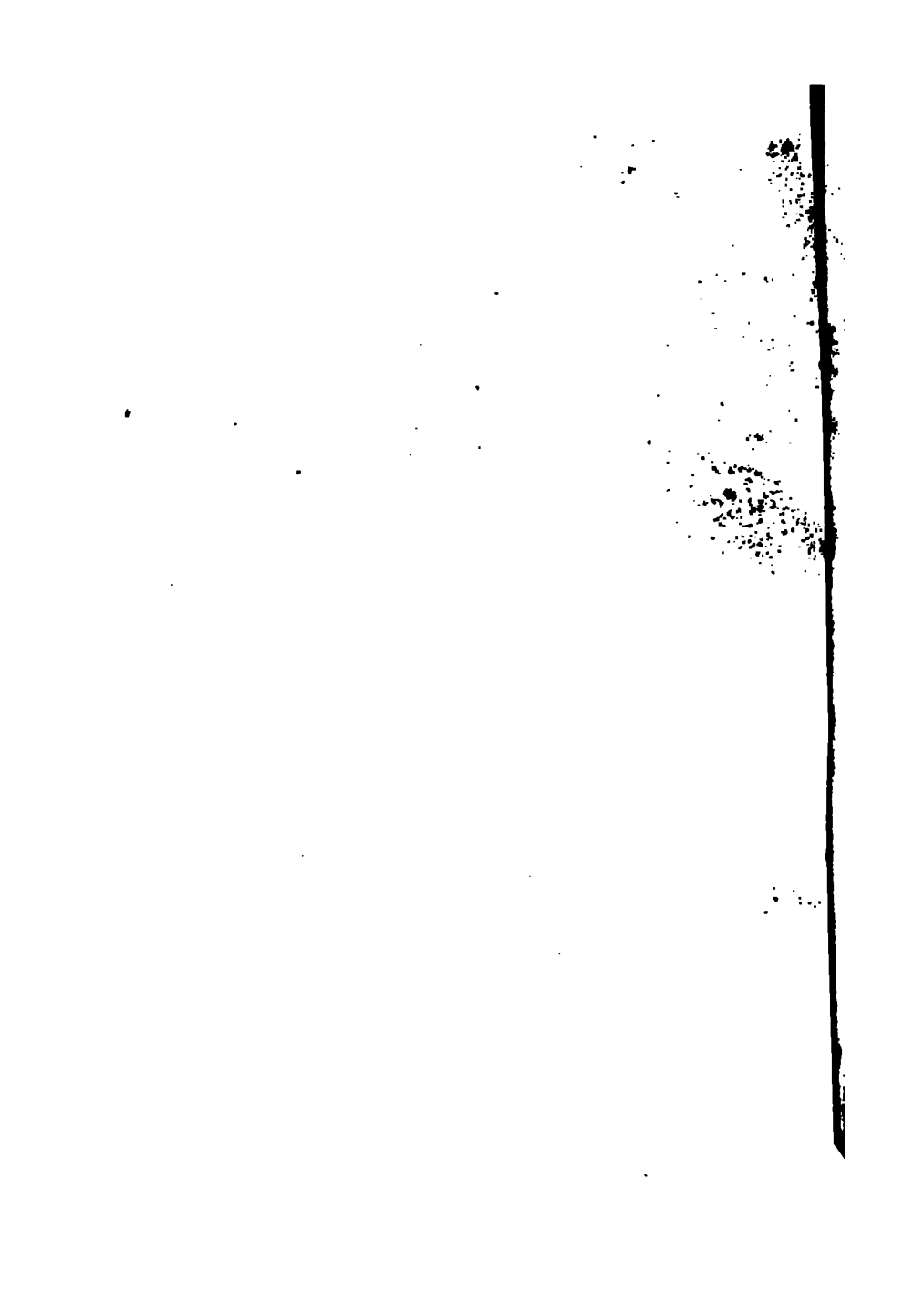
'Tis here, at eve, each village youth
With freshest flowers the turf adorns ;
'Tis here he swears eternal truth,
By Eva's faith and Agilthorn's.

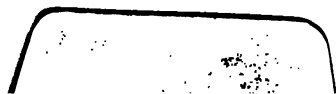
And here the virgins sadly tell,
Each seated by her shepherd's side,
How brave the gallant warrior fell,
How true his lovely lady died.

Ah ! gentle huntsman, pitying hear,
And mourn the gentle lover's doom :
Oh ! gentle huntsman, drop a tear,
And dew the turf of Eva's tomb !

So ne'er may fate thy hopes oppose ;
So ne'er may grief to thee be known :
They who can weep for others' woes,
Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.







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